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Collier's

SEPTEMBER 17, 1949
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A New PERRY MASON Mystery

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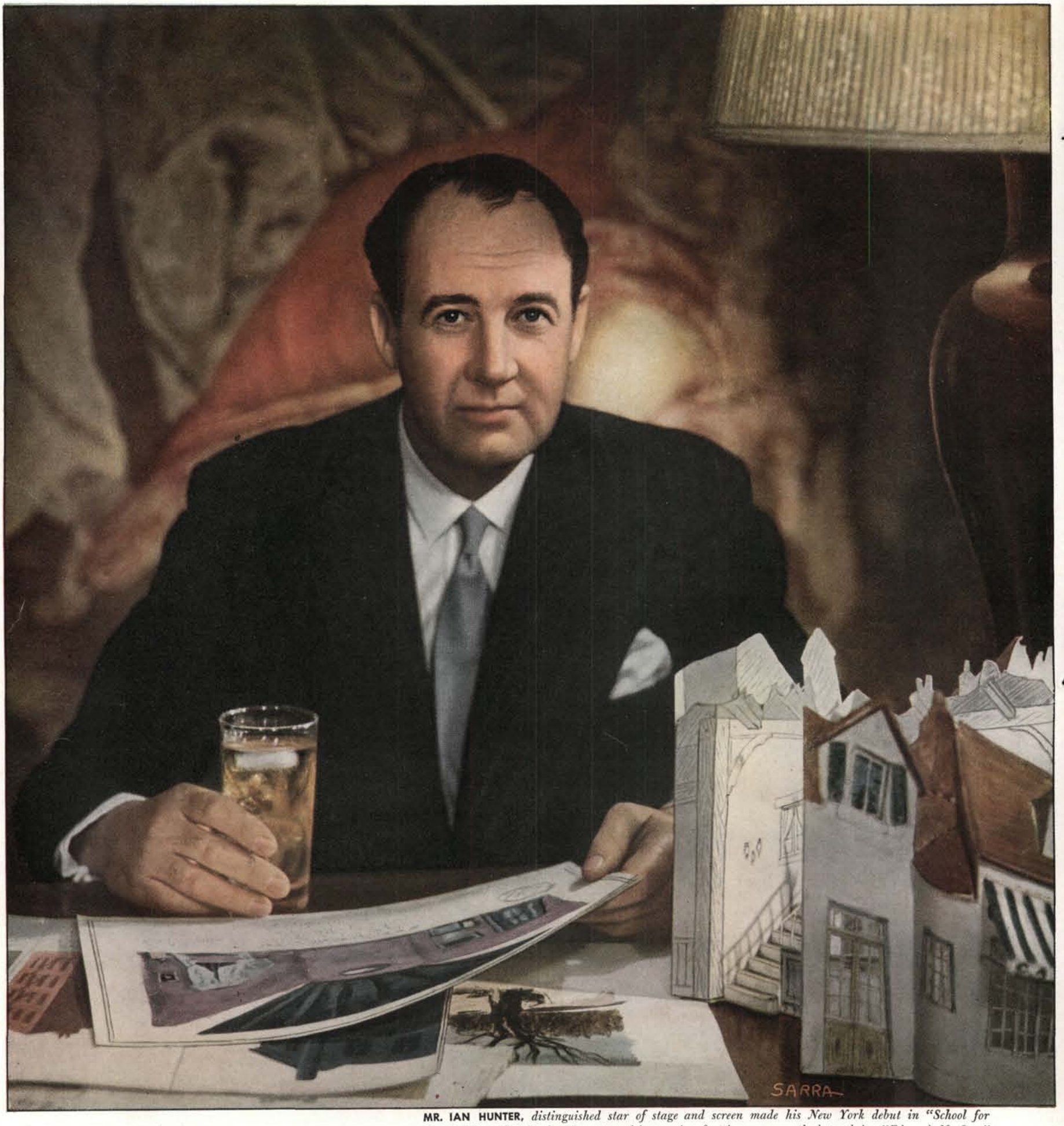

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OR THIS WAY . . .

BUT THIS WAY . . . to really fight infectious DANDRUFF!

The "Bottle Bacillus", scientifically known as "P. ovale", called by many dermatologists a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

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You see, this type of dandruff is an infection and should be treated as such—*with real germ-killing action.*

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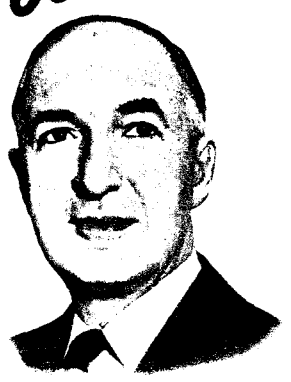

says traveling man
Lew C. Oesterle, Los Angeles

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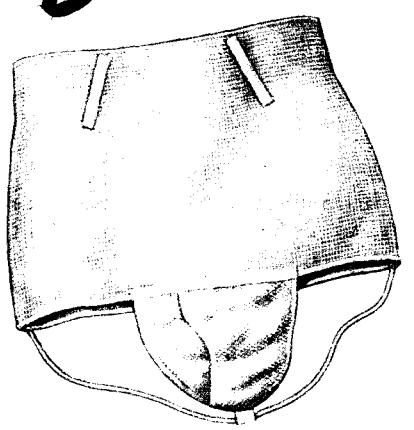

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September 17, 1949

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Week's Mail

Klan & Tan

EDITOR: Until I read your editorial, And These Are the Children of God (Aug. 6th), I didn't realize what a menace and insult to democracy the Ku Klux Klan is. I, like many, knew only what I had read in the papers about the Klan's activities, but your article has really struck home.

There surely must be some way that the Klan can be stopped. Can't Congress do anything about it—or is that infringing on State rights? It seems to me that the Klan infringes upon the personal lives and happiness of so many that it is truly violating the Constitution. What can we as common citizens do?

I am so disgusted with the woman in the picture you displayed with the editorial that I almost hate to admit I'm a member of the fair sex! I didn't realize that women were members *too*—but to allow children to be raised in such hate and paganism is really loathsome.

MRS. G. R. GRAEN, Salem, Ore.

. . . Thank you for your intensely poignant editorial on the Ku Klux Klan—our great American shame. I have long been of the opinion that some of our indignation toward Communism should be directed closer home to this great worm of the American apple. The Ku Klux Klan could well be considered even more treacherous and despicable than Communism for it is a part of us turned rotten and is, with its venom, turning the very essence of our Americanism, racial equality, into a mockery.

SGT. LOYD E. ASHENFELTER, JR., USAF,
Chanute Air Force Base, Ill.

. . . In fighting the various "isms" we must not overlook the K.K.K. It is as much at variance with American democracy as the Reds. I do not feel that as a nation we are conscious enough of its program and activities.

Many people think that the Klan is against only Negroes, and I especially appreciate the fact that your editorial brought out the fact that they are also against minority groups as a whole, as well as Catholics. LOUISE O. BANKS, Detroit, Mich.

. . . Instead of just analyzing the situation, wouldn't it be more profitable if such publications as Collier's came out with articles on what Mr. Citizen can do about such organizations as the Klan?

RAPHAEL LEVIN, Houston, Texas

. . . I was not a little shocked by your editorial of August 6th. I have just returned from Germany and ever since I have returned I've been hearing about things like this.

I'm a Southerner and proud of it, but the people that madly run amuck in these white carnival garments are not fit to be called humans or even to be a part of the civilized race. It seems to me that they would or could be stopped, and I think that each and every one of them should receive the maximum punishment that a court could give them.

I am neither colored nor am I an alien, Jew or Catholic, but just an ordinary freedom-loving American.

CPL. WM. R. KINSEY, Camp Hood, Texas

. . . Communism, Nazism or Klanism—what does it matter? We need real fearless leaders of all races, groups and religious beliefs, who will expose and destroy the roots of intolerance and make a peaceful world for all children.

MRS. CHARLES B. KRAUSE, Langhorne, Pa.

. . . Bless you for your editorial on Suntan Addicts. I belong to the species that Old Sol treats badly.

We live in a suburban area, and I hang out as many diapers and washings as the

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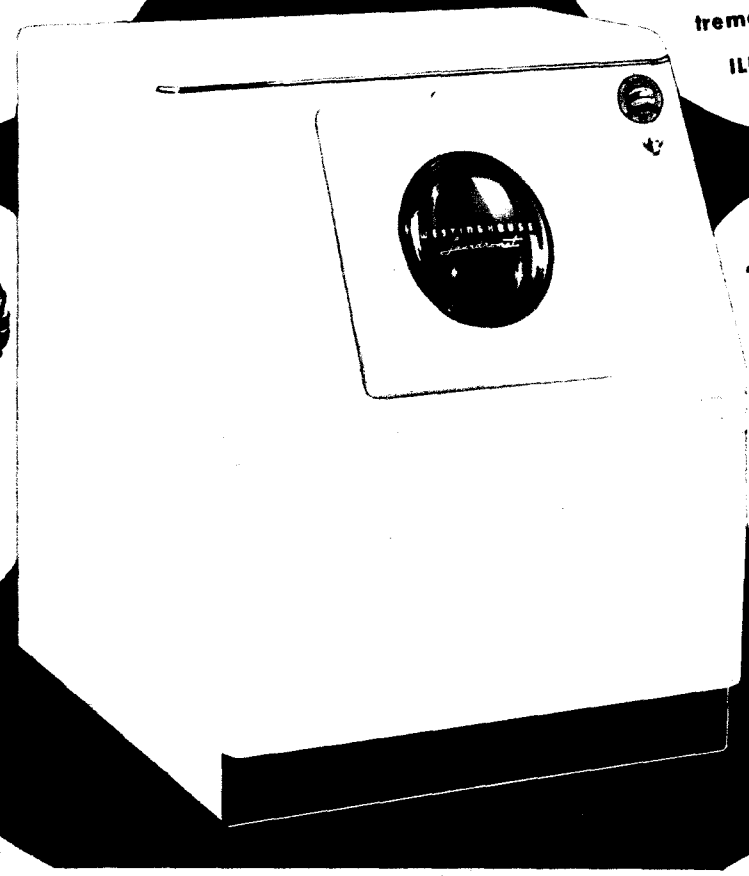
LETTERS FROM *Women in Love..*

"My Laundromat has paid for itself in the short time I've had it"
NEW YORK

"I save over 50% on my soap bills . . . my water saving is tremendous"
ILLINOIS

"The bill for hot water has been cut in half . . . and our electric bills reduced"
MICHIGAN

"I put a stopper in the tub and *measured the* water . . . much to my surprise, I used half the amount"
NEW YORK



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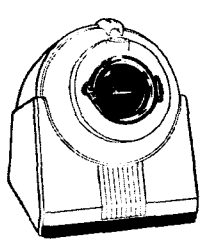
NOW 2 LAUNDROMATS TO CHOOSE FROM



Both are completely automatic . . . both have the famous Laundromat washing action that gets clothes so clean, and does it so gently.

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SAVES CLOTHES . . Laundromat's gentle washing action is easy on clothes. Clothes look better, last longer.

SAVES TIME . . . . In one easy operation you load and set the Laundromat . . and then you're *free.*

SAVES MONEY . . . Wash pillows, slip covers, rugs, *everything washable.* You'll find Laundromat's a money saver—practically pays for itself.

Get Proof . . . Today. Phone your Westinghouse retailer. Arrange to see a load of *your* clothes washed *thoroughly clean* . . . the easy Laundromat way. It's *free!*

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next gal. But do I get a tan? No! I stay white as a ghost.

Thank Heaven I've at last found a champion of the cause. Let's form a Society for the Abolition of Bragging About Sun Tans.

Since you started it, you be the Pres. and I'll be a V. P. MRS. RICHARD HUGHES, Grand Rapids, Mich.

. . . Perhaps it was just a coincidence that your two editorials of August 6th appeared together. After reading them both, my opinion of human beings is that we are a pretty stupid bunch.

It is true that millions of Americans would give their eyeteeth for a tan (Sun-tan Addicts). Some don't even consider it a good vacation unless they come home black from the sun. But it seems funny that these same Americans who hold their tans so sacred carry a prejudice against people whose skins are naturally "tanned."

ESTHER WEINTRAUB, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Allen's Pal

EDITOR: My family would like you to know that we sincerely appreciate the opportunity of reading the full coverage on Drew Pearson by Mr. Robert S. Allen (My Pal, Drew Pearson, July 30th). We are devoted admirers of both of these gentlemen. We believe in what they stand for and are willing to fight for.

B. DIAMOND, Danbury, Conn.

. . . Robert S. Allen's disgusting article was, as I see it, honest and factual in one way only: the title.

As one of Pearson's not-so-ardent admirers, I can only suggest that Collier's give ample space for a sequel article, "My Enemy . . . ," to whoever wishes to reply.

GEORGE M. CROWLEY, Jackson, Mich.

. . . In reading over the article on Drew Pearson, I am reminded of the incident when General George Patton slapped a soldier. Mr. Pearson was the one who spilled the beans and almost had the general recalled from duty.

It was not a "scoop" by Pearson by any means, for all of the correspondents in Europe knew about it. But they had enough sense to keep quiet because it would have been a tragedy had Patton been recalled. The war would have been prolonged and thousands more of American youth slain.

EDWARD BURNHAM, Los Angeles, Cal.

Kerry's Practice Putt

EDITOR: How come Kerry (Just Like I Hate Money, July 30th) can drop a ball on a green and take a practice putt before putting in his turn? I have asked all the local "brains" and have read all the latest rule books, but none says that is permissible. As a matter of fact, the books go so far as to say it would constitute an automatic disqualification.

CLEAVELAND PUTNAM, Miami Beach, Fla.

Southern Comfort

EDITOR: As a proud son of Mississippi I would like to congratulate you on your article, It Happened in Mississippi (July 30th). It is the first complimentary article I have seen printed about Mississippi in a number of years.

This article will do more to strengthen ties between the white and Negro races and the South and the North than all of the writings ever printed pointing out the evils of the South.

RICHARD P. SCHMITZ, Houston, Texas

. . . It was indeed gratifying to read It Happened in Mississippi. This is what the South, and the nation, needs in the form of publicity. It is time that some of the goods of the South were told instead of the faults.

We down here realize that we have a lot to do yet, but it is a satisfaction to know that some things we have accomplished are being recognized.

WILLIAM O. ALLEN, Raleigh, N. C.

Article Got Action

EDITOR: As an old police reporter familiar with the old-time cop on the beat I was much impressed with your article, Terror in the Streets (July 16th).

Was as pleased as you will probably be to note that the article bore fruit, even in this city of 2,000,000 people. A councilmanic leader immediately advanced a plea in council meeting to "get the police officers down among the people where they can become acquainted with the people."

RICHARD L. MACGREGOR, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wrong Artist

EDITOR: Bill O'Brian who drew The Movie Audience is not Bill O'Brian but Marshall Goodman, i.e., me.

Now O'Brian is a very nice name. But having never absconded with anybody's funds or turned in other people's deposit bottles, Marshall Goodman needs no aliases to hide under. And I'm sure this goes for Mr. Bill O'Brian.

Going on the premise "What's in a name?", I thought perhaps Collier's had spelled my name backward. But believe me,

nothing resembling Goodman came out.

Of course if some of the readers didn't care for The Movie Audience my real name is Miss Hush.

BILL—ER—MARSHALL GOODMAN, New York, N. Y.

It was this way, Marshall. Bill O'Brian submitted some cartoons quite similar to yours in drawing and subject matter. The identifications just got switched. We're sorry.

Congressman Roosevelt

EDITOR: Young Roosevelt's story, How We Won (Aug. 6th), is the most unusual and inspiring political story that I ever read. It shows that the voters are getting politically alert. It's the New Look in politics.

The old-school politician and what he stands for are on the way out—and good riddance.

That victory in the Twentieth Congressional District of New York, is, I believe, the forerunner of what's coming all over America. It proves at long last that Lincoln was right.

JOHN G. COOPER, Olean, N. Y.

. . . Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., omits one essential fact in his article. He spent about $32,500 by his own statement to the Secretary of State of New York. Much more may have been spent by friends, helping him to be elected in my district, the 20th.

That is one of the most important reasons why he was elected. He spent plenty!

GEORGE B. ROLINTON, New York, N. Y.

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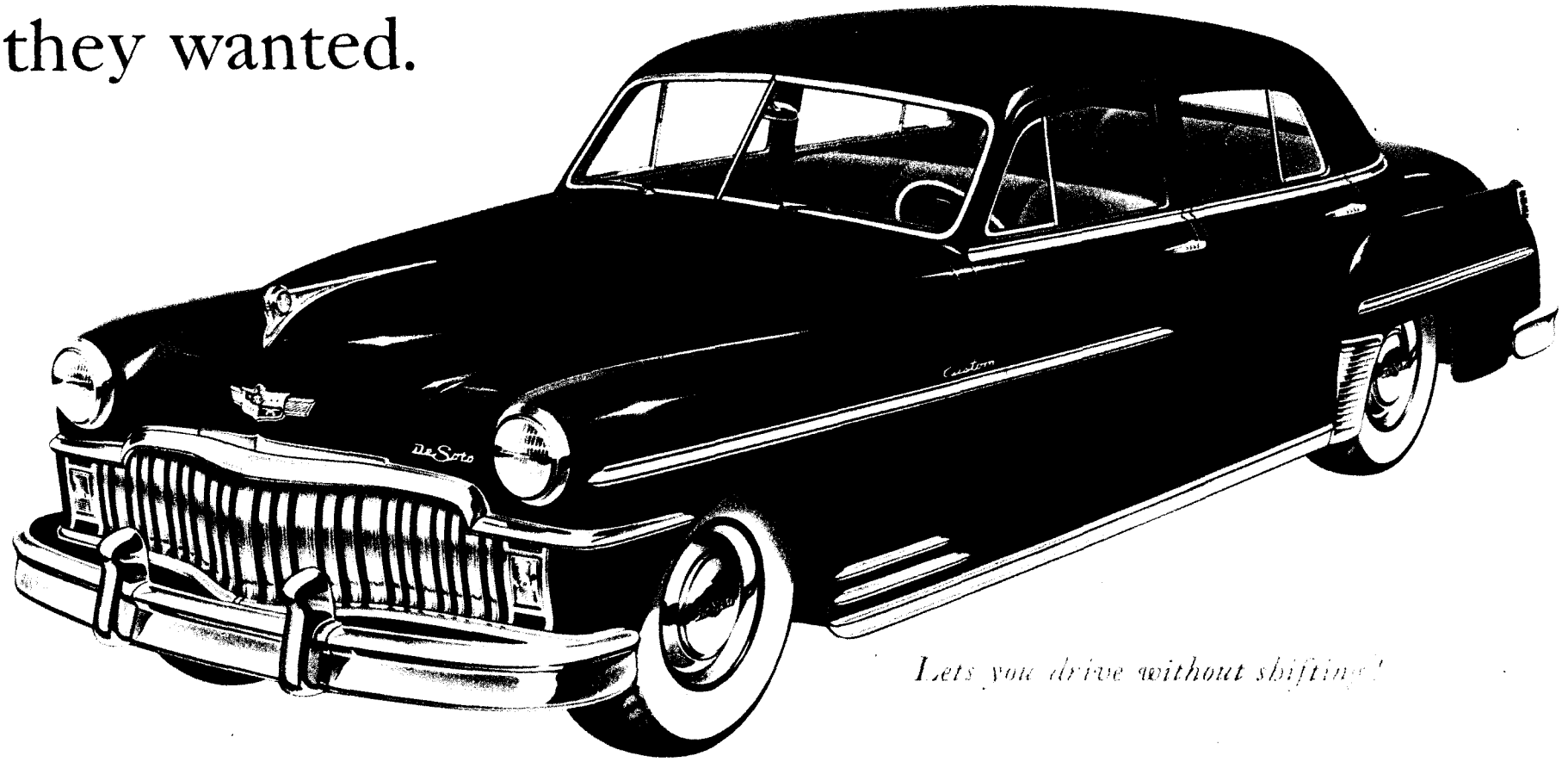

Lets you drive without shifting!

A lot of people who are driving the new De Soto today had originally intended to buy a smaller car. But when they saw how much more headroom and stretch-out room there was in a De Soto... how much more *real* visibility... and how much more *real* comfort... they changed their minds.

A great many other people had expected to buy more expensive cars. But once they had seen the De Soto's luxurious styling and equipment... once they had tried Tip-Toe Hydraulic Shift with gyrol Fluid Drive which lets you drive without shifting ...and once they had compared true engineering quality... they very quickly decided that De Soto was the very finest value on the market today.

Why don't you make the same comparisons? Visit your De Soto dealer. Compare the new De Soto, not merely with any other car at the *same* price, but with any car at *any* price. Then decide!

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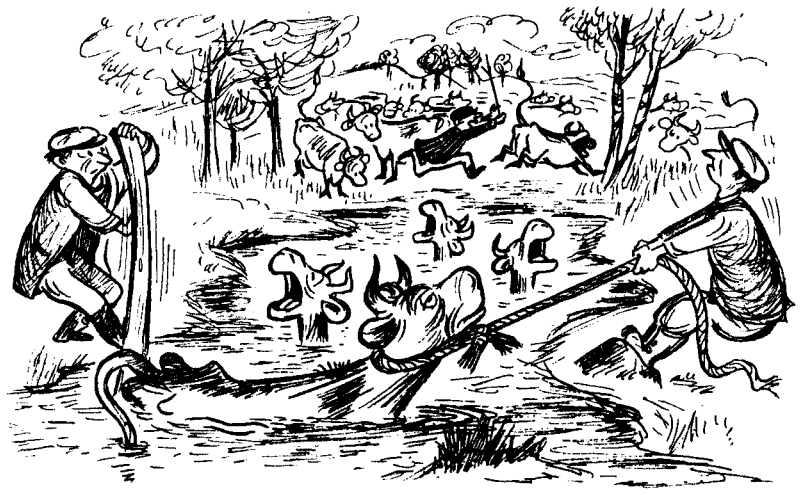
Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



ED NOFZIGER

On a plain near Carlisle, England, the men who tend a herd of 700 head of cattle endure a situation that, for some inconceivable reason, has long existed without being remedied. The pasture adjoins a body of quicksand and these men have to spend most of the day and sometimes part of the night in rescuing the cows—often as many as 15 daily—that wander into the treacherous sand and sink sometimes up to their necks.

* * * * * * * * *

America's toughest female outlaw of this generation was Bonnie Parker, a gun-toting, cigar-smoking dame born in Texas in 1911. Her brief but bloody career took place in the South during the early 1930s when she and her accomplice, Clyde Barrow, committed a series of crimes involving 12 murders. But the law caught up with them on a back-country road near Arcadia, Louisiana, on the afternoon of May 23, 1934. Instead of stopping their car as commanded, the couple stepped on the gas. Before they could use the pistols they were holding, they were riddled with 50 of the 167 shots fired into their car by the officers who sought to arrest them.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the most elaborate of the street parades which used to be staged by circuses to announce their arrival in a town was that given by the Barnum & Bailey Circus in New York on March 18, 1893. Headed by a platoon of mounted police, the parade included, in part, 14 elephants, three bands, three calliopes and a fife-and-drum corps; seven wagons containing cages of wild animals—lions, tigers, leopards, etc.; and 22 trucks carrying tableaux depicting such subjects as The Landing of the Pilgrims and Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. All in all the line-up comprised 39 vehicles, 249 animals and 467 persons and was more than two miles in length.

* * * * * * * * *

Of all the prison officials in U.S. history, the cruelest and most intensely hated, even by the public, was Elam Lynds who built Sing Sing and alternately managed it and New York's Auburn penitentiary between 1817 and 1845. Lynds introduced the complete silence rule, the shaved head, striped suit, lock step, ball and chain and a dozen forms of torture including the Spanish crib which permanently crippled every person "treated" in it. Being a sadistic savage, he also made his guards, like himself, carry a rawhide whip and use it ruthlessly. One convict was given 6,000 lashes in a single week. Such terrible floggings resulted in a number of suicides among the prisoners. Many also went insane or died from their injuries. The first of his victims was a woman who was beaten to death at Auburn. When these deaths forced Lynds to resign from one prison, his political influence would have him returned to the other. After twenty-eight years he was fired and barred from prison work because the public would no longer stand for his inhuman brutality.

* * * * * * * * *

Virtually all American trade names are registered and used to identify a particular make or brand of article, not the article itself, a good example being the word *Kodak*. Such a term remains the sole property of its owner as long as he wishes to use it. On the other hand, many an inventor of a new kind of product, such as *Cellophane,* has lost his right to the exclusive use of its trade name when the patent expired, because the word was the only term by which the product was known to the public and, therefore, this word had become the general descriptive name of the article itself. Besides *Cellophane,* some other names which are no longer privately owned include *aspirin, kerosene, linoleum* and *nylon.*

* * * * * * * * *

At a National Sporting Trophies Exhibition held in London several years ago, the least known yet the most valuable among the 300 trophies on display was Porter's Plate. This is a round silver plate, about 20 inches in diameter, which John Porter, a celebrated British horse trainer, designed and presented to his employer, the Duke of Portland, in 1900. Sunk into it are 25 glass-covered wells, each of which contains strands of hair from the tail of a famous race horse of the past, such as St. Simon, Flying Fox and Diamond Jubilee. The plate, unique and irreplaceable, is valued at $25,000.

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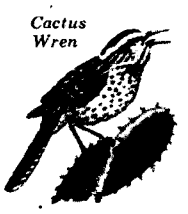
ALABAMA

Yellowhammer

ARIZONA

Cactus Wren

ARKANSAS

Mockingbird

CALIFORNIA

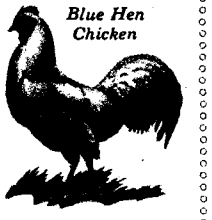
Valley Quail

COLORADO

Lark Bunting

CONNECTICUT

Robin

DELAWARE

Blue Hen Chicken

FLORIDA

Mockingbird

GEORGIA

Brown Thrasher

IDAHO

Mountain Bluebird

ILLINOIS

Cardinal

INDIANA

Cardinal

IOWA

Eastern Goldfinch

KANSAS

Western Meadow Lark

KENTUCKY

Cardinal

LOUISIANA

Brown Pelican†

MAINE

Chickadee

MARYLAND

Baltimore Oriole

MASSACHUSETTS

Chickadee

MICHIGAN

Robin

MINNESOTA

Goldfinch†

MISSISSIPPI

Mockingbird

MISSOURI

Bluebird

MONTANA

Western Meadow Lark

NEBRASKA

Western Meadow Lark

NEVADA

Mountain Bluebird†

NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire Hen‡

NEW JERSEY

Eastern Goldfinch

NEW MEXICO

Road Runner†

NEW YORK

Bluebird†

NORTH CAROLINA

Cardinal

NORTH DAKOTA

Meadow Lark

OHIO

Cardinal

OKLAHOMA

Bobwhite†

OREGON

Western Meadow Lark

PENNSYLVANIA

Ruffed Grouse

RHODE ISLAND

Bobwhite†

SOUTH CAROLINA

Carolina Wren

SOUTH DAKOTA

Ring-necked Pheasant

TENNESSEE

Mockingbird

TEXAS

Mockingbird

UTAH

California Sea Gull†

VERMONT

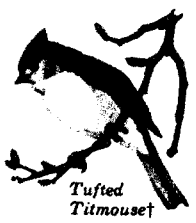
Hermit Thrush

VIRGINIA

Robin†

WASHINGTON

Goldfinch†

WEST VIRGINIA

Tufted Titmouse†

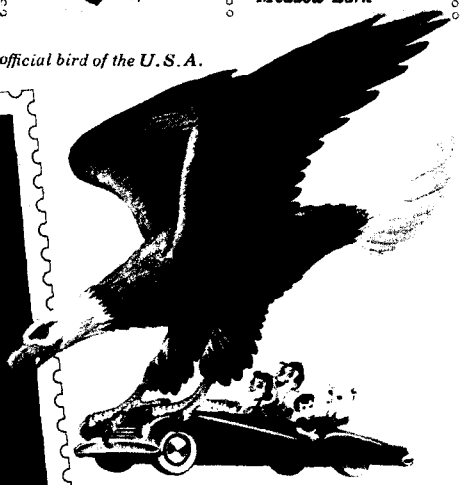
WISCONSIN

Robin

WYOMING

Western Meadow Lark

BALD EAGLE—*official bird of the U.S.A.*



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*Based on information obtained from individual state governments. †Unofficial ‡Bill now in legislature Bird drawings by Don Eckelberry, illustrator of The Audubon Bird Guide.

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Wait for Me, Darling!

By KEN KRAFT

How to hang around department stores without getting arrested

VIRGIL PARTCH

Even with his fingers in his ears he looks like a floorwalker

A HATLESS friend of mine has been troubled for years by people mistaking him for a floorwalker in department stores. Baring his teeth or putting his fingers in his ears when he is asked for directions has no effect. Customers seem used to these little evasions, and insist upon an answer.

I have a different problem in department stores. I am always mistaken for a customer.

You can't blame the department-store people for this. But you *can* blame my wife. She thinks department store means waiting room. She says, "I'll meet you in the yard goods. Wait for me, darling." Or, "Be in the flat silver at three. And wait—I'll try to be on time, but you never know."

I never do.

Three o'clock will find me loitering in the silver, alone with my thoughts, six salesladies and the steady gaze of the house detective.

By keeping up a slow back-and-forth stroll along the edge of the counter I can avoid looking the clerks in the eye for a while. This strategy wears thin in five minutes and a clerk grabs the ball and runs with it. "Something I can show you?" she asks, fondling a glittering service for 12, priced at $299.95.

I jump as if jabbed with a pickle fork. "No, nothing. Nothing, thanks. I'm—ah—waiting."

This sounds pretty lame to both of us. "Waiting for *what?*" I can practically hear her thinking. "For my wife," I add aloud, with a laugh intended to mean, "Ah, women!" Judging from the clerk's look, my laugh says, "I haven't even got a wife, and I'm really waiting to palm a dozen sterling soup spoons."

The clerk joins her teammates and I lope off to the end of the counter. They have a huddle and the loser approaches me with a smile like meringue and says, "Is someone helping you?" This is a trick question.

A straight "No" will leave you wide open. "Yes" is a frail fiction soon pierced. "Maybe" is confusing and may gain a little time.

I am usually tripped into some bit of gibberish like, "Oh-h-h . . . just, um, standing here a while. If you don't mind," trailing off into a low gurgle. This would not convince a retarded mongoose, let alone a quota-conscious saleslady.

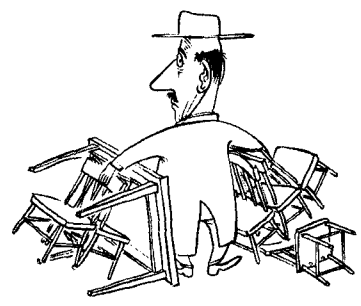
If my wife shows up at this point, my character is saved.

But if she is late in arriving, it's another story. The steady pressure of the hovering sales force, the steamy atmosphere of the market place, the sparkle of the merchandise, the chill in my feet—all join and give me the heave-ho. I buy something. It may be merely a souvenir teaspoon, or a combination cigarette lighter and dinner bell. On the other hand, it may be a beach umbrella, a table and six chairs, or an Indian rug-weaving kit. It all depends on where I'm waiting.

After some years of this hangdog buying, my wife got a crafty look in her eye. She began naming such rendezvous as the candy counter, the perfume bar, the negligee department. I suppose I should have noticed that, after this, she was *never* on time. She seemed happier, too.

I may be a little slow to get the point of these things, but once I do I'm a ball of fire. After two or three years it struck me like a clap of thunder: My wife had been *pretending* all along that she didn't really have much use for the things I was weakly buying. I was a cat's-paw. She didn't want them like I didn't want a whole skin.

"I'm really waiting to palm a dozen spoons"



So I finally buy something

The next time I waited in a department store for her I didn't buy a thing. Nor the next, nor the third. I could see by the look in her eye that I had her going, but she couldn't say a word.

I kept my little secret for a month or so. Then one day I heard my wife rattling her perfume bottles and complaining. "I simply can't understand what's happened to that new bottle of Quelques Choses," she said. "You know—that perfume you gave me. You bought it one day when you were meeting me downtown."

"Oh—that," I said. "I remember. You said you didn't need it."

"Well-l-l, I just meant I didn't absolutely need it at that very moment," she murmured, studying me in a cat-and-mouse manner.

"Yes," I said. "So I took it back."

She stared at me. "You took it *back!*"

I nodded.

"What in the world—? And you always hate to return anything I ask you to!"

"It's a compensating mechanism," I explained. "Or something." THE END

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Collier's
SEPTEMBER 17, 1949

The girl had more beauty than discretion, and Perry Mason went against his better judgment when he saved her from her pursuers that night . . .

Beginning a new murder mystery
By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The case of the NEGLIGENT NYMPH

FROM his rented canoe Perry Mason sized up the Alder estate as a general sizes up a prospective battlefield. The moon, a few days past the full, made a shimmering path of silver in the east, and served to illuminate Mason's objective, an island connected with the mainland by a fifty-foot steel-and-concrete bridge. On that island George S. Alder's huge two-storied mansion faced the narrow channel as a castle might frown down upon its protecting moat.

Fencing off the estate from the curious eyes of passers-by on the mainland was a brick wall topped with wrought iron and studded with broken glass. On the bay side were signs warning trespassers they would be prosecuted. A long wharf ran out into the sluggish waters, a sandspit on the northern side made a crescent-shaped bathing beach and, back of that, a well-kept lawn became a velvety green carpet, thanks to the aid of loam which had been trucked in at great expense.

Alder's legal position seemed, at least on the surface, to be fully as impregnable as the island estate which isolated him and his wealth from the mainland. But Perry Mason was by no means an ordinary lawyer. It was never his policy to attack where the enemy expected the blow to fall. Rather, he preferred to [illegible] some ingenious objective all his [illegible] of the place which [illegible] empire which he [illegible]

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the most part, his guests had evidently come from the two large, seagoing yachts which were now tied up at two of the moorings a quarter of a mile offshore. Two power launches, rich with polished mahogany, gleaming with burnished brass, were tied up at the private wharf of the Alder estate. According to rumor, beams of invisible light guarded this wharf so that the moment any craft approached within ten feet an alarm sounded automatically, floodlights blazed into brilliance and a powerful siren screamed.

Mason silently paddled his canoe close to the sandspit, studying the contours. A hooded electric light was fixed to a board sign and lighted up a legend painted in red letters which could be read a hundred and fifty feet away: PRIVATE PROPERTY. NO TRESPASSING. BEWARE OF VICIOUS DOGS WHICH WILL ATTACK TRESPASSERS ON SIGHT. KEEP OFF!

It was at this point in his survey that Mason suddenly became conscious of the swimmer.

Apparently the figure had not as yet seen the canoe, but was drifting along down the tide with slow, even-timed, powerful strokes.

Mason, suddenly curious, held his canoe steady against the slowly ebbing tide and watched.

THE figure landed on the sandspit within a few feet of the illuminated sign. Moonlight and the glow from the sign were enough to show that the swimmer was a woman. She had apparently been swimming naked, with a small waterproof sack tied to her back. From this sack she removed a bath towel with which she dried her slender, athletic body. Then she produced stockings, shoes, and a low-cut evening gown.

Fascinated, Mason shipped his dripping paddle into the rented canoe, took night glasses from their case and raised the binoculars to his eyes.

He could see that she was blondish, good-looking and apparently completely assured. She was not hurrying, nor was she loitering. She was as calmly unhurried as though she had been dressing at home in front of a mirror. She adjusted the strapless gown and made up her face with the aid of a compact, using the light from the warning sign to guide her.

Having completed the make-up to her satisfaction, she left the waterproof bag on the ground, draped the wet bath towel over the support which held the light above the warning sign, and started walking toward the house, following a flagstone path which wound its way across the green of the lawn.

From the house came an occasional sound of laughter, the patter of voices, and now and then a burst of general merriment. All this Mason could hear distantly.

Quite evidently the guests of George S. Alder were enjoying themselves, and it seemed equally evident that they had no reason to expect that an attractive guest who had arrived at the island by such surreptitious means was about to join them.

Fascinated, Mason watched through his binoculars, noticing the young woman's smooth-hipped walk, her easy assurance as, with the long skirt of her gown draped over her arm, she calmly followed the flagstoned path until she was at length swallowed in the shadow of the house.

The lawyer sat in his canoe, waiting.

For some fifteen minutes he studied the house with his binoculars, from time to time thrusting the paddle into the water to hold the canoe against the tide while he awaited developments.

There was, of course, the possibility that this young woman was either an invited guest or someone who was sufficiently acquainted with the household to be certain of her welcome; but in that event she would hardly have left the waterproof bag and towel there by the illuminated sign. . . .

Mason glanced impatiently at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. It was getting late, and he wanted to return the canoe and get back to town. He had surveyed the accretion line of the sandspit enough to form a definite plan of action. Within the next few days George S. Alder would be given a jolt which would cause him considerable inconvenience. Yet, at the moment, the lawyer dared not leave. He could not overlook the possibilities inherent in this surreptitious visit of a graceful, well-formed girl who had appeared swimming out of the darkness with the deft stroke of one who is as much at home in the water as on land.

Suddenly Mason heard the barking of a dog. It was the excited, hysterical barking of an animal trying to break his chain.

Abruptly, lights flashed on in some of the back rooms of the Alder mansion. Mason heard shouting and the renewed barking of the dog. Balancing himself in the canoe, the lawyer studied the house through his binoculars.

The figure of the girl appeared at one of the windows. She slid over the sill and lowered herself. The long skirt caught on the window sill. There was a tantalizing glimpse of warm flesh as she lowered herself.

Then she let go with her hands and, with a flutter of billowing skirts, dropped to the ground and started running.

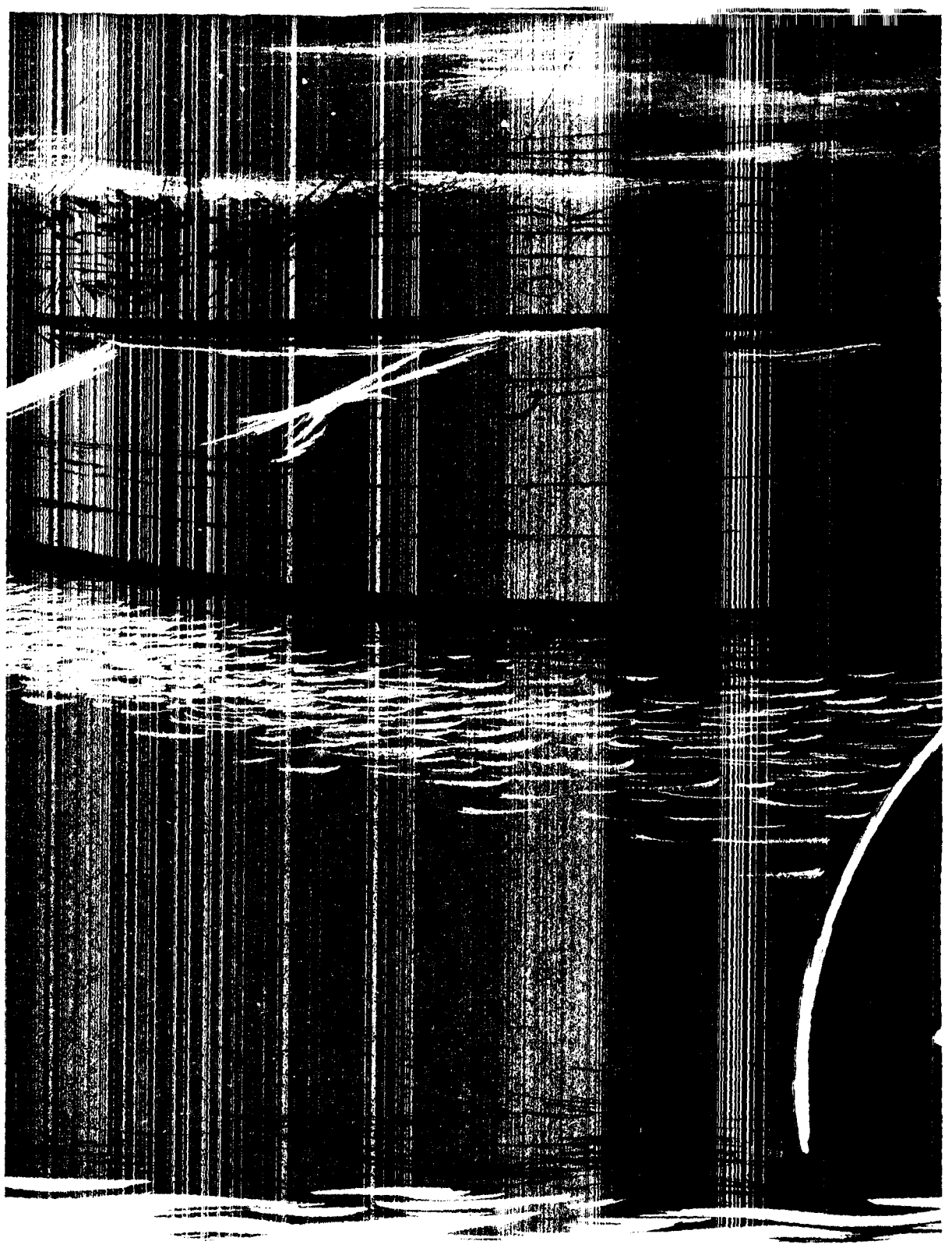
First she ran toward one of the gates in the wall, then as the sound of shouting intensified in the house behind her, she veered back toward the water.

Through his binoculars, Mason could see men and women milling around in the room she had left so abruptly. Then he saw a man's form framed against the window, heard him shout.

The words were unintelligible, but there could be no mistaking the tone of the man's voice. It was a shout of discovery.

The girl was running in a sheer panic now, coming straight toward the water, heedless of the towel and the white waterproof bag which she had left when she came ashore.

For a moment the man stood in the window, shouting, then he abruptly vanished.



ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

The barking of the dog reached a shrill crescendo, then suddenly stopped.

Mason glanced from the running woman, who was sprinting directly toward his canoe, back to the window. Suddenly he realized why the dog had stopped barking. The man had unchained him.

A dark streak of motion came hurtling through the window. For a moment, Mason's binoculars clearly showed the form of a Doberman pinscher as it sailed out in a great leap. Then the animal struck the ground and wasted a few precious seconds picking up the trail of the fugitive, following scent, running toward the gate, then turning on the track of the running woman.

ALL at once the dog saw the fleeing figure and, bunching his powerful shoulders so that they powered great surging leaps, he came bounding across the lawn.

The running woman splashed into the water.

Mason could see that she was holding some object in her right hand. Her left hand grabbed up the folds of her skirt. She made four or five long, splashing jumps; then, falling headlong as the water deepened, she started to swim.

The dog, running silently, reached the edge of the lawn, cleared the short strip of sandy beach, made a long, flying leap into the water, and started swimming.

He was close enough so that Mason could hear the little whining noises of eagerness in the animal's throat as it swam with shoulders out of the water.

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"Hold everything," Mason said, swinging the canoe abruptly toward the cruiser. "Grab something so you can hang on"

The frantic young woman had now crossed the bow of Mason's canoe, apparently without seeing it. The dog, in deep water, was now less sure of himself.

Thrusting the blade of his paddle into the water, Mason shot the canoe into the space between the swimming woman and the eager dog. With the paddle he pushed against the dog's shoulder, swinging him around so that the animal was pointed back toward the shore.

The dog gave a growling, angry bark, whirled and grabbed the blade of the paddle with his teeth and hung on.

Mason twisted the paddle, turning the dog over in the water, forcing him to let go his hold. For a moment, with the water in his eyes, the dog was confused. Then he started swimming once more, powerfully, purposefully. Again Mason pushed the dog completely around. Again the dog snapped at the blade of the paddle.

The young woman, now aware of what was going on, was using all her strength to put distance between herself and the dog.

For the third time, Mason pushed his paddle against the swimming animal. The dog once more grabbed the blade. Once more, Mason twisted him over on his back, held him momentarily under the water; and this time when the confused animal reached the surface he was swimming back toward the island.

Mason turned the canoe, sent it swiftly to the swimming woman.

"Get in," he said. "Climb in over the bow so you don't upset us."

She glanced over her shoulder to look at him—a swift, desperate appraisal. Then she raised her right hand and dropped something into the bow of the canoe. Catching hold of the bow with two hands, one on each side, she suddenly raised herself with a powerful thrust of strong young arms, and came over the bow, sliding along to lie momentarily flat on her stomach, kicking her legs clear of the water. She rolled over with a swift, lithe motion, doubled her knees under her, pulled down her wet dress and gasped, "I don't know . . . who you are . . . but you'd better paddle like hell!"

FLASHLIGHTS, flickering like fireflies, now appeared on the shore, and Mason heard someone shout, "There she is! She's swimming."

After a second or two, another voice said, "No, it's the dog. He's coming back!"

The flashlights momentarily converged on the dog; then they were raised, and questing beams circled out over the dark waters.

One of the more powerful flashlights caught the canoe. Mason promptly ceased paddling, kept his back turned, his face down, and said to the girl, "Better keep your head down."

A man's voice from the shore shouted, "There's a boat out there. That's a boat, I tell you!"

For a few moments the flashlight held the canoe, then lost it, and circled blindly as the searchers failed to make allowance for the drifting tide.

Mason used the paddle once more, sending the canoe out farther from the shore and down the bay speeding along on the tide.

"Well?" he asked, at length.

She said, "Thanks for the buggy ride. Only it's a canoe."

"I'm afraid," Mason told her, "it's going to take a little more than that."

"To do what?"

"To square things."

"What things?"

"My conscience, for one."

She said, "Let me get my breath and I'll tell you all about it."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Out to my yacht. It's a little job, the Kathy-Kay, and I'll have to get my bearings to—"

Mason said, "We'll stay here on neutral territory until we know what the situation is. I acted on impulse. The sight of that dog dashing after you with bared fangs speeded my generous impulses."

"What do you want to know?"

"Who you are, what you were after."

"Oh, I see. You're willing to be a dashing knight, but you also want to be a careful knight."

"Exactly."

"Oh, all right," she said. "I'll tell you, but give me a few seconds to catch my breath." She remembered to exaggerate her breathlessness while she fought for time.

"And give you a chance to think up a story?" Mason asked. *(Continued on page 40)*

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The A-Bomb Won't Do

Now is the time for Americans to face the fact that the bomb can do us more harm than good unless it is used for peace. The bomb does NOT even guarantee a quick military victory

By WILLIAM H. HESSLER

THE atom bomb is a weapon generally overrated by American political leaders, probably underrated by many tradition-minded military men, shockingly misinterpreted by the scientists who invented it, and grossly misunderstood by the bulk of the people who stand to gain or lose most by its use or misuse.

To begin with, it is not a new *weapon*. It is simply a new and much more powerful *explosive*. It can kill a human being by its gamma radiation at a range of a mile. A Springfield rifle will kill at four miles.

The reception of the atom bomb by human society, with all the overtones of doomsday, recalls the lugubrious predictions that were made when the machine gun was invented. In 1914, the rapid-firing machine gun was a marvelous, lethal contraption. It would shoot through several husky soldiers with a single bullet. It fired 400 rounds a minute. Therefore, it was argued by its promoters and by frightened commentators, a few soldiers with machine guns could and undoubtedly would slay millions of enemy troops in a matter of days. War could not possibly go on for more than a few weeks.

As it happened, the war just then beginning went on for four years. The machine gun did not shorten wars by speeding up the rate of killing. It prolonged wars, by giving a new advantage to the defense and choking out the war of movement. And World War II, which brought far more devastating weapons of mass destruction and mass assassination than the machine gun, was a six-year orgy of killing.

All that is said today of the atom bomb has been said, in years past, of other weapons at their debut. The confusion stems from the overlapping of two entirely separate points of view.

A scientist can calculate the destructive power of the A-bomb. He can tell you, in degrees centigrade and in units of blast pressure and radioactivity, just what it will do. He does this just as the mathematician of 1914 calculated the lethal power of the machine gun. He may be just as wrong.

The military man is not too much interested in knowing how much energy is released by the detonation of the A-bomb. He is interested in the demonstrated results of the new weapon. He knows that very little of the energy expended in warfare has any actual effect on the enemy. Most bullets fired in war don't hit anybody. Most shells and bombs miss their targets.

In other words, the calculated destructive power of an atom bomb is not a reliable basis for appraising its military usefulness. And that is why the scientists have led us far astray.

The fashion of our time is to prepare for another and greater war of gadgets. The plain American's view is unmistakable. What he wants—if there's to be a new war for him—is to sit in front of a large instrument panel, full of knobs, dials and handwheels. It should be taken right out of the Westinghouse factory and mounted on Long Island. There he would like to take readings, make calculations, pull levers, and then without getting out of his seat drop atomic war heads by guided missile on targets staked out somewhere east of Tashkent.

This popular enthusiasm for gadget war is by no means an evil thing. Something of the sort is needed, undoubtedly, to prod the lagging imaginations of legislators and military men alike. But there is a risk, a real one, that the nation's popular interest in technology and its spawn of fascinating new weapons may divert responsible policy makers and cause them to misread and exaggerate the implications of the new technology so as to lose sight of the plain facts of geography.

Nobody will question the importance of our industrial and military technology. Like our capacity for mass production, it is a stupendous military asset. It is our arsenal, our breeding ground for new weapons and tactics. Properly maintained, and fed by good research in basic science, our technology will insure our qualitative and quantitative superiority in weapons and equipment.

Obsession with Gadgets Is Risky

But if we wander too far from sound reasoning in our obsession with gadgets atomic and electronic, we may find ourselves superbly equipped to defend some other country, yet unable to defend our own! For our military problem is always framed by certain geopolitical realities—our oceanic position, our declining natural resources, our reliance on a single interoceanic canal, the vulnerability of our coastwise shipping, and the dispersion of our allies over widely separated continents.

Leaving morals to one side, as is sometimes convenient, we must suppose that the atom bomb is the supreme triumph of technology and of science to date. We must therefore examine this weapon, not for its philosophical meaning to mankind, but as one more new instrumentality of warfare.

The atom bomb, either the uranium-235 bomb used at Hiroshima or the plutonium bomb used at Nagasaki, destroys in an area of two to five square miles of urban territory, depending on altitude at the instant of detonation, the efficiency of the particular bomb, and the character of the terrain. The extent of property damage and human casualties depends also on the type of construction prevailing in the area.

A more powerful bomb is now in production. It will release more energy and therefore work destruction over a larger area. But the area does not increase in proportion to the augmented power of the bomb. In military terms, which are not the same as scientific terms, the more powerful the bomb the less efficient it is. For most military purposes ten bombs, each with one tenth of the power of the Nagasaki bomb, would be more effective than was the one Nagasaki bomb. This would be true even if the ten smaller bombs were dropped in a random pattern, and whether the target were a single large installation or a considerable area of general strategic importance.

Destructive Power Appraised

The damage worked by the atom bomb results from the release of energy in the form of light, heat, radiation and blast pressure. Precise data such as were obtained at Bikini and Eniwetok have not been revealed, of course. But it is clear that the bomb will destroy or seriously damage reinforced concrete structures up to 700 or possibly 1,000 feet from ground zero—the point on the earth directly beneath a burst somewhat above. The bomb will ignite inflammable materials, if they are directly exposed, up to ranges of a mile or somewhat more. The heat of the bomb will inflict severe burns on the human skin, if directly exposed, up to a mile away. Even light clothing, however, will protect at this extreme range.

The radiation of the bomb is probably lethal to human beings directly exposed, up to a distance of something less than a mile. But at that range or anything near it, any shielding material of metal or masonry will give good protection. Even at "ground zero," three feet of concrete will stop radiation of lethal intensities. Six feet of earth will give complete protection. At a range of a half mile from the burst, a foot of concrete will insure survival against blast, heat and radiation.

On fairly level ground in an urban area rather fully built up, one may visualize the atom bomb as demolishing everything but the most solid of structures in an area of one seventh of a square mile, working very heavy damage over one half a square mile, and spreading more moderate destruction to the more exposed and vulnerable buildings over two or even three square miles. If the bomb is detonated low over a valley, the damage will be limited by the surrounding hills. Any irregularities of the terrain confer some immunity on structures and persons shielded by a rise of ground.

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What You Think!

Persistent radioactivity is unlikely to be a factor, save in underwater bursts in fairly deep water. In most cases, persons who do not receive a lethal dose of radiation at the instant of the burst are not endangered by remaining in the area of devastation or by entering it. In certain conditions, alpha particles may be emitted by unfissioned fragments of the bomb. This may go on for years. But this hazard is a small one, after proper decontamination measures. And in atomic air bursts, which are the most effective in military terms, the risk of alpha radiation after the detonation is negligible.

These very general observations about the effects of the atom bomb are not exact data meant for the guidance of military planners, either Soviet or American. They are merely rough approximations intended to suggest in a rough way what the bomb does when it explodes. Now we must see in a little more detail what the bomb did at Hiroshima.

The Hiroshima bomb killed 78,500 people, or 15,000 to the square mile. One airplane, a B-29, carried the single bomb which accomplished this macabre feat. In the great explosive and fire raids on Tokyo of March 9, 1945, about 80,000 people were killed. That took about three hundred B-29s instead of one. Tokyo is much more densely populated than Hiroshima, perhaps four times more so. An atom bomb, it is therefore commonly assumed, would have killed four times as many people in Tokyo as it did in Hiroshima. And from this it is an easy step in arithmetic to conclude that one B-29 with one atom bomb is the equivalent, in killing power, to 1,200 B-29s with full loads of explosive and incendiary bombs.

This is easy arithmetic, *but it is not correct*. The extremely high casualties at Hiroshima stem from the fact that no warning was given to the population there. Only a few hundreds were in the shelters that could have accommodated 100,000. Had the Japanese been led to fear a single B-29 when sighted, their losses at Hiroshima might have been much less than half what they were. It must be supposed that, in future military use, the atom bomb will not always be a total surprise.

Hiroshima was typical of industrial cities all over the world in at least one respect. It was a sprawling complex of factories, transport facilities, public utilities and actual military installations, not to mention residential areas and business districts. And even at Hiroshima, according to the Strategic Bombing Survey, although the small factories in the heart of the city were fully destroyed, the big plants on the periphery were virtually undamaged and 94 per cent of their workers uninjured. These undamaged factories accounted for 74 per cent of the city's production.

As for transport, the railroad lines passing through the city were repaired and ready for use 48 hours after the attack. It would have taken several atom bombs to destroy Hiroshima, a city of 343,000 people. It would take quite a number of such bombs, dropped with precision based on good intelligence data, to halt all production in a larger and more populous city such as Leningrad or Moscow or Kharkov.

But consider the problems of such a misson:

To begin with, we have no bomber aircraft that will fly from our homeland to the main centers of Soviet war industry with a bomb load and return. Such an airplane does not exist. And there is no reason to believe it will come into being soon.

The six-motored B-36 is an impressive airplane. It can carry a tremendous load of bombs, 72,000 pounds, for a limited distance. It can carry a smaller load (one atom bomb, let's say) much farther. But the B-36, even as beefed up in recent modifications, is not a New York-to-Moscow-and-return airplane. In combat conditions, it's radius of action is about 3,000 miles.

There is an easy answer to this objection, of course: Let's do our bombing of the Russians from the British Isles. Already, B-29s have been flying from the great runways of East Anglia to soar over Europe in a cold-war show of force. Or let's work from Tripoli, where the United States has an airfield and could build a great bomber base. The one base area is 1,500 miles from Moscow, the other 1,600 miles from Kharkov. The ranges are practical for the B-29s and B-50s, which were until recently our heavy bombers but which are now known as medium.

This sounds sensible. And if it works out, it *is* sensible. But unfortunately we have no good reason to count on the possession of usable air bases in Europe or even North Africa after the first few weeks of a new World War started on the Kremlin's signal.

It doesn't make pleasant reading in the newspapers of western Europe, but it is a fact that American strategic planners must figure on the possibility of losing all continental Europe to the Soviet armies in the first few weeks of a conflict. And a further assumption must be made: The British Isles may be neutralized soon afterward as a base for large-scale, long-range air operations.

Assuming that the B-36 could lick the question of distance, could it—being no faster than the B-29—spend six or seven hours over Soviet soil en route to its target and returning, without being destroyed? There are some hard-bitten fliers who doubt it, who gravely fear that few would get through.

Gagged by their own superiors, American fighter pilots of the Air Force and Navy have had little to say on this point. But off the record they have dissented from the official Air Force dictum that the B-36 is invulnerable at altitudes above 30,000 feet. And the Russians are shrewd. Their air power goes largely into fast-climbing, high-speed pursuit planes, built especially to intercept and destroy bombardment craft.

Maybe we can protect these giant bombers of ours with fighter escorts. Well, we had better, if we want a fair share of them to come back. Bombers much like them fared badly indeed over Germany in World War II, when fighter escort was lacking. Unescorted Flying Fortresses (B-17s) were used in the early stages of the Anglo-American air offensive, until the great Schweinfurt raid of October 14, 1943; but the losses were too great. Of that force of 228 bombers, 62 were lost and 138 damaged, some beyond repair. Personnel casualties were 599 killed and 40 wounded. And as the United States Strategic Bombing Survey reported: "Such losses could not be sustained. Deep penetrations without fighter escort were suspended."

Experience leaves no doubt, then, that until the enemy's combat air power is quite well neutralized, no nation can count on putting atom bombs or any other bombs just where it wants them.

Up to this point we have dealt with the relatively simple problem of getting bombs put down on target areas, assuming all the while that this is a fruitful enterprise. Now it is time to inquire whether the over-all objective is, in fact, worth the effort and cost. Fortunately, *(Continued on page 72)*

HE ISN'T TRYING TO SCARE YOU

In arguing that the atom bomb is likely to do us Americans more harm than good, William H. Hessler, the author of this article, is not trying to set us shivering. He merely thinks it would be healthy for us to stop thinking about a quick, easy war and settle down instead to playing a serious role in world affairs, one that will help keep peace. Right now, as he sees it, that means strong and consistent support for the democratic countries of western Europe. With the peoples of those lands, we can muster 600,000,000 souls against the 375,000,000 who live in Russia and Russia's satellites. Without them, we would be isolated and the Kremlin would dominate Europe, Asia and Africa.

Hessler believes it is possible for us to dissuade the Soviet peacefully from further aggression. But he also recognizes that war may come by 1960. If it happens, the author believes Russia would take the initiative, needing nothing but abundant ground forces and close air cover for its conquests over land; and the United States would be on the defensive in aerial and amphibious operations through the Mediterranean.

The author is eminently equipped to make these observations. He served as a lieutenant commander in the Navy during the war, witnessed the Bikini tests of the atom bomb, and had access to all except top-secret documents on the effects of radioactive explosions. Now, having resigned his naval commission, he is chief editorial writer for the Cincinnati Enquirer, chief foreign affairs commentator on radio station WLW.

This article is adapted from Hessler's book, Operation Survival, to be published by Prentice-Hall on October 17th. It promises to be an important and controversial argument in the great debate on what the A-bomb means.

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The Wide-Awake Business of

SLEEP

By JULES ARCHER

You don't have to take insomnia lying down if you're equipped with the newest gadgets to aid sleep—including a nose bag, a vibrating mattress or perhaps a bundling bolster

YOU'RE probably finding it tougher to get to sleep these days, what with the atom bomb, an occasional disconcerting rumble of war drums and the uncertainty at Washington. Galloping insomnia may be becoming a rule, rather than the exception, in American bedrooms from coast to coast. Citizens who used to have a natural flair for sleep are desperate today for forty grade-A winks, even if the cost is roughly $21 a wink at today's prices.

The man who put a price tag on slumber and raised it to a fine art is pin-striped Norman Dine, who calls himself Public Sandman Number One. Fourteen years ago Dine used to lie awake nights trying to figure out how to get to sleep. Instead of discovering sleep he hit upon a brilliant idea for minting money out of Morpheus.

Now in his opulent forties, Dine operates the world's only Sleep Shop. From his New York headquarters he dispenses gilt-edge sleep insurance to America's legion of sheep-counters, who seek his counsel via mail orders, phone and in-person visits.

Dine has shut out the night for more than 100,000 insomniacs, including many top screen stars who toss restlessly into the wee hours trying to forget the approach of option time. He has invented, inspired, collected, borrowed and begged a staggering total of 600 soporific devices.

Insomnia sufferers, who are frequently referred by their doctors to the Sleep Shop, are confounded by Dine's unorthodox bedside manner. Instead of listening sympathetically in anticipation that his palm will be crossed with silver, he tries to drive them away with free advice.

"All you have to do," he scoffs, "is relearn to relax. Then you won't need sleep aids, sleep experts or the Sleep Shop."

But Dine knows his clients won't do it. "The temperament of the modern man," he sighs, "is opposed to such a rational solution. He's too impatient, too busy, too annoyed and too weary to spend a daily session voluntarily practicing relaxation."

The midnight pilgrims would rather shell out for Dine's ingenious short cuts to slumber. Today no well-heeled disciple of the Sleep Shop would dream of trying to sneak into a nocturnal stupor merely by lying down and trusting to dumb luck. If sleep comes in expensive packages, at least it comes.

Pre-sleep coffee or nightcaps are taboo under the Dine regimen. If you must quaff before bedtime, make it Hush-a-Bye Tea ("soothing as a mother's lullaby" . . . $1). And either give up smoking in bed or fork over two bucks for a denicotinizing cigarette holder.

As a scientific sleeper you are required to overcome your physical and emotional tensions before crawling into bed. Otherwise, even if you do snore off after a fierce struggle with the pillow, you merely win a low-grade, restless brand of sleep; which is strictly amateur stuff. The pros do it this way.

Start with a hot bath. Not just any old hot bath. This one has to reek with Insomnia Bath Pine Essence, setting you back a mere buck. Temperature must be exactly 100° (Insomnia Thermometer: $1.50). Now relax in the tub 20 minutes. Then dry without rubbing.

An automatic vibrator will untie the knots in your nerves for only $14.95. If you find that holding the vibrator is too strenuous, perhaps you can attach it to the tail of your dachshund. Pat his head and move dachshund as required.

Now turn on the Lullaphone. This is a $9 box which emits a steady drowsy hum. You can adjust the pitch to soothe your peculiar variety of overwrought mind. Not recommended for areas infested by mosquitoes, however, where some users have complained it keeps them awake all night, poised to slap.

Further pre-sleep relaxation is assured by a music box concealed in a row of dummy books, symbolically braced by a replica of the Walt Disney dwarf, Sleepy. This item plays the Brahms Lullaby —and costs fifty bucks.

Phonograph Record—with Guarantee

If you're a difficult case, you'll want the unbreakable phonograph record called Time to Sleep, by Ralph Slater. For $5.35 you get the record and a certificate guaranteeing sleep, or your money back. Mr. Slater slyly murmurs you into dreamland by posthypnotic suggestion. This gives you time enough to stagger out of bed and shut him off before dozing.

Maybe your trouble is just that you're secretly afraid of the dark, you big sissy. Or your kid is, and that's why *you* don't get any sleep. For $2.50 each, you get night lamps that have soft-glowing, colored filaments in the shape of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck or Popeye. For adults, there are colored flowers and horses' heads.

Do the walls turn into fang-toothed stranglers that close in on you when you turn out the lights? No *wonder* you can't relax! You need a dollar's worth of luminescent stars, comets and planets to paste on the bedroom ceiling. Glowing in the dark, they make you think you're bunking under a free and friendly sky. You doze off trying to figure out how you got there.

Scientists agree that many young mothers are troubled because they never relax in bed. They're always stretching one ear to catch the crash when Junior decides to test the floor with his skull. Solution is a $24.95 "radio nurse," which broadcasts the least whimper, blurt or footfall over a circuit from the nursery to the parental bed.

The second step in pre-sleep relaxation is a scientific program for those who read in bed. Read nothing exciting or depressing, stimulating or controversial. Only tranquil literature, like the telephone directory or the 1911 Report of the Yale Board of Trustees. Norman Dine recommends the kind of book that makes you think favorably of yourself. No diaries.

Without the proper equipment, most nocturnal bookworms develop backache, headache, eyestrain and wild hair. Your first essential for reclining at ease is a tufted arm-and-back support . . . if you *can* recline at ease, recalling that it's costing you $14.50.

Next you need a heron-shaped reading stand, which holds your book securely in any position you like, the pages kept flat by metal fingers. An adjustable, glareless reading lamp hovers overhead. All this and chromium, too, for only $24.95. With this set up, all you're required to do in bed is turn the pages and breathe.

For really restless Rudolphs, the Lullaby Radio-Bed Lamp throws frozen light over the shoulders, purrs soft radio music in the ears. This marriage of sound and light costs only $29.95, and comes equipped with a fatherly warning against the onslaught of singing commercials.

Does your blood pressure bounce as you fumble for that elusive hanky under your pillow, or that bedside box of aspirin? For $3.75 you get a Satin-Glo bed pocket which fits between mattress and box spring. Everything tucks in here—cigarettes, glasses, hankies, yoyos. A luminous button guides you to it in the middle of the night. And a tiny microlight reveals the contents.

In your frantic pursuit of relaxation, an anti-noise crusade is vital. Once you are properly plugged up with the Sleep Shop's ear corks, a dozen shots can be fired into your body at close range, and you won't hear a thing. At $1 for a family supply, tenement dwellers can easily shut out the elevated, and the station wagon set can drown out the robins.

For $88.25 you can install an electric noise-absorber box in your open *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES SNYDER

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"Do you know what a divorce is?" his father said. Randy seemed to shrink into the chair. He nodded and Miller saw the change in his face. It looked quite a bit older

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Something [illegible] between his mother and father.

And one day Randy had to learn what it was

Summer's Ending

By JACK WEEKS

RANDY fished through the debris on his bed table until he found a piece of taffy. The taffy was old and had been handled a good deal so that the wrapping paper stuck to it. Randy patiently picked it away. He removed the last shreds by licking it until the paper was damp enough to roll off, like dead skin. He put the taffy into his mouth slowly and pleasurably, picked up a comic book and leaned back comfortably. He calculated that he could get through at least this one book before his mother called him. He was right. He had finished it and was looking for another when he heard her voice at the foot of the stairs. He did not answer at once.

Randy slept in a small room on the third floor and his mother could not prove that he could hear her from the first floor. He heard her climb to the second floor and call him again. This time he answered, simulating sleepiness. She went away, confident that today he would get up promptly and appear for breakfast washed and neatly dressed. It was a confidence inspired by love and faith, not by the record.

Randy rolled over on his belly and reached down to the floor for his clothes. He moved his arm leisurely like that of a boy lying on a creek bank dabbling his hand in the water. Once every fortnight or so, when his father or mother got into a fury about him and followed him to his bedroom, Randy would hang his clothes over chairs or in closets. The rest of the time he dropped them on the floor. He did this without any plan at night and it was only in the morning that he discovered it was really the most efficient system, in spite of the complaints of his parents.

The discovery always pleased him and caused him to dream briefly about how much better than his elders he would arrange things when he grew up. He tossed his underdrawers onto the foot of the bed, lay flat on his back, shut his eyes and began working his feet into the drawers without the aid of hands or vision. It took him five minutes to squirm them up around his hips. He felt the time was well spent. It proved what you could do if you tried. And it was a useful thing to know in case somebody had tied your hands and blindfolded you. He spent a few more minutes imagining that situation, with a time bomb added to the problem, the seconds ticking away dreadfully, while the foreign agent was escaping with the formula for the atomic space ship.

He heard his mother calling again, the voice penetrating his world of the future on her third shout. He got out of bed slowly, picked up his sneakers, dungarees and sweat shirt and descended to the second-floor bathroom. He locked the door carefully, ran the water loudly to persuade his mother or grandparents, in case they should come near, that he was washing, and passed several minutes with a new comic book.

After a while he shut off the water, looked at himself in the mirror and decided that he was clean. He finished dressing and went down to the kitchen. His mother was too distracted to notice that he had not washed or combed his hair. She was distracted a great deal lately, and Randy was puzzled. It had to do with his father. He was beginning to understand it and he preferred not to think about it.

"Your animals," his mother said. "Randy, you simply *have* to feed them. *Now.*"

He went reluctantly to one of the cabinets and got down the jar of dog meat. He filled a bowl too full of it, warmed some milk, spilling part of it on the stove and floor. He slopped it into the bowl, spilling some more. Then he carried the bowl out the back door, spilling still more milk in the doorway. His mother started to speak but changed her mind. She got a rag and cleaned it up herself, staying on her knees longer than necessary, listening to Randy calling the animals.

If he brings in one of those kittens, she thought, I'll have to go to bed. She turned back to the stove. When she finished there and went into the dining room, she found Randy sitting at the table with his little sister. Two of the kittens were lapping at Margie's cereal.

"Now look at that!" his mother said.

Randy's sister threw back her head and laughed. She thought that almost everything Randy did was very funny. She swooped forward, seized a kitten in each hand and mashed their faces against hers. She began crooning to them, using Randy's version of kitten talk.

The mother took the kittens from her, making a great effort to achieve a nice balance between gentleness in the kittens' behalf and forcefulness for the sake of the children's discipline. The effort failed of complete success because Randy's sister had no such complexity in her problem. She wanted only to keep possession of the kittens. The mother had to wrench at them, and the result was that the tail and a hind leg of one kitten were jerked through the cereal. The mother called up the last of her strength, took the kittens into the kitchen, washed the messy one and put them outside. She spoke to Randy from the kitchen, "Eat your breakfast!" Then she went up to her room and lay down on her bed.

"Why does Mother cry?" Margie said.

"I don't know," Randy said. "Eat. I want to get outside."

WHEN they had finished, Randy pulled her out of the chair. "Do you have to go to the bathroom?" he said.

"No," she said. "I'm going to the barn. I want to see the kittens."

"All right then."

He let her out the back door and watched her walk toward the mother cat, sunning in the barn door. He started out himself, then he remembered that his grandfather would see him if he went that way and would nag him about working. He was tired of the house and the people in it and wanted to get down to the stream and just fool around for a while. He closed the door softly, walked quietly back through the house to the front door and stepped out. His grandfather was standing there, looking up at the trees which needed pruning. The last storm had left some broken branches, and his grandfather was thinking about getting them down. The grandfather turned and looked at him.

"You're up early," he said. "It's hardly noon."

"It's only eight o'clock," Randy said.

"Eight o'clock's late on a farm," his grandfather said. "We got some work to do around here. Don't you know that?"

"I know it," Randy said. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to help me with these trees," the grandfather said. "First thing you know somebody will get killed with one of these branches."

"What do I do?" Randy said.

"Get the ladder, that's the first thing to do."

Randy walked slowly down to the barn, wondering how long it would be before he could just tell them no, he wasn't going to do it. He stepped over his sister and the cat in the doorway and started for the toolroom. He was almost there when he remembered his owls. He turned away from the ladder and climbed into a little room where he was required to keep his specimens. At this time he had a dead blacksnake, two squirrel skins, a rabbit skin, some jars of cocoons and two owls. The owls were alive, or they had been yesterday. A man had found them, cleaning out a barn on an abandoned place, and had told Randy he could have them if he would catch them himself and take them away. He now had them in separate crates, sitting ruffled, quiet and miserable. He knelt down to look at them.

THE big owl had not touched his food. I better try something else, Randy thought. Maybe a mouse. He went out on the barn floor and searched around some straw bales where the cat kept her young. There were usually dead mice there, killed for educational purposes and abandoned after mauling. He found one, rather flat and unappetizing but possibly attractive to a sick owl.

He carried it back into the little room and stuck it swiftly through the netting of the big owl's box. The owl did not open his eyes. I hope he doesn't die. Maybe he'd like a frog. I could get him a frog easy enough. He started out of the barn with the intention of frog hunting on the stream; but his grandfather's voice got through the sound movies in his mind, the gorgeous, colored symphonic, epic of The Stream, starring Randy Miller.

"Randy!" his grandfather bawled. "Where in hell's that ladder?"

"I forgot," Randy said, forgetting that it was disastrous to say you had forgot, because you always got two lectures then, one for being slow and one for poor memory.

He ran back into the barn and dragged the ladder out. He hauled it to the tree with difficulty because he was not very big or strong yet.

"What kept you?" his grandfather asked. "I bet you were fooling with those owls."

"Yes, I was."

"How are they?"

"One of them looks sick. I don't think they're eating."

"Of course they're not," his grandfather said. "Randy, those are wild animals. They won't live in a box. Besides you've got enough pets now."

"Pets!" Randy said indignantly. "What pets?"

"What pets? You've got *(Continued on page 53)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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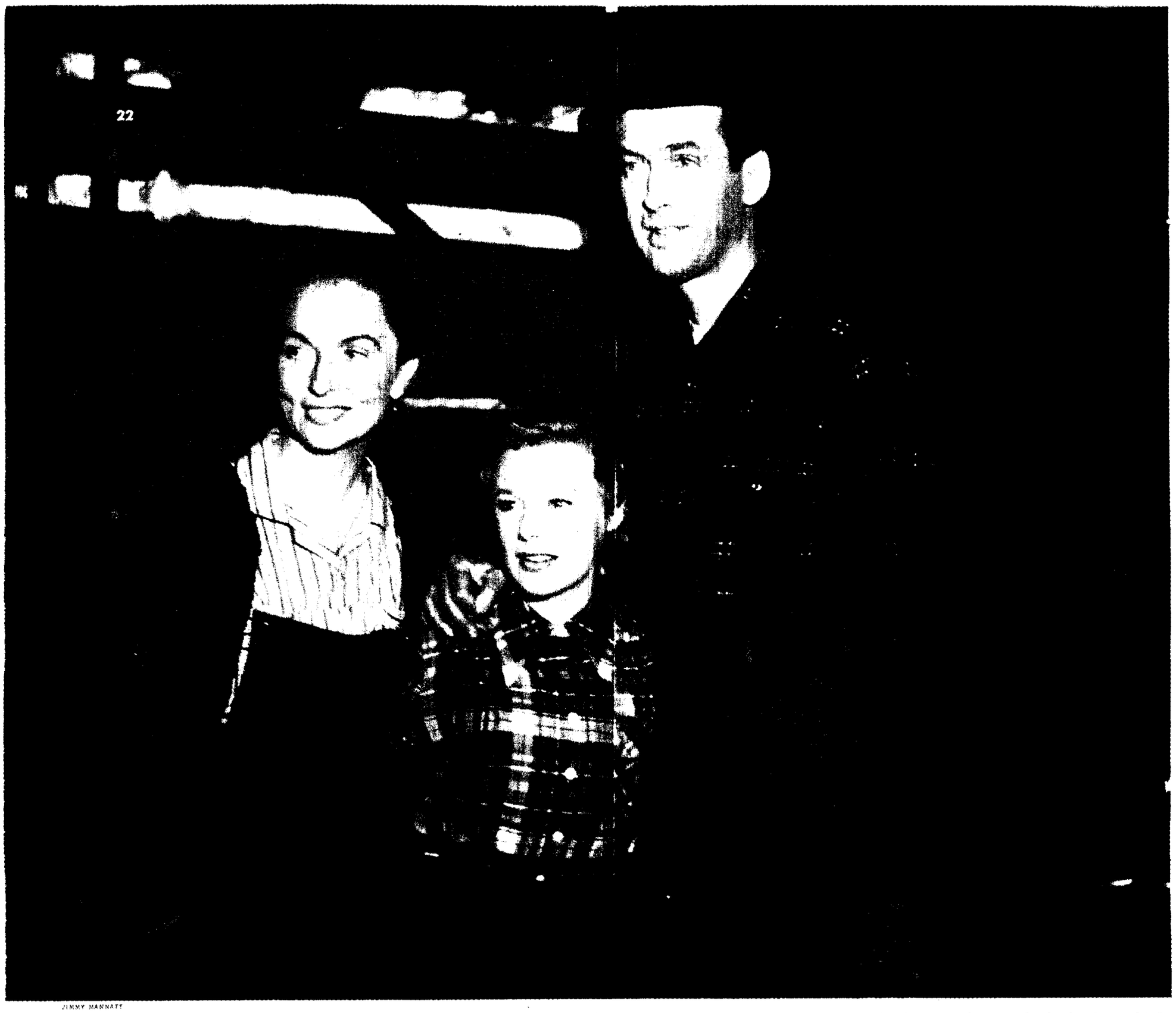

JIMMY MANNATT

Casting was no problem. Agnes Moorehead is the mother, June Allyson the wife, and Jimmy Stewart plays Monty Stratton, the big-leaguer who came back after losing his le

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

How a Movie Gets Made

To bring you a hundred minutes of entertainment on a mile and a half of celluloid film, five hundred highly skilled Hollywood technicians worked for two years

By CAP PALMER

A MOVIE is much more than a strip of celluloid approximately three quarters of an inch wide and a mile and a half long. It's people. A few of them you see, most of them you don't. This is the backstage story of people you don't see on the screen. In The Stratton Story, for example, Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson appear on the screen for an hour and forty minutes. To put them there, 538 men and women in 238 different arts, trades and professions worked for a two-year period. Everybody, that is to say, got into the act.

The first contributor to any movie is the man who originates the idea, and in this case it was Douglas Morrow, an affable, free-lance writer in his early thirties.

One evening in 1946, Doug and his wife happened to attend a night softball game at the Veterans' Hospital in Sawtelle, California.

The audience included many legless men, and Doug couldn't shake off the memory of the despairing look in their eyes, which said, "*I* could be playing out there *if*—"

That night Morrow began looking for a story which would bring honest encouragement to those men in the wheel chairs. Weeks later, in the middle of a July night, remembered fragments began

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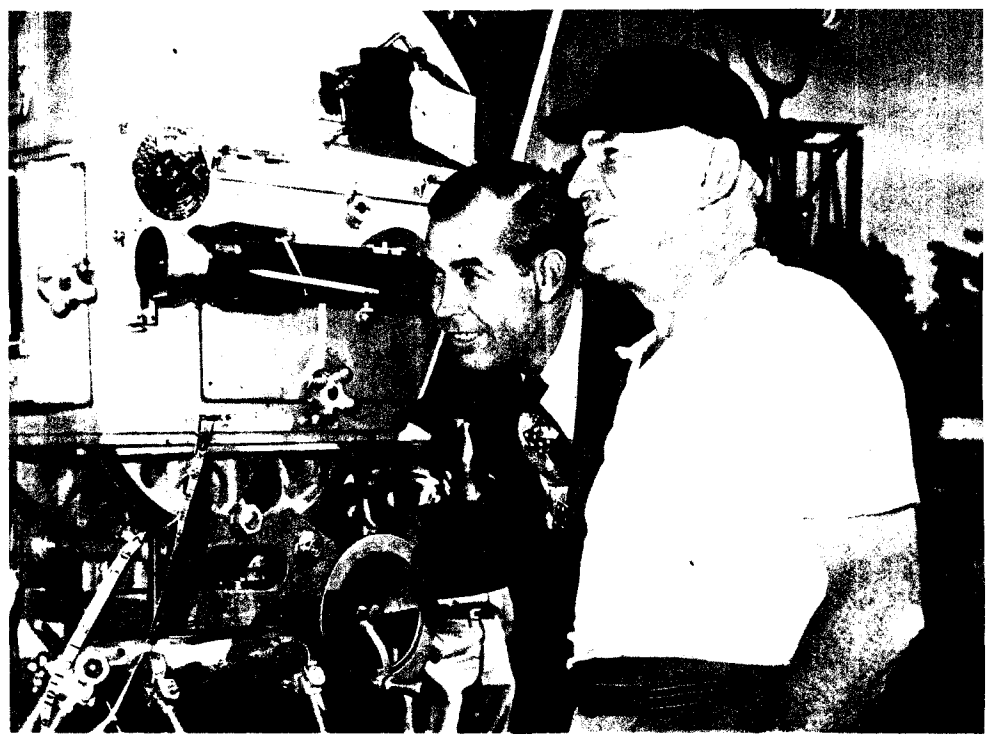
A lefty, June conscientiously practiced throwing right-handed for her part in the film

The real Stratton family poses with the stars of the film. Left to right, Ethel and Monty, their son Dennis Lee, June Allyson, Jimmy Stewart, and Monty, Jr. The set created for the movie is an exact reproduction of the Stratton farm in Texas



Veteran director Sam Wood (right) gives Monty pointers on picture making

flying around tantalizingly in his sleepy mind . . . baseball . . . a promising rookie pitcher on one of the big-league teams . . . got shot in a hunting accident, lost his right leg above the knee . . . he was pitching again, on an artificial leg— What was his name? . . . Stratton—Monty Stratton, a big, good-looking Texas boy . . .

Doug traced Monty down, and spent the next three sweltering weeks on the Stratton front porch in east Texas, digging out the story.

Back home again, he wrote the "screen original." It ran to about 56 typewritten pages. High points of the story: Monty, a baseball-crazy kid, living on a farm with his ma; the Texas sand-lot game where the big-league scout picked him up; spring training with the White Sox; his courtship of Ethel and their marriage; those sensationally successful first seasons, the sudden tragic accident, the struggle to adjust himself to his handicap; and his—and Ethel's —final victory.

The story was bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

At the studio in Culver City are the massed ranks of the 25 sound stages—tall, blocky, sand-colored structures like warehouses, whose windowless walls rise like brown stucco cliffs above the 13 intramural miles of narrow concrete streets. Near the main gate is the administration building, four stories of white limestone surrounded by green lawns. Known as the Iron Lung because of its air-conditioning system, its 400 offices house the executives, the lawyers, the story department, some writers, and those promoter-creator-expediter-co-ordinators known as associate producers, to whom the studio assigns the management responsibilities of individual pictures.

Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M chief, assigned The Stratton Story to Jack Cummings.

Patterning Real Life for Filming

The first job in the long haul from idea to screen was to adapt the diffuse events of real life into the unity of a screen story. Cummings assigned Guy Trosper to the job, and arranged for Douglas Morrow to contribute to the final version. The writers found it necessary to make certain changes, which is inevitable when the events of several years must be condensed into a film's two-hour running time.

One important revision was made simply because the truth was stranger than fiction. In the hospital after the amputation, when Monty came out of his coma and gazed down the bed to see the awful drop-off of the bedclothes at his right thigh, his eyes went blank and he stiffened for perhaps 30 seconds. Then he grinned up at his wife Ethel and actually drawled, "Honey, looks like ol' Monty lost a little weight."

But short of presenting a sworn affidavit of accuracy to each person in the theater audience, you just can't *do* things like that convincingly on the screen.

The 151-page final script made the casting inevitable. There could be only one actor to play the lanky, homespun, practical, dry-humored baseball pitcher. Monty Stratton had to be played by Jimmy Stewart. That put Jim in an enviable bargaining position. He and casting director Bill Grady made their deal over a steak, settled it with a handshake, and turned it over to Jim's agency and Metro's legal department. Jimmy's price for the Stratton job worked out to about $175,000 for a term of some ten weeks. For the part of Ethel Stratton, the nod went to pert little June Allyson.

Sam Wood boggled a bit at taking on the director's assignment—he had tangled with a baseball picture once before, the Lou Gehrig story Pride of the Yankees—but he finally gave in. Sam was already on the lot, finishing up another picture, so they simply changed the account number on his pay check.

Now the wheels of the studio machine began to move. Copies of the script had gone to all key departments, where persons *(Continued on page 59)*

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CALVIN pointed a long finger at the refrigerator case. "How about that Swiss cheese, Mr. Tunkel?" he said.

"You want to taste it?" Mr. Tunkel said.

"Sure," Calvin said. "Cut me off about a dime's worth."

"A nickel's worth ought to give you the idea. You got a dime's worth of the Münster."

"Tasted like paper," Calvin said. "They're beginning to call it cheese while it's inside the cow. That cheese couldn't be more than a day old."

"How about a hundred-year-old pot cheese?" Mr. Tunkel said sourly.

"I'll take half a pound of the Swiss."

"I thought you didn't like it."

"I don't," Calvin said. "Pickles. Anchovy goo. Some of that salt rye bread. Speckled wheat crackers—how long have they been up there?"

"Fresh today," Mr. Tunkel said.

Calvin laughed.

"All right," Mr. Tunkel said. "They belonged to my grandfather. Honest to God Bavarian speckled wheat crackers. Eighteen forty-eight was a big year for these in Bavaria."

"Okay," Calvin said. "And another jar of pigs' feet for Tonto."

"Heavens!" Mr. Tunkel said. "Not another! You're going to ruin that little girl's digestion."

Calvin paid and picked up the bag. "Hiyo," he said, closing the door behind him.

He stopped at the liquor store. He stopped at the five-and-ten. He stopped at the bakery. He was loaded down when he entered the building he lived in and stepped into the elevator.

"Hi, Herb," he said to the elevator operator.

"Hi, Mr. Calvin," Herb said. "What's in that great big bag?"

"Oh, stuff," Calvin said.

"What's up—a party?" Herb said.

"Nah," Calvin said.

"Then why's Mrs. Calvin all dressed up?"

"Beats me," Calvin said. The elevator stopped. Calvin stepped out. "Good show," he said. "Right on the nose."

"I'd swear they're planning a party in there. You better straighten your tie."

Calvin laughed. "With what? My feet?"

"So look like a tramp," Herb said. He slammed the elevator door.

"I *like* to look like a tramp," Calvin muttered. He opened the door of Apartment 12-F and, juggling his packages dangerously, struggled into the apartment. The door crashed closed behind him.

Marcella rose up in the living room. "Who shot whom?" she called.

"I shot off the lock," Calvin said. "Hi, Drawersy."

"Hi," Marcella said. She came down the hall. She was all dressed up in an evening gown and she wore a big lavender orchid on her shoulder. "Packages for me?" she said.

Calvin whistled. "Gow, look at you," he said. "Who died?"

"Oh, Calvin. What did I get?" she said.

"You didn't get nuttin'," he said.

Marcella lifted the packages from his arms and set them down on the hall table. "Why didn't you call me up all day?" she said.

"Call you up?" he said, raising his eyebrows. "What for?"

Marcella looked at him severely. "Are you kidding?" she said.

"No," he said. "Why should I be?" He took off his coat and threw it on a chair. "Where's Tonto?"

"In the tub," Marcella said. "I gave her her supper early. I thought maybe you might have some *plan* for the *evening*."

"Plan?" he said. "Don't be silly." He smiled at her wickedly. "All I ever want to do is stay home with you. You're my baby."

Marcella sniffed angrily at him, and he went into the bathroom. His daughter Nancy was afloat in the tub.

"Hi, Tonto," he said. "I come to fix the drains. How's the girl?"

"You're supposed to knock," she said. "What did you get for the madam?"

"What do you mean?" Calvin said, washing his hands under the cold water.

"You know perfectly well what I mean."

"Look, Tonto," Calvin said, "do me a favor, will you? Tell me what's going on around here."

"Oh, you crumb," she said. "You crumb." She scooped up a load of water in her washcloth and drowned her face in it.

"Nice talk," Calvin said.

Calvin went into the living room. Marcella was smoldering quietly in the big blue chair. Calvin watched her for a moment. Then he coughed discreetly. She ignored him.

"Who give you the orchid?" Calvin asked.

Marcella looked as though she were going to cry. "Calvin," she said.

Calvin sat down on the sofa and heaved his feet up onto the coffee table. "Yes, Drawersy?" he said pleasantly.

"Calvin," Marcella said, "do you have any idea what day this is?"

"Sure," he said. "Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. One of those days."

"Oh, you stupid," Marcella said. "Oh, you beast. This orchid, this orchid is from an old lover of mine. He sent it to me—a*non*ymously—and especially today. And *do you know why*, Calvin?"

Calvin lighted a cigarette. "Nah," he said. "Maybe he just never got over you, huh?"

"Because it's my *birth*day," Marcella cried.

Calvin stared at her. "Today?" he said incredulously. "Oh, no. Oh, *no!*" He rushed across the room and knelt at her feet. "Oh, Drawersy, Drawersy, Drawersy," he said. "How could I ever—"

"Oh, shut up," Marcella said. "Just shut up and go away. You— You— Oh, there aren't words!"

"Oh, sure there are," Calvin said comfortingly. "You can think of them. Come on now. Pig, beast, slob, wretch, despoiler—"

"And don't call me Drawersy!" Marcella said. She began to cry. "You'd think that after all these years— Oh, you! *Oh!*"

"There, there," Calvin said, patting her nervously. "There, there, old girl. Hey—it just so happens that I've, uh, I've brought you a few little things to celebrate this, well, this glorious occasion. Yes, sir, I've spent—"

"Here I am," Marcella sobbed. "Here I am, all dressed up, all ready to— Oh, you vulture, you jackal, you *worm*."

PICKING up his packages from the hall table, Calvin carried them into the living room. "Look," he said weakly, reaching into the big paper bag. "Pickles. For you. For your birthday. And look—genuine speckled wheat crackers, pickled pigs' feet, cheese, anchovy tooth paste. Twenty-four-passenger Stutz—"

"Oh, I hate you," Marcella said. "*Hate* you!"

"But what's this?" Calvin said, opening another package and winking at her slyly. "Why, it's two whole bottles of inexpensive but delicious domestic champagne! And what's this?" He opened another package. "Why, it's a chocolate cake! And here we have a— Here we have a—" He clawed in his pocket for the little paper bag from the five-and-ten. "Hey! *Candles*. Little weeny, teeny candles, like for a birthday cake. Ho, *ho*, what a jolly natal day for little Marcella." Calvin chuckled revoltingly and glanced at Marcella. She regarded him with a stubborn scowl.

"You have to do everything funny, don't you?" she said. She dried her eyes with a handkerchief. "I wish you wouldn't do that, lover," she said finally. "You make a fool out of me."

"I don't mean to," Calvin said. "It's just that I don't know what to do. These festivals embarrass me."

He kissed her, and she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed close to him. "You love me?"

"Sure," he said. "Happy birthday, Drawersy."

Tonto came out of the bathroom. "You people going out?" she said.

"No," Marcella said.

"Yeah," Calvin said. "I got these tickets." He reached into his pocket and took out his wallet. "G-12 and G-14, it says here. Mister Roberts."

"Who's Mr. Roberts?" Tonto said.

"Guy I know that can get tickets," Calvin said. "Also I've got a reservation for dinner somewhere."

"Not with that shirt on," Marcella said.

"No," Calvin said. "I got to get all duded up. This is going to be something to see."

Tonto followed him into the bedroom. She made him tie his tie three times before she was satisfied with it. Then Marcella came in. "I put the champagne in the icebox," she said. "Maybe somebody'll want it later. By the way, old boy, who paid for this orchid? This anonymous lover—that wouldn't be you, would it?"

Calvin raised his eyebrows. "Me?" he said. "Why, I didn't even know you were sick." THE END

HARRY BECKHOFF

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Big PICKENS Sister

By HARRIET VAN HORNE

When romance broke up the family trio Jane found the solo-going rough. Now she'll star in a Broadway musical

ACK in the 1930s the best-known singing act in the country was the Pickens Sisters. It was a Georgia trio consisting of Jane, Helen and Patti—with a fourth sister, Grace, as business and stage manager.

The sisters were plugged as "three little maids from Dixie," who sang all the old stand-bys in a sort of barbershop harmony, with a pleasant accompaniment of patter and slapstick. Their soft voices caressed the whole world as "Honey." They loved to pelt their audiences with roses. They pulled their rather attractive noses out of shape in fantastic imitations of oboe, harp, clarinet and banjo. The act was tops on stage and radio; they had good spots in several movies.

Suddenly in 1936 they disappeared. It was the kind of thing that happens occasionally in radio. One week they were among NBC's most valuable properties; the next week they were gone.

Romance had broken up the act. Helen was already secretly married and teen-age Patti was getting a trousseau ready. They both wanted to quit clowning and settle down to have babies. Grace, the fourth sister, didn't like music anyway.

The girls had earned $1,000,000 in five years and had saved enough of it to retire and live their own lives. The public missed them for a while, and then forgot.

The breakup of the combination left Jane out on a limb. She wanted to continue her stage career. But when a famous trio is reduced to one lonely voice, who's going to buy it?

Jane had a lot of reasons for wanting to continue. She had always been ambitious for a top-flight musical career; the success of the trio had merely whetted her appetite for fame. A second reason was that she alone among the sisters needed the income.

She had been married, in her early twenties, back home in Georgia. The marriage turned out unhappily and left her with responsibility for her daughter, Marcella. Marcella had been crippled by an accident at birth, which meant she would be confined to a wheel chair all her life. But Jane, by giving her the tenderest and most expensive care, and the warm security that comes from being loved with great devotion, was making her childhood a happy one. She needed money to continue that way of life for Marcella.

Although Jane had been the leader, arranger and musical genius of the trio during its five years of success, no one knew what she could do as a solo performer. But she believed in herself. She had spent years studying serious music with the best teachers. Her natural tastes were on the long-hair side and it had been no fun *(Continued on page 76)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

Jane will sing the prized role of Regina in the new musical version of Lillian Hellman's The Little Foxes

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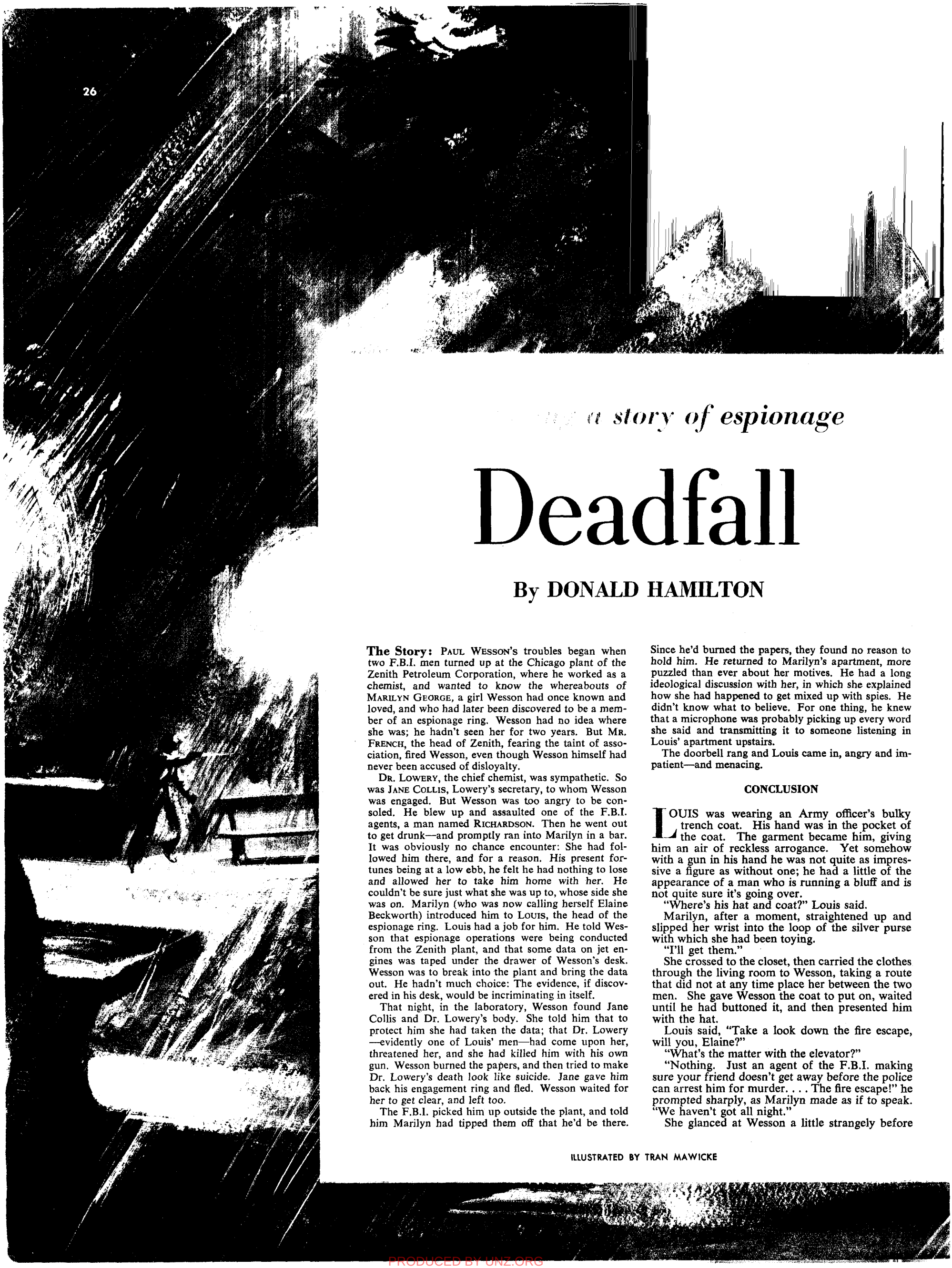

a story of espionage

Deadfall

By DONALD HAMILTON

The Story: PAUL WESSON's troubles began when two F.B.I. men turned up at the Chicago plant of the Zenith Petroleum Corporation, where he worked as a chemist, and wanted to know the whereabouts of MARILYN GEORGE, a girl Wesson had once known and loved, and who had later been discovered to be a member of an espionage ring. Wesson had no idea where she was; he hadn't seen her for two years. But MR. FRENCH, the head of Zenith, fearing the taint of association, fired Wesson, even though Wesson himself had never been accused of disloyalty.

DR. LOWERY, the chief chemist, was sympathetic. So was JANE COLLIS, Lowery's secretary, to whom Wesson was engaged. But Wesson was too angry to be consoled. He blew up and assaulted one of the F.B.I. agents, a man named RICHARDSON. Then he went out to get drunk—and promptly ran into Marilyn in a bar. It was obviously no chance encounter: She had followed him there, and for a reason. His present fortunes being at a low ebb, he felt he had nothing to lose and allowed her to take him home with her. He couldn't be sure just what she was up to, whose side she was on. Marilyn (who was now calling herself Elaine Beckworth) introduced him to LOUIS, the head of the espionage ring. Louis had a job for him. He told Wesson that espionage operations were being conducted from the Zenith plant, and that some data on jet engines was taped under the drawer of Wesson's desk. Wesson was to break into the plant and bring the data out. He hadn't much choice: The evidence, if discovered in his desk, would be incriminating in itself.

That night, in the laboratory, Wesson found Jane Collis and Dr. Lowery's body. She told him that to protect him she had taken the data; that Dr. Lowery —evidently one of Louis' men—had come upon her, threatened her, and she had killed him with his own gun. Wesson burned the papers, and then tried to make Dr. Lowery's death look like suicide. Jane gave him back his engagement ring and fled. Wesson waited for her to get clear, and left too.

The F.B.I. picked him up outside the plant, and told him Marilyn had tipped them off that he'd be there. Since he'd burned the papers, they found no reason to hold him. He returned to Marilyn's apartment, more puzzled than ever about her motives. He had a long ideological discussion with her, in which she explained how she had happened to get mixed up with spies. He didn't know what to believe. For one thing, he knew that a microphone was probably picking up every word she said and transmitting it to someone listening in Louis' apartment upstairs.

The doorbell rang and Louis came in, angry and impatient—and menacing.

CONCLUSION

LOUIS was wearing an Army officer's bulky trench coat. His hand was in the pocket of the coat. The garment became him, giving him an air of reckless arrogance. Yet somehow with a gun in his hand he was not quite as impressive a figure as without one; he had a little of the appearance of a man who is running a bluff and is not quite sure it's going over.

"Where's his hat and coat?" Louis said.

Marilyn, after a moment, straightened up and slipped her wrist into the loop of the silver purse with which she had been toying.

"I'll get them."

She crossed to the closet, then carried the clothes through the living room to Wesson, taking a route that did not at any time place her between the two men. She gave Wesson the coat to put on, waited until he had buttoned it, and then presented him with the hat.

Louis said, "Take a look down the fire escape, will you, Elaine?"

"What's the matter with the elevator?"

"Nothing. Just an agent of the F.B.I. making sure your friend doesn't get away before the police can arrest him for murder. . . . The fire escape!" he prompted sharply, as Marilyn made as if to speak. "We haven't got all night."

She glanced at Wesson a little strangely before

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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turning away. Wesson obeyed the tall man's signal and followed her. As he entered the kitchen, she was coming back in through the open fire-escape door.

"It seems all clear," she said to Louis.

"All right," he said deliberately. "You go first, Elaine."

Her head came up. "But *I'm* not—" She checked herself, watching him. "But why, Louis?"

The tall man said nothing. She shrugged her bare shoulders resignedly.

"Well, I suppose it's all right if I get myself a wrap," she said.

As she turned to slip past them sideways—the two men leaving only a small space for her in the tiny kitchen—Louis moved without warning and pinned her with hip and shoulder against the refrigerator while still facing Wesson, who heard her quick gasp of shock and surprise at the unexpected roughness. It took the tall man an instant to jerk the silver mesh bag from her wrist. He stepped back again, throwing her away from him toward the open door, where the raised step tripped her.

Louis dropped the captured purse on the drainboard, pried the throat of it open with his left hand, caught hold of something inside, and shook it free. The discarded purse flew along the kitchen to strike glancingly one wall, another, and finally the floor, almost at the feet of the girl who had fallen awkwardly across the doorstep, her long dress collecting in pools of chiffon about her. After a moment, not looking up, she reached for the shining bag and slipped the loop of it back about her wrist.

Louis glanced at the little gun in his left hand, the gun Wesson had taken from her that morning and had yielded to Louis just before dinner.

"Did you really think," Louis asked, "that you could palm this from the sideboard upstairs, and neither Max nor Joseph nor I would notice it? What kind of comic-strip agents do you think we are?"

"It's my gun," she whispered. "It—was lying there. I just picked it up. It didn't *occur* to me you'd think . . ." She had said too much. She sensed it and stopped.

There was more between these two, Wesson knew, than the question of a gun, even if she had meant, somehow, to use it; more than some expressed opinions that might be interpreted, from the tall man's point of view, as disloyal to him and the organization he stood for: After all, she could always claim she had been talking for Paul Wesson's benefit, knowing quite well the microphones were there but never dreaming she would be taken seriously by those listening upstairs. Wesson tried to work it out; then Marilyn's shoulders moved in a tiny shrug and she rose and went outside without saying any more. At a gesture from Louis, Wesson followed her.

It was dark on the iron stairs and darker down in the alley where a trickle of rain water ran like the stream at the bottom of a canyon. Louis indicated a door in the building *(Continued on page 34)*

Somebody took a shot at them as they ran across the open field. Then they were in the woods, brush all around them, and the branches tore at them

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Send Me Home in a Barrel

By B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.

FRIEND, let me give you some good advice. Don't ever name a horse after your boss. If you've got to butter the old buzzard up, name a child or a station wagon after him but scratch the horse angle. Of course your horse and boss couldn't possibly turn out like my horse and boss, but it's still too risky.

Now who am I to be telling you what to do with your horses? Well, I'm Jim Posey, alias Posey the Pauper Maker, alias Posey the False Prophet, alias Send-Me-Home-in-a-Barrel Posey. All of that because I pick horses for the Journal and a bunch of soreheads bet on 'em.

My boss is Oscar Rumpert, the publisher, who also bets on my horses. That's what led to the christening. He comes in the sports department one afternoon last fall and says that my "Best Bet" of the day has ruined a four-horse parlay of his and what are my plans for the future.

A man fool enough to mess with four-horse parlays is fool enough to do anything, including firing a brilliant turf writer like me. I stall him off by asking for the gory details of the disaster. Just as he is getting around to calling my horse dirty names I come up with my diabolical solution.

I slip it to him easy. "Oh, Mr. Rumpert," I say casually, "did I tell you that Frank Hodgins wants to name a horse after you? He feels that your contributions to the sport should be recognized."

He's just like putty after that. You see, I know he's been waiting years for somebody to get desperate enough for a horse's name to use his. He forgets all about what my anchor horse did to his parlay and says that he will write the Jockey Club immediately and tell them that he will be honored to have the Hodgins horse named after him.

Naturally Hodgins doesn't want to disgrace any horse by giving it a name like Oscar Rumpert. I have to remind him that I am the only turf writer in the country who took his side when they found the hypodermic needles, batteries and other improvers of the breed in his barn.

For the next four months I don't hear an untoward word from Rumpert about the money my equine advice is costing him. Every time he starts to reproach me I tell him how great his little namesake is training and how Hodgins thinks he will be another Citation.

I am lying, of course. Hodgins is at the point where he thinks the horse deserves the name. The beast already has a majestic *(Continued on page 66)*

This horse has a majestic case of the slows,
see. But my boss doesn't know that.
He wants the beast named after him

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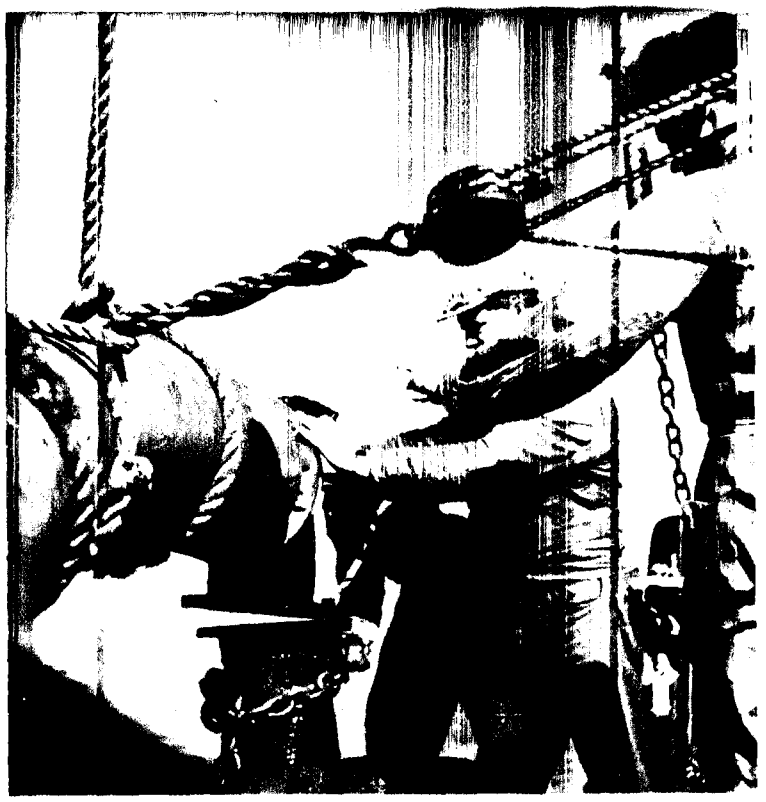
With filled tanks, the seagoing oil lines ride low and crewmen wear foul-weather gear for deck operations



The tanker puts into port and all hands pitch in to help lower the ten-inch connecting hose that unloads her oil

Port calls are brief and busy, but at sea there is time to catch up on letter writing, reading and sack duty

Tanker Run North

By JIM MARSHALL

IN THE darkened chartroom back of the wheelhouse of the F. S. Bryant, a big oil tanker operated by Standard Oil of California, the hooded lamp shone down on a large chart of the West Coast of North America. The ship was taking the first long swells outside the Golden Gate, heading against a squally nor'wester. The first waves slammed against the bow and rushed white and frothing across the low, steel decks. Leaning over the chart, Captain Jay Williams, the Alaska pilot, figured on a scratch pad, talking in brief sentences to Captain Gus Johnson.

"Here's where we're headed," he said, pencil-pointing to a minute gap in the coast line of Alaska. "That's the entrance to Resurrection Bay. It's only a few hundred yards wide and about 1,700 sea miles away. What I'm supposed to do is set a course up off Point Reyes here"—he indicated a jutting piece of land north of San Francisco—"that will, making allowances for winds, tides and currents, put the ship right in the fairway."

Captain Johnson and the oiler he commanded are part of the big, tireless fleet of U.S. merchantmen that haul oil to market from the Persian Gulf, Texas, Venezuela and California, or take it to ports where it serves as the lifeblood of defense posts and industries.

The scores of tanker captains, their ships and their hardy, well-paid crews are the vital life line by sea for an oil-thirsty America.

Almost as the Alaska pilot spoke, the young third mate stuck his head through the doorway and said, "Point Reyes abeam, sir."

The pilot made a dot on the chart and swung a long black ruler around from it until its upper end rested on the narrow passage far to the north. He read figures off the scale and figured a moment. "Put her on 322." he said, and lighted a cigar.

In the black wheelhouse, with lights dimly glowing to show the readings on the compass, the rudder position, the time and the engine-room indicator, the third gave the wheelsman the course, chalking it on a slate against the forward bulkhead. The wheelsman steadied the ship, waited until she was dead on, and then reached over and threw the lever that cut in the gyro compass. The gyro took over. The pilot said, "Good night, boys," and went below to start work on another afghan, this one a mild affair of only seven colors.

Five days and 1,700 miles later, when the massive, white wall of the Alaska Range stood out icy and silent against the gray sky, Iron Mike was still steering the Bryant. The course was still 322, and dead ahead was a tiny gap in the range—the entrance to Resurrection Bay. That's piloting, brother.

(Continued on page 69)

During the run from one port to another the men pass the time with pinochle, poker, bridge and scuttlebutt

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

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OTT

Ott kept moving his ladder to be near Patsy. Once the ladder slipped, and before he could catch his balance his pail of cherries fell

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in the CHERRY TREE

The eyes of two men were forever on Patsy. One watched her with love and a secret hope—the other with jealousy and a bitter memory

By JOHN R. HUMPHREYS

FOR the two years that Ott had been working in town at the radio repair shop, cherry-picking season had come with a special significance. It had nothing to do with his radio work, his taste for cherries, or his dislike of the man called the Crazy Belgian. It had something to do with his daydreaming. Ott's mother thought she understood, but she was a quiet woman and said nothing.

When Ott took his vacation at cherry-picking time for the second year in succession, his father was surprised, and Ott's brother was disgusted. But Ott took the kidding. "I guess I still like to climb around in trees," he said.

And that night, the first night of his vacation, Ott went out for his usual walk. It was something else his father noted that belonged to the last two years. Until two years ago, Ott never used to take those evening walks, leaving the house at dusk, all alone.

Ott knew his father was watching from the porch as he went down across the yard to the road. Ott's family lived in a small brown cottage on a ten-acre plot of land. They weren't farmers, although there were several farms in the vicinity. They were city workers who lived in the country.

Ott left his house that evening and walked for half a mile along the cement highway toward the Crazy Belgian's; then, before he reached the Belgian's farmhouse, he cut into the cherry orchard.

He walked through the weighted and dark-clustered trees that were quietly beautiful and richly massive in the moonlight. The plowed ground between the trees rose in a cool powder around his feet. As he walked, he talked to himself as though he were an actor on a great natural stage, watched by a thousand invisible faces, all his own.

"Just leave everything to me," he said. "I'll think of a way for us to meet because I know you're depending on me."

Ott left the orchard and circled around the back of the farmhouse to a knoll. He moved cautiously, almost expecting the blast of a shotgun and the rattle of the shot in the orchard leaves behind the knoll. He wished the Crazy Belgian would see him and take a shot; because then, he thought, I'd run up to him and knock the gun out of his hands. I'd fix him. . . .

One day when Ott and his brother were kids they were swimming in the pond back of the Crazy Belgian's land. He'd heard a shotgun then and seen the pellets splattering over the water. No one was hit but they'd had to run, grabbing their clothes from the bank, stumbling and hopping down a gully full of sandburs.

That's when they started calling him the Crazy Belgian: crazy because he'd shot at them from the top of a hill, because he worked his farm so hard, and because he was unfriendly with all the neighboring farmers who were as familiar with his raging temper as were Ott and his brother. His angry red face was well known and hated. No one knew whether he was a Belgian or not, but the boys called him that for some reason, and the name stuck. His name was Cobalk. . . .

At the top of the knoll Ott stretched out on the high, thick grass and watched the kitchen window. The grass was smooth and matted where he rested, because this wasn't the first time he'd watched the house at night from the knoll.

He knew he'd packed the grass flat; and during the day he thought about the grass. While he worked in the radio repair shop, he wondered what the Crazy Belgian would do if he ever noticed the grass on the knoll. Would he know someone was watching his house at night?

Ott tried to vary his nightly position but the knoll was the best place to watch the kitchen window. He watched tensely until he saw Cobalk pass behind a lighted square of window, and then he relaxed.

OTT continued to watch, pulling grass up by its roots until someone else passed the window. It was the girl with the long dark hair. He raised himself on his elbows. The cold earth was running its dampness through his sleeves. It made him conscious of himself hiding on the knoll watching.

He thought: If he'd only treat her the way a guardian, or a foster father, or whatever-he-is should, I wouldn't have to be hiding out here watching. I could be in the sitting room with her, or she could be at my house, or we could be walking down the road. What does he guard her like that for—never let her see any fellows, always keeping his eyes on her? Why do I have to come sneaking out here night after night just for a look at her, spending my vacation picking cherries just to be near her for a week out of the year?

Three years ago, when she first came to the Cobalks, the Crazy Belgian hadn't even let her pick cherries; but he was such a tightwad that by the following year he had put her to work, to save paying an extra picker. She'd been fifteen then. Ott had seen her the first time when they were loading cherry crates on the hay wagon, in the yard beside the barn. He'd seen her again at the house that noon, and again they all rode the loaded wagon back in the late afternoon. He'd thought the first time he saw her that she'd looked at him once or twice as though she noticed him, maybe liked him. That was the year Ott graduated from high school.

The next day, after seeing her for the first time, he'd brought his high-school graduation magazine with him, and when he thought she was looking once, he dropped it in the farmyard, by the pump house, where she could find it. It had a picture of him in it. Later he felt foolish about it, but at the time it had seemed like just the right thing to do. The following day, when he walked by the place where he'd dropped the magazine, it was gone; but for all he knew the Crazy Belgian had picked it up and used it to get the kitchen fire started.

All Ott knew was that looking at this girl was like holding most girls in his arms; at least that was the way it seemed, because Ott hadn't held many girls. Ott was tall and skinny, with a thin face. His nose was too large. He knew that; and when he walked he knew his hands were so large and heavy they dangled. But his eyes were clear and blue, and if it hadn't been for his awkwardness his eyes might not have been so shy, or his mouth such a tight line.

EVEN as Ott rested on the grassy knoll and thought of how he could be in the parlor with Patsy if the Crazy Belgian weren't so strict, he doubted that it would really be that way. If she could see the fellows she wanted to, there would probably be too many good-looking guys ahead of him. He wouldn't have a chance because Patsy, he thought, was as pretty as most of the movie actresses. She even looked a little like Ingrid Bergman—maybe a little huskier, but she was just as pretty. Since Ott decided she looked like Ingrid Bergman, he hadn't missed one of her pictures.

Seeing those pictures over and over, and coming to his knoll at night, were the biggest moments in Ott's life. It made life like a motion picture, and made him the hero and Patsy the heroine.

At night, on the knoll, he'd dream and think of ways to meet Patsy. He imagined them meeting in the orchard at night instead of the daytime when they were picking cherries. Or he imagined that one day while they were picking cherries he'd whisper to her, *Meet you here tonight.* And then at night he'd come back and she'd be waiting under a tree, holding her arms out toward him as he came. No, he thought, she wouldn't be holding her arms out. She'd be waiting timidly the first time, but her eyes would be shining with moonlight. Ott liked that picture better—it was more the way it would be with Patsy, and the way he would want her to be.

He watched the kitchen windows and saw Patsy moving around, wiping dishes and carrying them across the room, putting them down where he couldn't see and then returning.

When the light went out in the kitchen, he knew they were going back into the dining room. He pulled a blade of grass loose and, getting up, started down the slope, chewing the soft butt of the grass.

He walked along the edge of the fence by the berry bushes to the elm tree, where he could stand and see into the dining room. Patsy would stay with them in the dining *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NORTHCROSS

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Rookie Eddie's booming bat kept the Redbirds alive at the start of the season. Now they're counting on him to help in the stretch drive

By GORDON MANNING

THE long, narrow clubhouse of the St. Louis Cardinals, located under the grandstand at Sportsman's Park, rocked with the usual pre-game hubbub. Ron (Bebop) Smallmon, the team's mop-haired bat boy, put slugger Stan Musial's favorite disk on the record player and the hillbilly strains of Milk 'Em in the Mornin' Blues filled the room. Manager Eddie Dyer, standing under a framed panel of more than a dozen four-leaf clovers, parried questions from a circle of noisy sports writers. Trainer "Doc" Weaver pummeled the ageless muscles of outfielder Enos (Country) Slaughter. And, off to one side, four other players in various stages of undress huddled in earnest argument.

"I say Boston is toughest," said relief pitcher Ted Wilks.

First baseman Vernal (Nippy) Jones disagreed. "How can you say that after those rough ones we played in Philly?"

"Wait a minute," interrupted rookie pitcher Bill Reeder, "let's ask Kazak here. He's played more and made out better than any of us. What do you think, Eddie?"

Kazak, the handsome, blond third baseman who is one of the National League's outstanding candidates for Rookie of the Year, thought a moment before he drawled, "The toughest pinball machines on the circuit are right here in St. Louis."

Horseplay so pervades the daily lives of the Cardinals that sports scribes best acquainted with the club passed up this bit of business about pinballs. They thereby missed what may be baseball's most warmhearted story of the season. For Edward Terrance Kazak is the Cardinals' pinball champ. And the man who taught him the game—the man who was champ before him—is George (Whitey) Kurowski, the Cardinal star Kazak replaced at third base, too.

Without Kurowski's generous help, it is doubtful if Kazak would be the fairhaired rookie he is today. At best, his fielding is even now only passable. But his record would be worse if Kurowski hadn't taught him which batters to play close to the foul line, which ones to take "in the hole" between second and third, when to play deep in the skin of the infield, and when to move up in the grass.

"They don't come any better than George," Kazak says. "I sure hated to see him go."

Kurowski and Kazak share more than an affinity for third base. They share what amounts to a surgical miracle. The throwing arms of both once were stiff as pokers.

Kurowski endured the ordeal first. As a young man, he was stricken by osteomyelitis. As part of the treatment for it, a bone was chipped from his right elbow, shortening the forearm. But he played baseball in spite of that, and made himself one of the brilliant fielders of the big leagues.

Because of his own experience, Kurowski was sympathetic to Kazak when Eddie came back from the war with his left arm scarred by a bayonet and his right elbow shattered by shrapnel.

Eddie still can't straighten that right arm entirely, although he has spent 18 months in hospitals. And that, of course, doesn't improve his ragged fielding. But the Cards will probably keep him out there, holding a peach basket if necessary, as long as he pastes the ball the way he has indicated he can. Until he injured his foot in July and was removed from the line-up for several weeks, Eddie was slugging at a better than .300 clip.

Kazak was one of 20 rookies who reported to Manager Dyer last March at the Cardinals' spring training camp in St. Petersburg, Florida. Soon his big (35-inch 34-ounce) bat was banging base hits so authoritatively that Dyer singled Eddie out for special praise. "If the season would open tomorrow," Dyer announced, "Kazak would be my starting third baseman."

When the season did open, Kazak was on the bench with a toothache. Slick-fielding Tommy Glaviano, a rookie from the Columbus, Ohio, farm club, started in the hot corner. But Kazak broke into the line-up in the fifth game, and did just about all the Cardinal hitting there was during the first two months of the season. While Musial, Slaughter and the rest of the St. Louis heavy guns bogged down, he whacked away at an over-.350 clip. Largely because of his clouting, the Redbirds were able to stay within striking distance of the National League lead, until they were ready to make their pennant bid. *(Continued on page 58)*

Though he has a stiff right arm as a result of shrapnel wounds suffered during the war, Kazak is an outstanding Rookie of the Year candidate

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK ZEHRT

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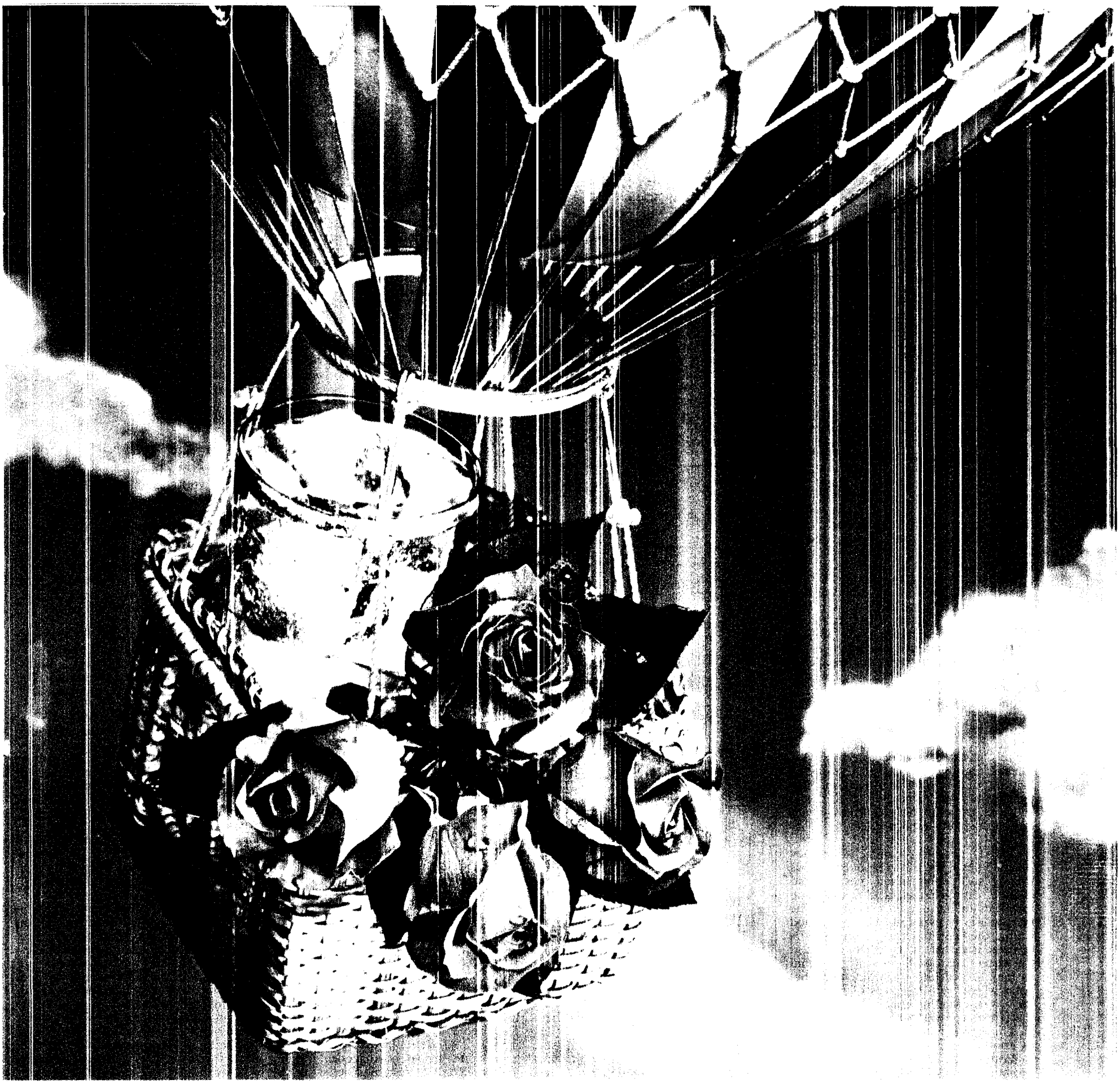

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Deadfall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

opposite and suddenly they were indoors again, in a brightly lighted service corridor of some kind. They paused, at Louis' word, for Marilyn to run a comb through her hair and smooth down her dress; and the tall man gave them some further instructions, and a warning.

Walking through the lobby of the apartment house next door, with Marilyn beside him and Louis hovering protectively behind him, Wesson could not make the place seem natural to him. He had got his shoes wet in the alley and it gave him a bedraggled feeling. He did not know where he was being taken or why; and he could not determine what his feelings ought to be about the girl at his side. He could not quite understand the attitude of the man behind him. It was as if he had suddenly come into a movie in the middle of the feature and there was nobody to tell him what had gone before.

There was quite a bit of traffic in this building for this time of night, a laughing couple, quite young, went out ahead of them, while a middle-aged couple came in; and a woman wearing furs over a tailored suit waited by the door, presumably for her escort to bring the car around or return from parking it. She looked up as Wesson and his companions approached, and he was sure that she was about to betray some surprise at the sudden appearance of two well-protected young men accompanying a girl in a thin chiffon gown and not much else.

It seemed to him that everyone who saw them must know that they did not belong here, and that there was something terribly wrong with the relationship between them. But the woman's glance, recognizing none of them, slid politely past them. It occurred to Wesson that she might very well have saved her life, and his, by this reaction. For the first time he came to grips with the actual thought of the gun Louis would be holding ready in his pocket.

IT HAD not been raining when they came down the fire escape, but it was raining softly now when they stepped outside. Immediately, a car hissed up the gleaming drive to pick them up. The man in the brown suit, who had stood behind the bedroom door in the upstairs apartment earlier in the evening, was at the wheel. He took them away fast; and as they turned into the wide street, beyond which were the trees of the park, there was a rending crash of metal from the left where one car, pulling out of a parking space, had been heavily rammed by another coming fast up the street.

Wesson was startled to recognize the ramming car as his own ancient sedan. A boy jumped out of it and darted across the street, losing himself in the park in an instant. The driver of the other car seemed stunned or badly hurt. Wesson found the shock of seeing his own car wrecked replaced by a small growing sense of panic as he realized that this man must have been waiting there to follow them; and that Louis must have had a strong reason for having him so drastically put off their trail. It made Wesson feel deserted and alone to know that there would be no help; he found that he had been vaguely counting on a rescue by somebody.

They swung into a wailing right turn away from the park. Louis, kneeling on the front seat to watch the two in the rear, looked back.

"What about Max?" he asked, clearly referring to the boy who had run away.

"He'll be waiting down by the lake front," the driver said. "I'm giving him time to get there; he's got almost a mile to go on foot."

"Where'd he get another car?"

"It was Bright Boy's." The man in the brown suit jerked his head toward Wesson. "It wasn't good for much else."

Wesson said automatically, "Hell, that was a good car." He felt a vague stirring of anger; the car had been his one major possession.

"Yeah," the driver said. "Ten years ago it was a good car."

Marilyn's voice came out of the darkness. "Who was in the other car?"

"Guess."

"The F.B.I. man?"

"Give the gold-plated garbage can to the little lady in the rear."

"I hate to interrupt," Louis said. "But would you comedians shut up?"

The nervousness implicit in this request for silence, from a man whom Wesson would have guessed to be not often troubled with nerves, was more frightening than anything that had happened that evening.

When they swung out along the shore drive at last, the lake was lost in the wet darkness to the left. Louis had his gun in his hand now, a heavy, short-barreled revolver of a caliber large enough to give Wesson the impression that, if the light should strike it right, he would be able to see down the wide bore to the bullet resting in the chamber. Something had changed, he knew; getting into this car had been a final step toward something to which Louis now felt himself committed. Wesson could not make himself face the thought squarely; it seemed too melodramatic and unreasonable.

The car turned into an opening in the screen of bushes to the right, and coasted across a wide parking lot that was well lighted and marked with neat painted lines. It was apparently too wet and too late at night for anyone to be using the beach which it served; and no couples seemed to have found it suitable for other purposes, perhaps because there was too much light, or because this was a weekday evening.

The windshield wipers kept up their steady beating after the car had been stopped. The people in the car waited, but nobody came out of the surrounding bushes to join them.

"Where the hell *is* the pig?" Louis asked suddenly. The illusion of gentility he had woven about himself earlier was gone. The man in the brown suit said something reassuring. Louis said, "Damn him! We can't wait here all night." He waved the gun abruptly at the occupants of the rear seat. "Out, you!"

Wesson reached for the door handle on his side. Behind him, he heard Marilyn's voice, surprised. *"Me?"*

The drive seemed to have given her assurance; and her tone said that nothing that could happen to her would be more incredible than that, dressed as she was, she should be asked to get out into the rain in this deserted place.

"You, too, Elaine." There seemed to be a dry regret in the tall man's voice. Then something went shockingly wrong with it. *"All right! Move!"*

Wesson's throat was suddenly tight and choked, his chest constricted, as his body understood at last—before his mind would admit the fact—that he was going to be killed. *But why?* he asked himself desperately. It was clear now that Louis had come to the apartment to get him with this in mind—had brought him directly here for the purpose; but for what reason?

The flawed note in the tall man's voice—his behavior throughout—said that for all his adventurous air he was no practiced killer. This was no movie where spies fired off guns at one another with reckless abandon: these were men trained in a certain line of work, one of the cardinal tenets of which was to avoid violence wherever possible, because violence attracted attention. *Then why?* Wesson asked himself. Merely because he and the girl still hesitating in the car behind him had violated a sort of gangster code these people had? It did not seem likely they could afford such luxuries; but maybe they could.

Then Marilyn was standing on the wet pavement beside him in the yellow diffused light, in the rain, her hair instantly wet down her cheeks, the filmy layers of her evening gown quickly melting together to adhere unromantically to each other and to her.

The bushes crackled behind her and she started; and Wesson instinctively braced himself to throw both of them to the ground, that being all he could think of doing if shooting started. But it was only the boy who had served dinner, who had smashed Wesson's car stumbling out to them, soaking wet and breathless.

"It took you long enough!" Louis snapped, in that strained inhuman voice.

"I got lost," the boy gasped. "It's like a screwy jungle in there."

"Well, get in the damn' car so you don't get lost again."

LOUIS gave Marilyn a push and gestured to Wesson. He was no longer a hearty man of the world; he was just a wet and worried individual who had to kill a couple of people. Probably he had to do the job himself because neither of the others would take it on: Murder was not in their contract, and they wanted no part of it. From the way Louis glanced back at them, Wesson guessed that the tall man was not quite sure that they would not pull out and leave him. Then he gestured toward the bushes.

"Over here," he said.

"But—" Still not quite believing, Marilyn turned her head to protest.

"Damn you, get moving!" Louis seized on the excuse to let himself go. "You lousy little bourgeois renegade!" Then he used some dirty words.

She went on, her bare shoulders a little hunched against the rain, carrying her now sodden dress in dripping handfuls about her knees while her silver sandals, still shining dully, splashed through the pools of water on the pavement. The barrel of the gun poked Wesson in the ribs. He thought of turning, swinging his arm back, as he had seen it done in the movies; but before he could make up his mind to act, the touch was gone.

"In there," Louis said. "Tell her."

"Take the path," Wesson said.

The disheveled girl ahead of him glanced around, startled at being addressed through him; then located the mouth of a path, blacker than the bushes that surrounded it, and turned in that direction. As the dark tunnel opened before him, so that he could see the light of the open field beyond, Wesson knew that unless something happened, they would never get through that darkness. Quit stalling, you spineless jerk, he told himself; you might as well take it coming as going.

The bushes were around him, brushing at him wetly. He could see Marilyn cringe from their contact with her skin, the whiteness of her shoulders a pale blur in front of him. He felt Louis close behind him. For a moment they were all together; and he dropped, sweeping Marilyn's feet out from beneath her with a blow that made her cry out with pain as she fell and the gun crashed over their heads. Louis, unable to stop in time, fell on top of them. They were thrashing around in a hopeless confusion of limbs and wet clothes and angry, broken sounds of struggle; of hard pavement and soft earth and the resilient but impenetrable stalks of the bushes that responded to their bodies by showering them with water from above.

Suddenly Wesson was free and up, and a gleam of bare arms told him Marilyn was clear and away up the path; between them, a formless shape struggled for a footing. He did not dare to close with it; simple fighting instinct told him that, killer or no, Louis outweighed him

VIEWPOINT

"We had a good trip. The convention was inspiring—and I enjoyed showing young Benson around New York!"

"About the third day of visiting museums I said, 'L.E., how about letting me conduct this tour?' Then we really started seeing the town!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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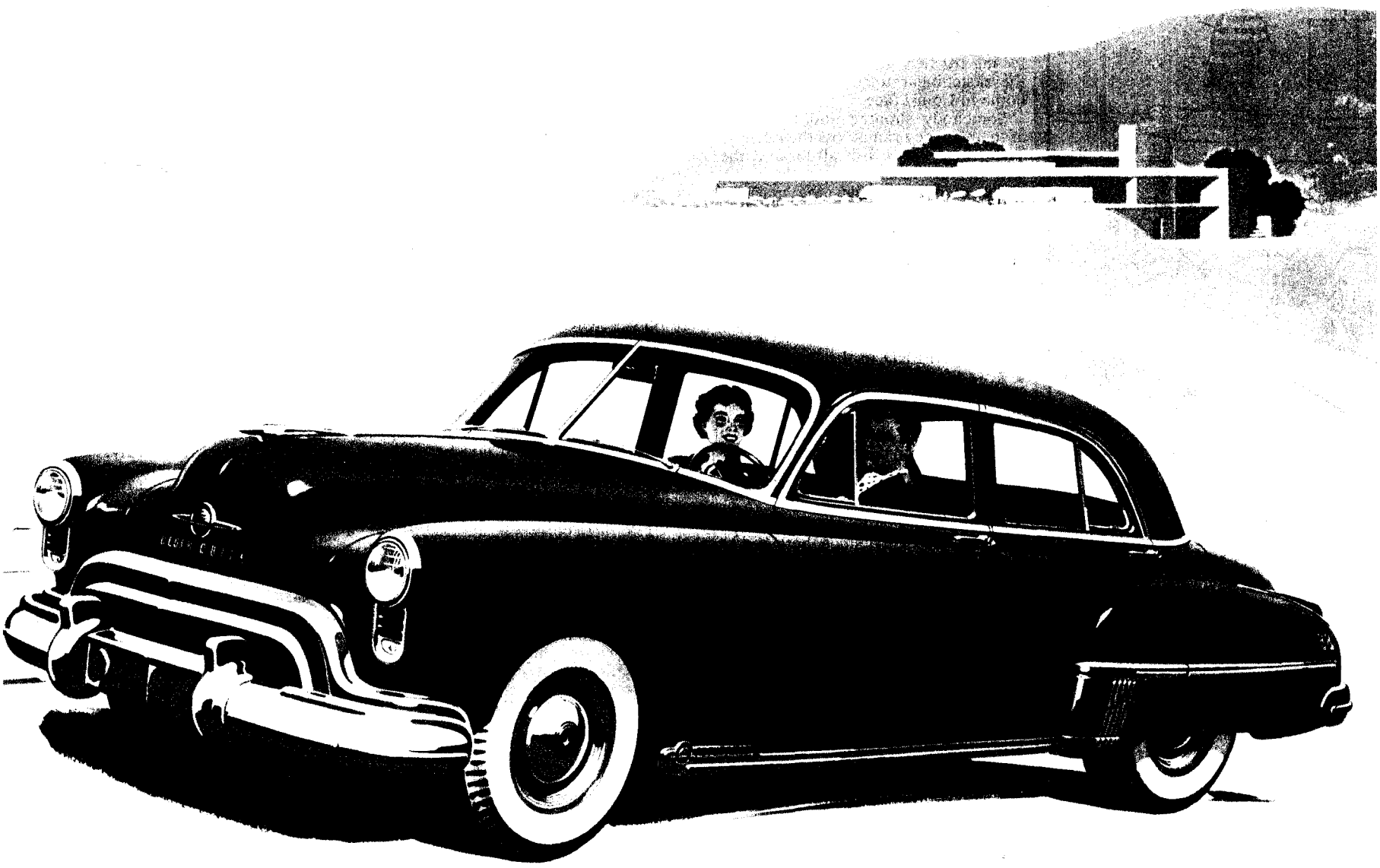

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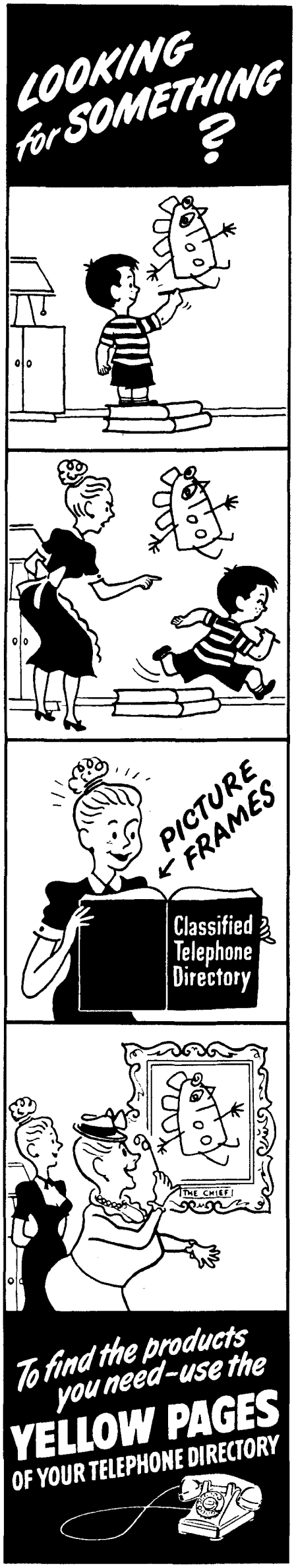


and outreached him and probably knew tricks he had never heard of. *Stay clear or he'll bend you like a pretzel!* he warned himself breathlessly, and kicked out with all his strength again and again, feeling his foot strike solid each time.

He felt no more compunction than if it had been a snake in the path. A hand caught his trouser leg; a pale oval the size of a face turned up to him; and he drove the hard leather heel of his other shoe directly at the light target, striking with a terrible, unexpected accuracy, and feeling bone and cartilage smash beneath the blow. Free again, he hurdled the writhing body on the ground, and saw Marilyn, waiting, break into flight ahead of him. He had not expected her to wait for him; seeing her still there was like receiving an undeserved present because somebody just happened to like you that well. It told him something about his feeling for her. It almost let him forget the sickening crunch of his heel going home in Louis' face.

Somebody shouted and took a shot at them as they ran across the open field. Then there was brush all around them, and the branches tore at them. The civilized city beyond the park—the handsome, well-dressed people they once had been—belonged to a dream world that had no relation to the desperate reality in which they now found themselves trapped. Later, Wesson could not have said how long they ran, even after there was no longer anyone behind them.

HE STOPPED in the little tiled hallway to look at her in the light while water drained from his own clothes to make pools on the floor. Outside, the rain splashed down unceasingly; and across the street he could see the dripping trees of the park out of which they had just come. She leaned against the mailboxes, breathless, covered to well below the knees by his drenched, muddy topcoat; a necessity, since there had been in places not enough left of her shockingly bedraggled chiffon gown to serve even the primary purposes of clothing.

He said, "Well, we've obviously got to get clothes somewhere. If you've got any better ideas—"

"I just don't like begging clothes from your fiancée," Marilyn protested.

"She isn't any more," Wesson said. "If that makes you feel better."

Marilyn glanced at him with weary puzzlement. "Well, she was last night when I picked you up in that bar, unless you were so tight you didn't know what you were talking about. You were afraid she'd get into trouble about it."

He said, "Well, she did, in a way, and now she isn't. Not that I can see what that's got to do with—"

"Wait a minute." Marilyn frowned and straightened up, squeezing her wet hair with both hands. There was an ugly scratch across her left cheek, and no make-up of any kind left on her face. He thought it was probably the first time he had ever seen her face completely bare of cosmetics; somehow it made her more of a person to him than she had ever been, and less of a romantic idea.

She looked younger, and it startled him to see that she looked intelligent; somehow he had never considered her intellectual capacity before, and her record certainly wasn't that of a particularly bright girl. Yet, on the other hand, you might say it was the brightest ones who were in danger of being lured into crackpot crusades of one kind or another. "Wait a minute," she said, and there was a hard, questioning note to her voice that he had not heard before. "You've had just two chances to see her since last night and break the engagement. One, when you went home to change for dinner; and the other, while you were at that place—"

He said, "Damn it, what difference—"

"Louis said you'd murdered somebody there!"

"He said I was going to be arrested for it," Wesson corrected her.

The tall girl facing him, with the unfamiliar face and the squeezed-back wet hair, seemed to relax and even smile a little.

"I see. So *she* did it."

"I didn't say that," Wesson protested.

"And you were going to take the blame for it?" After a moment, Marilyn said quietly, "You must be kind of in love with her, to want to shield her."

"Ah, shut up," he said uncomfortably. "Let's get some dry clothes before we start discussing romance."

"Can't I even talk about her?" Marilyn murmured.

He glanced at her irritably and poked a finger at the bell. A trickle of rain water went down his spine as he moved, and it seemed to him that women picked the damnedest times for deciding who loved whom. A familiar voice came out of the tube, asking who was there. He thought it sounded frightened: Janie would be expecting the police. He gave his name, and the buzzer let him open the inner door for Marilyn, who went past him and hurried up the stairs ahead of him, without looking back.

Janie was waiting for them on the third-floor landing, fully dressed. Light shone from the apartment door open beside her. Tonight, Wesson thought, all the people he met seemed to have been too long in their clothes, too long awake. The small, dark-haired girl above him, he guessed, had not been to bed at all; she would have been waiting by the radio to hear that Dr. Lowery's body had been discovered. Even at a distance her print dress looked wilted and he thought that when he reached her he would find her eyes behind the shell-rimmed glasses red with sleeplessness and fear.

She watched them come up the stairs toward her, with a little frown for Marilyn's costume, that became a look of quick apprehension as Wesson came into the light and she could see the state of his dinner jacket. But she did not speak, perhaps afraid to wake the occupants of the other apartments to this parade of scarecrows up the stairs. She stepped back to let Marilyn up to the landing; and the two girls faced each other awkwardly, waiting for Wesson.

Then, as Wesson mounted the last few steps to the landing, Marilyn held out her hand pleasantly enough and Janie took it; and the rest happened too quickly to be understood. Wesson saw the two figures above him come together with abrupt violence, struggling for some object he could not see since it was hidden behind the taller girl, whose back was to him. There was a sharp, wicked crash of sound.

AFTER a moment, Jane Collis backed away until the wall stopped her; she stared at the small pistol in her hand. Her glasses had been knocked off in the struggle. Without them, her face had a startled, half-blind look. She glanced up abruptly and watched, fascinated, as the taller girl first steadied herself by the stair-well railing and then, quite slowly, crumpled to the floor. Then Janie looked at Wesson.

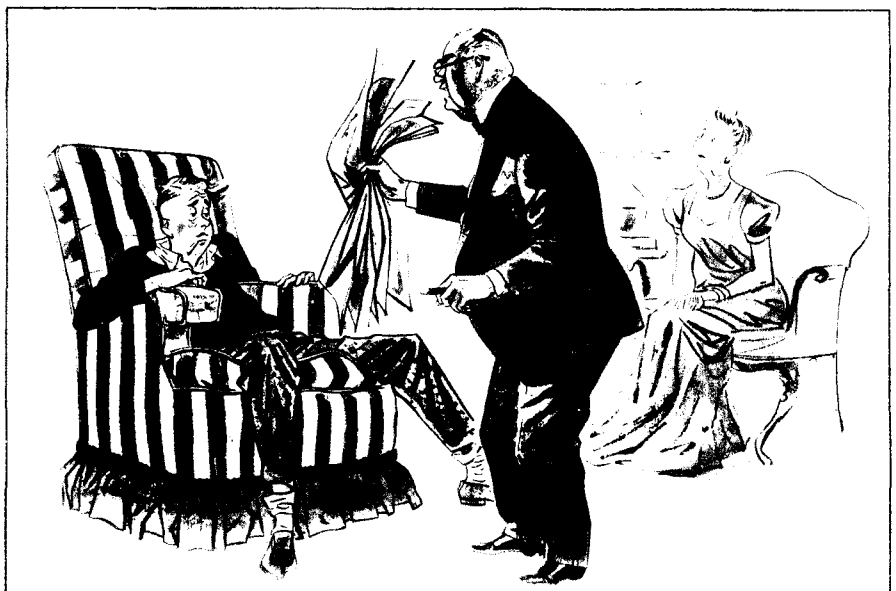
"She . . . tried to kill me . . . !"

There was a brief instant in which he believed her. But the girl on the floor changed position slightly and was still again, her slow, pained breathing suddenly quite audible. He discovered a fierce relief at the knowledge that Marilyn was alive, mingled with a panic desire to know how badly she was hurt. He knew also that she had not tried to kill anybody; she had, instead, as once before that night, stepped in the way to keep him from getting killed. It had been her way, he knew now, of repaying the debt she owed him.

Janie was watching him. She could see him, all right, even without the glasses; she knew where to find him without trouble, but it was obvious that she could not read his expression. She peered at him nearsightedly.

"Wes, she tried to kill me! She had a gun in her p—"

There was a dreadful little pause while she tried to decide whether to say "purse" or "pocket." She looked down to see if the unconventionally dressed girl on the floor had even brought a purse. Her attention was momentarily diverted, and her defective vision did not catch the start of Wesson's movement in time; and before she could shoot he had struck the gun away from her. She cowered back against the wall, holding her hurt fingers to her mouth like a



"P. J. Wilkerson's boy marries the best-looking girl in his class; Ralph Noble's son stands first in his engineering college; A. J. Spencer's two boys have had their own business for a year-and-a-half. . . . That Hirsch lad uses words that even I can't understand. AND WHAT DOES MY SON DO? MY SON GETS HIS NAME IN THE PAPER BECAUSE HE CAN STEER A CONVERTIBLE WITH HIS STOCKING FEET—AT SIXTY-FIVE MILES PER HOUR —PROVIDED HIS EQUALLY HALF-WITTED BUDDY SITS ON THE FLOOR AND WORKS THE PEDALS WITH HIS HANDS!"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

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child. He wanted to strike her for what she had done, but the necessary rage would not come. Perhaps he was too tired.

"Not twice, Janie," he said. "I won't swallow that act twice in one night. You could kid me into thinking you'd killed Doc in self-defense, but now you're running the routine into the ground."

Then he was kneeling at Marilyn's side. She was still breathing very carefully, as if it hurt her. She made no sign that she knew he was there, and he did not speak to her. She had a silent battle of her own to fight, and he knew that she would not thank him for distracting her from the grim business of staying alive.

People, aroused by the shot, were moving uneasily behind the closed door facing Jane Collis' apartment. Rising, Wesson knocked on the door. A man opened it. There was a woman behind him. Wesson asked the woman to bring a blanket, and to cover and watch over the hurt girl while he called a doctor and the police.

He had the feeling of being on a stage, speaking his lines too quickly, just to get them out before he should forget them. The small girl backed against the wall gave him no help toward reality; she began to curse him childishly, clumsily using epithets that were nasty and quite familiar. She did not sound like Jane Collis at all; but he had heard the same words in a man's mouth only an hour or so ago. The gun he had picked up was familiar too; it was Marilyn's little automatic that had been passed from hand to hand all day, finally winding up in Louis' possession. Going in to telephone, herding Janie ahead of him, Wesson found the tall man lying on the sofa in Janie's apartment, oblivious of everything but the agony of his smashed face.

Janie ran to Louis and went on her knees beside him and looked up at Wesson. "You lousy coward," she gasped. "To kick a man in the face like that! I wish I had killed you. I would have, if she hadn't interfered!"

Wesson studied her for a moment, wanting to ask whether kicking a man in the face, as he had done to Louis, was worse than shooting him in the back, as Louis would have done to him; but it did not seem important. Holding the gun, he picked up the telephone, left-handed, still watching them. Something in the way Janie looked at, and touched, the man on the sofa made the relationship between the two embarrassingly clear, and made clear the reason Louis would run the risk of committing murder, to remove the one man beside himself who knew where Janie had been that night.

For some reason, it seemed more shocking to think of little Jane Collis having a lover than to think of her being a spy or killing somebody.

THEY had to wait on a bench in the hospital corridor. Richardson, the F.B.I. man, said, "I understand Zenith is a little short of chemists right now. It's possible your Mr. French is going to have some trouble finding men willing to work in a place that's been in the papers as a nest of spies. You might try dropping around there when you're through here, if you're not too proud."

Wesson nodded. It did not seem to him that he owed the big F.B.I. man any thanks, and the big man did not seem to expect any. A nurse in a starched white uniform went down the corridor to the door that had the right number, and inside. Presently she came back out and beckoned to them.

"Don't make her talk," the nurse said. "If you have any questions, let her just answer yes or no."

"That's all right," Richardson said. "We've got it all pretty straight by now, anyway. How is she?"

"Oh, she's coming along very nicely," the nurse said.

Marilyn was lying in the white hospital bed, the only color in her face the fading ugly scratch she had got running through the park. She did not turn her head to greet them but waited, to smile at them, until they had come to the foot of the bed where she could look at them. Her lips formed a question.

Richardson said, "You're not supposed to talk. Louis is in the hospital. The little girl's in jail. We're waiting to see where the others run to before we pull them in." He watched the eyes of the girl in the bed. "Oh, him?" he said, glancing at Wesson. "He's all right, I guess. I've just finished telling him his boss says he can have his job back. He doesn't seem very grateful."

WESSON grinned. "Should I be? Maybe I should also thank you for using me as a stalking-horse in the first place."

"Well, we had to have some excuse to get into Zenith without pointing a finger at the people we really suspected," the big man said, defending himself. "We wanted to see what would happen to that envelope. If you'd kept your temper you'd have been all right. But when you picked that moment, just when the mail was coming up the stairs, to start swinging iron bars around the place, it seemed like a little too much of a coincidence, if you get what I mean. When we realized the letter had vanished, we knew you hadn't hidden it yourself—you hadn't had a chance—but it certainly looked as if you'd been trying to help whoever did hide it get away with it. After that we couldn't gamble on explaining to you what we were trying to do. You didn't look like a good risk."

Wesson said, "If you'd really wanted my co-operation, it might have helped to ask for it before you started playing games around the laboratory."

"Uh-huh," Richardson said, "and also it might not, the way you were feelin' about us. And besides, you're not a hell of a good actor, Mac."

"Well, you're not much of a detective," Wesson said, "if you can't find an envelope taped under a desk drawer."

"We didn't want the envelope," Richardson said. "We wanted whoever had hidden it. The letter wasn't anything; hell, I wrote up those sheets of data myself, up at Faircraft. Why should I kill myself trying to find them?" He grinned at Wesson's expression.

"I was getting tired waiting for somebody to give me a break on this case, Wesson. And too much information was going out through Zenith. I don't know what they've told you about the Faircraft engine; actually, it's pretty hot stuff. I guessed that if I could get something in the works that was supposed to be the dope on it—and I had a line on their man at Faircraft and the code they were using—and then make them work like hell to get the information out. I'd learn something about who was passing the mail through Zenith."

"They told me it wasn't very important," Wesson said.

He was aware that the girl in the bed was watching them steadily, listening to their conversation; both men were a little uncomfortable, not knowing quite how to act in front of her. Wesson developed a strong tendency to drop his voice to a whisper, as if she were asleep. There was also a temptation to make her waste her strength answering stupid questions about how she was feeling and what she would like brought to her or done for her. And there was, finally, the urgent desire to get rid of the other man and speak to her alone. He found himself panic-stricken at the thought that the nurse might come back to send them away before he had had a chance to say what he had come here to say, that could not very well be said in front of anybody else.

Her lips formed a word. Richardson said, "Oh, the murder? Well, the plan

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was apparently that our mutual friend here"—he indicated Wesson—"would be sent into the plant to distract our attention, while the little girl escaped through the rear with the papers. Only in the meantime the chief chemist had caught her at the desk—he must have stayed behind to watch her, suspecting something—and she'd lost her head and killed him. Her sense of duty wasn't strong enough to let her face a murder rap just to get the papers out; so she persuaded young Galahad on my right to take charge of both the papers *and* the murder, washing her hands of the whole thing. After she got home, I guess she began to worry about how far she could trust him to keep his mouth shut. So she called her boy friend to get rid of him, and you too, in case he'd said something to you."

Marilyn whispered, "She had the gun in her hand. When I came up the stairs. She tried to hide it in her dress."

Richardson said, "When Louis came staggering in with a bent profile—his pals dropped him at the door and lit out—and then the two of you turned up right on his heels, she must have figured Wesson had caught on to the trick. She'd hoped, of course, that he'd be picked up leaving Zenith with the papers on him and the body in the office. That would have fixed his clock so that nobody would have believed anything he said. But he wasn't quite that dumb."

Marilyn's eyes found Wesson's face. She smiled a little. "He burned the papers," she whispered.

"Uh-huh. Whether out of a sense of patriotism or self-preservation we'll never know," Richardson said, unimpressed.

"*I* know," she breathed.

"Yes," the big man said crossly. "You've known about him all along. Sure. But the rest of us don't happen to be in love with the guy." He turned abruptly away from the bed to face Wesson; and when he spoke again, it was as if the girl was no longer in the room. "She's been working with us, you know," he said.

Wesson did not say anything. He knew that what he was being told was extremely important, but it did not seem to matter. If you really needed an explanation you would not believe it, and when you were ready to believe it you no longer needed it.

Richardson said, "She came to us after a man in the State Department had killed himself. Later, we passed around the story that he'd left a note, to protect her in case anybody wondered where we'd got certain information. Actually, there hadn't been anything to connect her with the death except that she'd been one of several hundred people who'd known the man. But she walked in and told us exactly what she had been doing, and wanted us to tell her what it meant, and if there were anything she could do about it, or did we just want to put her in jail.

"We suspected her motives for a while because she held out your name and it wasn't hard to discover that she'd been seeing a lot of you. I'm afraid the boys in Washington made more trouble for her than they ordinarily would have, but you can see how it looked at the time—as if she were trying to shield you because you were guilty."

The girl in the bed moved slightly. Richardson did not look at her. There was a certain antagonism in his voice and attitude as he faced Wesson; and Wesson realized suddenly that the big man was, if not actually jealous, at least envious of him. It seemed to make the other man at once more human; and it seemed to bring the girl closer to him.

Richardson said, "Anyway, she's been working with us for two years; that's a long time for that kind of work. We knew they were getting suspicious of her when they sent her up here to make contact with you under circumstances in which we almost had to pick her up; after all, we weren't supposed even to know where she was, and suddenly they were waving her in our faces. We seriously considered arresting her for her own protection, but she persuaded us not to." After a moment he turned toward the door, then paused. "Under the circumstances, I am authorized to say that the department sees no further reason for taking Miss George into custody, protective or otherwise." Then he was gone, gently closing the door behind him.

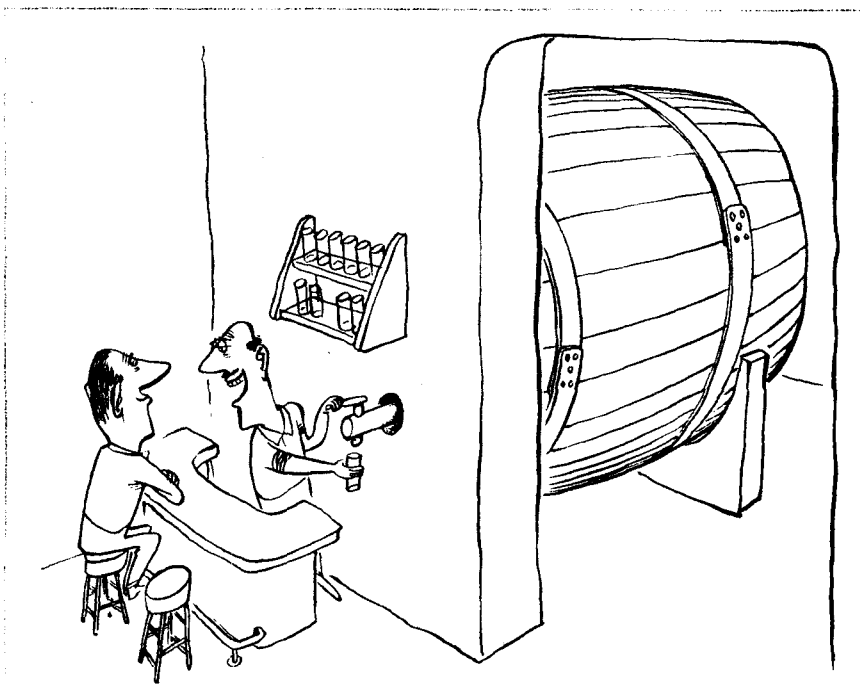
MARILYN turned her head slowly, watching Wesson come toward her. He stopped and stood looking down at her where she could still see him comfortably. There was an awkward little pause; and what he said at last was not at all what he had planned.

"Look," he said, "what the hell is your name, anyway?"

"Marilyn," she whispered. "Elaine was just a code name they used." After a while she said, "Don't be grateful, Paul. Even if I did in a way save your life, you still haven't exactly gained by knowing me."

Paul Wesson thought that one over a while. He looked at Marilyn, a wry little smile on his face. "Oh, I don't know," he said.

THE END



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The Case of the Negligent Nymph

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Don't be silly. You should try running from a vicious dog. I felt like the mechanical rabbit in a dog race."

"And moved just about as fast," Mason said.

"The water saved me," she admitted. "And you with your providential canoe. How did *you* happen to be there?"

Mason grinned. "Let me (puff, puff) get my breath, and then I'll (puff, puff) tell you all about it."

She laughed, squirmed around to a more comfortable position, and sized him up.

The moonlight fell on her face, and Mason saw young symmetrical features, deep brown eyes, high cheekbones, a short nose, a full-lipped but small mouth, and an excellent figure clothed in clinging wet garments.

She said frankly, "I feel naked. One doesn't wear much under these dresses, and it certainly clings, doesn't it?"

"Any time," he told her.

"Any time, what?"

"That you have recovered your breath, you may tell me about your loot."

"Oh, that," she said. "Sit tight and don't be frightened. I'm accustomed to canoes. I won't tip it over."

She swung quickly, moving with such a sure sense of balance that the canoe hardly swayed. She reached into the bow, raised an object which glistened in the moonlight, and extended it to the lawyer. "*There* are the dowager's diamonds," she said.

The object was a plain glass bottle carefully stoppered, roughened on one side as though half of the bottle had been made from ground glass. On the inside was something white—not a liquid, but what seemed to be a piece of tightly rolled paper.

Mason shook the bottle, then held it up so that he could better inspect it in the moonlight.

"The jewels," the girl said dryly. "I suppose now I can count on being turned over to the police."

"What the deuce is this?" Mason asked.

"It's a bottle with a piece of paper in it."

Mason put down the bottle to study the girl more carefully. "And is there perhaps," he asked, "some other trinket that goes with it? Perhaps a diamond ring or a watch or something?"

"Concealed on my person?" she asked, indicating the lines of her wet dress. "In this outfit I couldn't smuggle a postage stamp, let alone a rhinestone."

FROM the direction of the wharf came the sputtering sound of a motor, then a choking backfire, followed by a sudden roar of staccato explosions.

"Oh," she exclaimed in dismay, "they got one of the speedboats going. Quick! To those yachts over there. Give it everything you have. We can't let them catch us here."

Where a moment before she had been triumphantly sure of herself, inclined to engage in banter, she was now in a panic of desperation.

Mason hesitated a moment, then sank the paddle deep into the water.

"Don't think this thing is going to be terminated when we get to your yacht," Mason said. "I'm going to continue this investigation."

"Continue anything you want to," she said, "but let's not be caught here like a couple of saps. They have a searchlight on that motorboat and—"

Aboard the speedboat, a canvas cover was jerked off the searchlight, and a long, wicked pencil of light started swinging back and forth across the dark space of the water.

"Faster, faster!" she said, looking apprehensively back over her shoulder. "They're too far upstream. If we can *only* make it! Another hundred yards and we'll be—"

The searchlight suddenly swung in a half circle, passed directly over the canoe, hesitated a moment, wavered back, then speared the occupants in its white glare.

"Oh, they've found us!" the girl exclaimed. "Please, *please* paddle."

The motorboat semicircled and bore down upon them at high speed. A cabin cruiser anchored broadside became interposed between the speedboat and the canoe, momentarily blotting out the beam of the searchlight.

"Hold everything," Mason said, swinging the canoe abruptly toward the cruiser. "Grab something so you can hang on."

"No, no," she said, "this isn't the one. We can't go aboard this, and—"

"Grab," Mason commanded.

She caught hold of the side of the cruiser, swinging the canoe abruptly around.

"Now duck," Mason ordered, as the canoe came in close to the cruiser.

Suddenly the girl understood his maneuver; she pulled the canoe forward, and then dropped to the bottom. Mason, completely reversing his direction, paddled back under the bows of the cruiser and up on the other side. The speedboat in the meantime had swung wide so that the beam of the spotlight could pick up the canoe again on the cruiser's portside. Mason waited until the momentum of the speedboat had carried it past; then he paddled out from the starboard side.

Waves made by the speedboat hit the canoe head on, threatened for a moment to capsize it, then subsided. Mason crossed the wake of the speedboat, which by this time was sluing in a scrambled turn, having apparently put on too much speed, and was now being bothered by the nearness of anchored yachts.

The girl cautiously surveyed the various yachts riding at anchor, and said, "The one we want is that little one a hundred yards over there. Look—here they are, coming back to look for us."

Mason sized up the situation. "Sit tight. I'm going to try to make it to that big yacht over there."

"But that belongs to—"

"We're just going to use it as a shield," he explained. "They've lost us now, and if we can keep out of sight they *may* think we went aboard one of these larger yachts."

Mason put everything he had into paddling across the dark stretch of water. The speedboat made a complete circle, but by the time the searchlight had a clean sweep over open water, Mason had gained the far side of the yacht, checked the progress of the canoe, and swung in to the protecting shadows of the yacht's hull.

AS THE speedboat made another wide circle, Mason slipped under the bow of the yacht and came back on the starboard side. He rounded the stern and paddled swiftly to another good-sized yacht which had enough freeboard to offer them complete protection.

By this time the girl was trembling with excitement and chill.

Mason, checking the progress of the canoe in the shelter of the third yacht, could feel the faint vibrations of her shivers as her hands gripped the sides of the light canoe.

"You're cold," he said.

"Of course I'm cold! These clothes have become icy, but don't let a little shivering bother you. You're doing fine. Now if you can only work down toward that little yacht—"

She broke off with chattering teeth.

Mason said, "You'll catch cold. You shouldn't—"

"What do you want me to do, take it off?" she asked.

"You might as well," Mason told her.

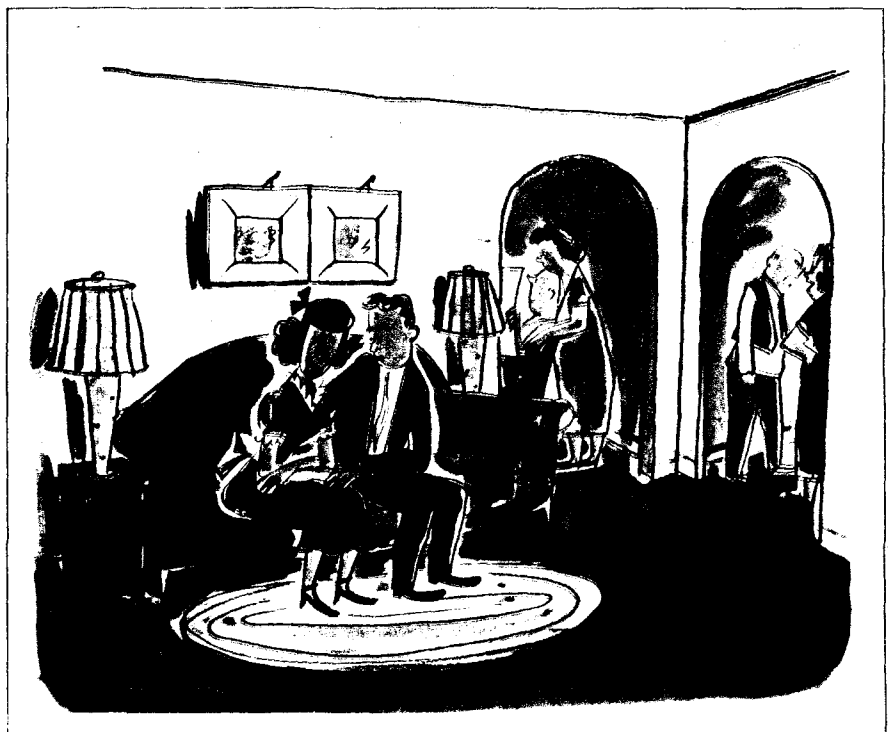
"I might at that," she admitted, pulling the wet garment away from the skin. "It clings and sticks, and I suppose it's darn near transparent. But—"

"Oh, oh!" Mason interrupted, "they're making a wide circle completely around the outside of the anchorage. Perhaps we can make it. Want to take a chance?"

She said sarcastically, "You should know by this time that I'm a conservative young woman who *never* takes a chance."

He shot the canoe out from the protection of the yacht, across a strip of open water, then gained the side of the little yacht the girl had pointed out.

"Quick," she said, scrambling aboard. "We're going to have to do something



"I hate living with relatives, too, dear. But we can't move out—it's our house!"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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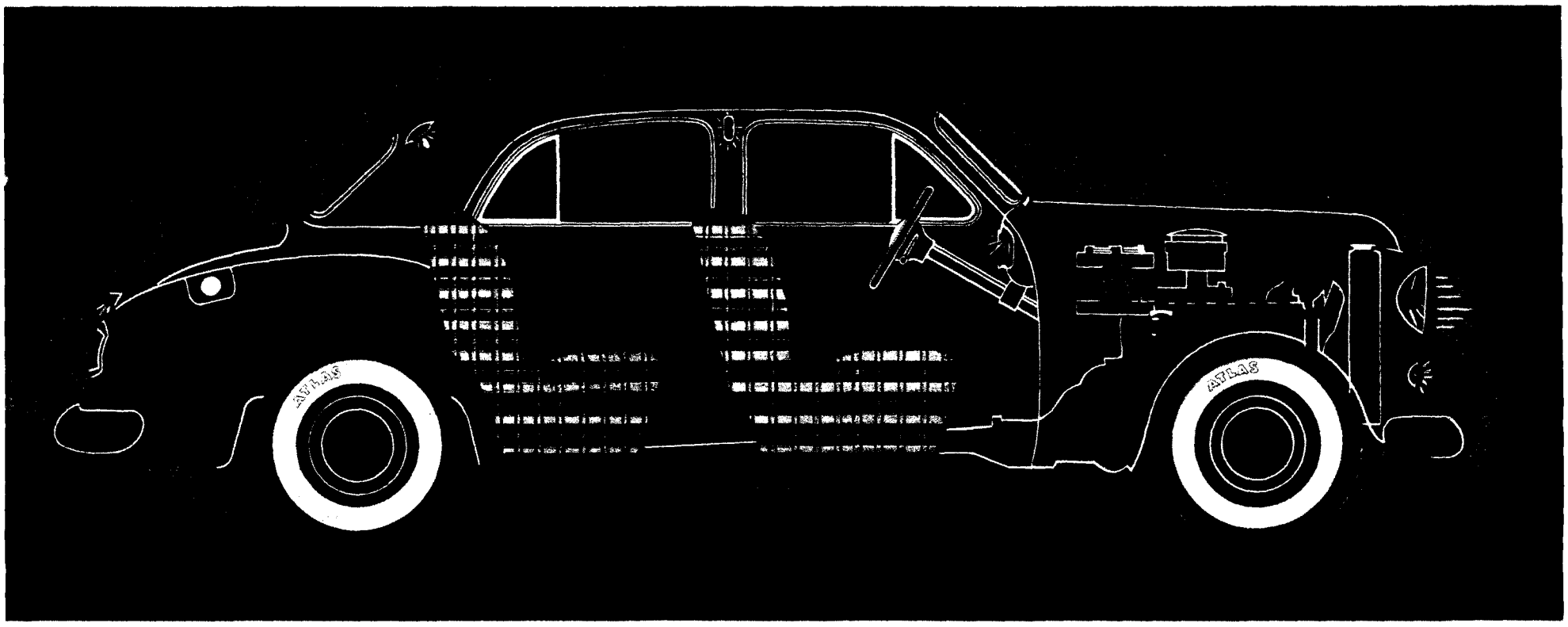
How to keep your car looking and running like new



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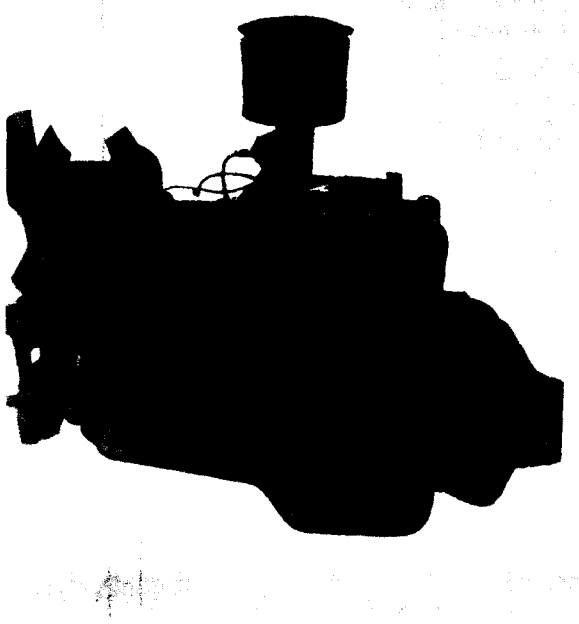

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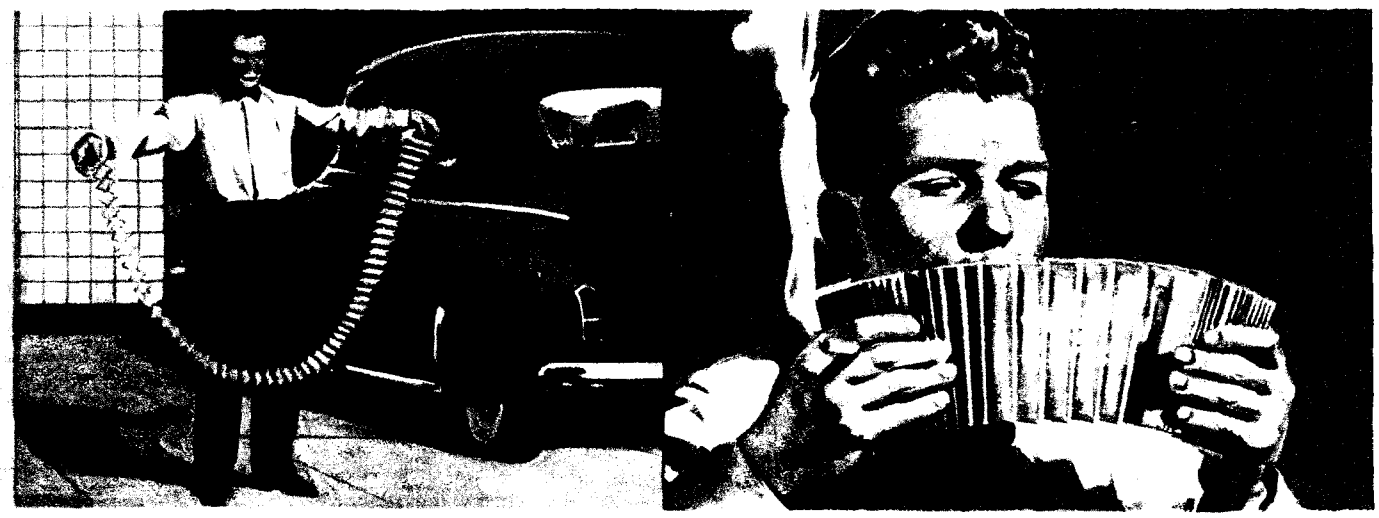

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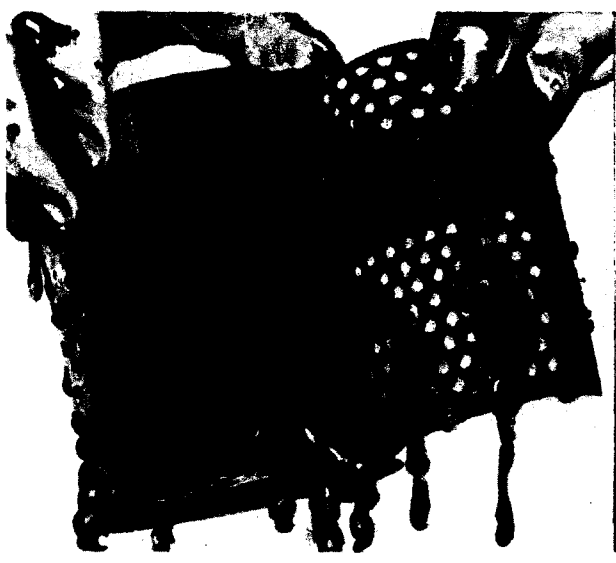

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with this canoe. That's why they're circling, looking for the yacht which has—"

"Hoist it aboard," Mason told her.

"There isn't room to put it anywhere on deck."

"Slide it into the cabin," Mason suggested.

"All right. Can we lift it?"

"Sure. It's very light. All right, let's go."

THEY lifted the dripping canoe across the deck, and, opening the cabin door, slid it into the cabin.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to have a drink of whisky and you're going to have a drink of whisky. Then you're going to be a gentleman and turn your back. I can't close the doors of the cabin with the canoe in here and there's enough moonlight so—"

Mason said, "I'll go outside and keep an eye on the speedboat."

"You most certainly will do nothing of the sort. They'll see you. You won't be able to resist sticking your head up over the side just when they happen to swing the searchlight. You stay right here."

Mason said, "I want some assurance that this bottle was the only thing you took."

She said, "Sit tight and I'll throw you my wet clothes. You can search them. I wish you wouldn't be so suspicious."

"I know," Mason told her. "I'm a narrow-minded old fuddyduddy. I've always been suspicious whenever I see a woman jumping out of a window."

"So you saw that, did you?"

He nodded.

She said, "Keep your eyes closed. Here comes a very wet and soggy dinner dress. Then I'm going to slip into a housecoat—if I can find the darn' thing. Here it is. Now, wait a minute. Okay, now you may open your eyes and we're going to have a great big jolt of whisky."

"Make mine light," Mason warned.

"I'm making mine heavy," she told him. "You're going to have to take it with water and without ice. I can't find my way around here to get all the frills that should go with a drink, and I don't dare to turn on a light, or even use a flashlight."

Mason heard the clink of glasses, saw her moving about the small cabin, then heard the splash of liquid; a glass was thrust into his hand.

Mason sipped the whisky, heard her pour herself a second drink.

"Ready for a refill?"

"No, I'm doing fine. Don't hit it too hard."

"I won't," she promised. "I don't ordinarily take much, but I'm chilled right through to the bone."

Mason said, "Suppose we take an inventory."

"Of what?"

"That bottle."

"You saw it."

"I want to see what's inside of it."

She said, "Now, look, you've been a good scout—you were really a friend in need and I'm terribly grateful. Sometime tomorrow when I get all dolled up I'll get in touch with you and tell you how grateful I really am. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime," Mason said, "I'm an attorney. I have a position to uphold. So far as I'm concerned you're a housebreaker. Unless you can satisfy me that you weren't stealing I'm going to have to turn you over to the police."

"The police!"

"That's right."

She hesitated a moment, then said. "And you're an attorney?"

"Yes."

"Then perhaps you can help— Listen!"

The speedboat came roaring close to the yacht. Waves rocked the light craft in a series of quick rolls.

An exasperated voice from the deck of one of the other yachts yelled, "Get that speedboat out of this yacht anchorage, you drunken fools."

A voice from the speedboat shouted, "We're chasing a thief. Have you seen a boat with two people in it?"

"Haven't seen a thing," the voice on the yacht said wearily. "Why don't you go home and go to bed?"

The speedboat swept around in another turn, then the motor slowed, apparently while the occupants held a conference. After a few moments the motor speeded up once more. The boat turned back and the sound of the motor diminished in the distance.

The girl sighed. "Thank heavens they're going back."

"Going back to notify the police," Mason said.

"Well," she announced hopefully, "while they're doing that you could— We could get the canoe out and—"

"Yes," Mason said dryly, "*you* could go on about *your* business. I'd be out in the bay paddling a canoe. Before I could get back to where I'm going I might be picked up and questioned—and just what would you suggest I tell them?"

She said, "This is purely a personal and a private matter."

"And once the police enter into it, it becomes a purely impersonal and public matter. I have no desire to be charged as being an accessory after the fact."

She said, "Let's take blankets off the berths and put them up over the portholes so we can use a small flashlight. We'll take a look at it together."

"Fair enough," Mason said. "Only our friends won't be idle while we're doing all that."

"No, I suppose not, but they haven't any lead to this yacht."

"Not so long as we're aboard," Mason explained patiently. "I've already pointed out that if I should be picked up before I reached shore, I'd have to explain where I'd been and what I'd been doing."

"Well," she said in dismay, "you can't stay *here* all night."

She thought that over for a minute; then, before Mason could say anything, she added hastily, "Yes, you can too. You'll have to. It's the only thing to do. We're going to have to keep that darn' canoe in the cabin so it will be out of sight, and then along in the morning we'll very casually start out on a fishing trip with you attired in sport clothes, sitting up in the trolling chair with a fishing rod and—"

"In the meantime," Mason said, "let's start putting blankets over the portholes, because I'm going to take a good look at that bottle."

She hesitated, then said, "All right. It's a deal."

Mason had vague glimpses of the young woman moving around in the cabin, heard the sound of woolen blankets being shaken. Then the moonlight was suddenly blotted out.

"Now, then," the girl said, and the beam of the flashlight penetrated the darkness.

Her voice was quavering with excitement. She said, "We can keep the light from the flashlight down close to the floor and it'll be— Where's that bottle?"

"In the canoe, I believe," Mason said.

She cupped her hands over the lens of the flashlight, funneling the light through a small opening.

THE light shining through her skin showed her fingers outlined in blood red, also showed well-browned legs through the opening in the skirt of the housecoat.

Then she said, "Here it is," and leaning forward, removed one hand from the flashlight.

Mason's hands closed about the bottle before the girl could reach it. "I'll hold the bottle, you hold the flashlight."

"You're so good to me," she murmured.

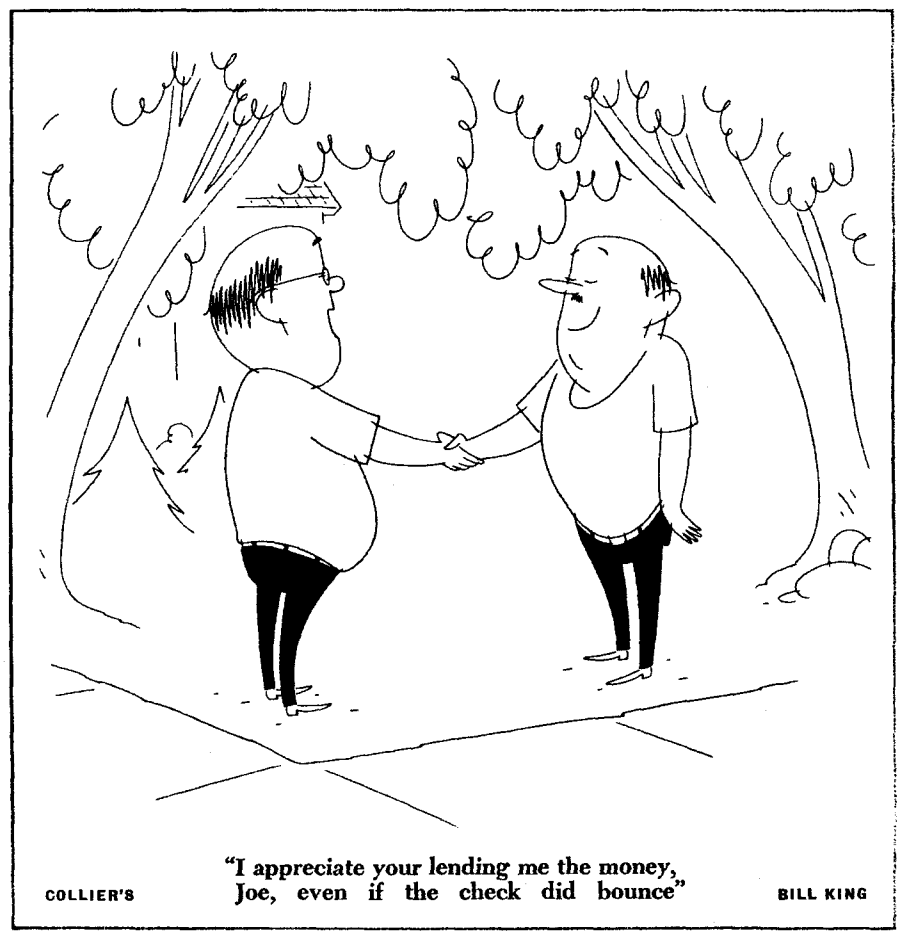
Mason inspected the bottle and said, "It's going to take a pair of tweezers to get this paper out. It's been rolled, thrust in the neck of the bottle, and then has expanded."

"How about some long-nosed pliers," she said. "I have those handy in a tool kit."

"Let's try them. They should work."

For a moment Mason was in darkness as the beam of the flashlight was turned toward the bow of the cabin. Then he heard a drawer open, heard the sound of metal against metal; a moment later she was back with the flashlight and a pair of long-nosed pliers.

Mason inserted the long slender jaws



COLLIER'S "I appreciate your lending me the money, Joe, even if the check did bounce" BILL KING

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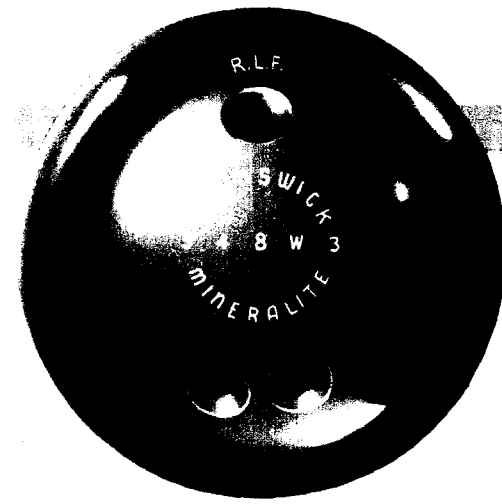

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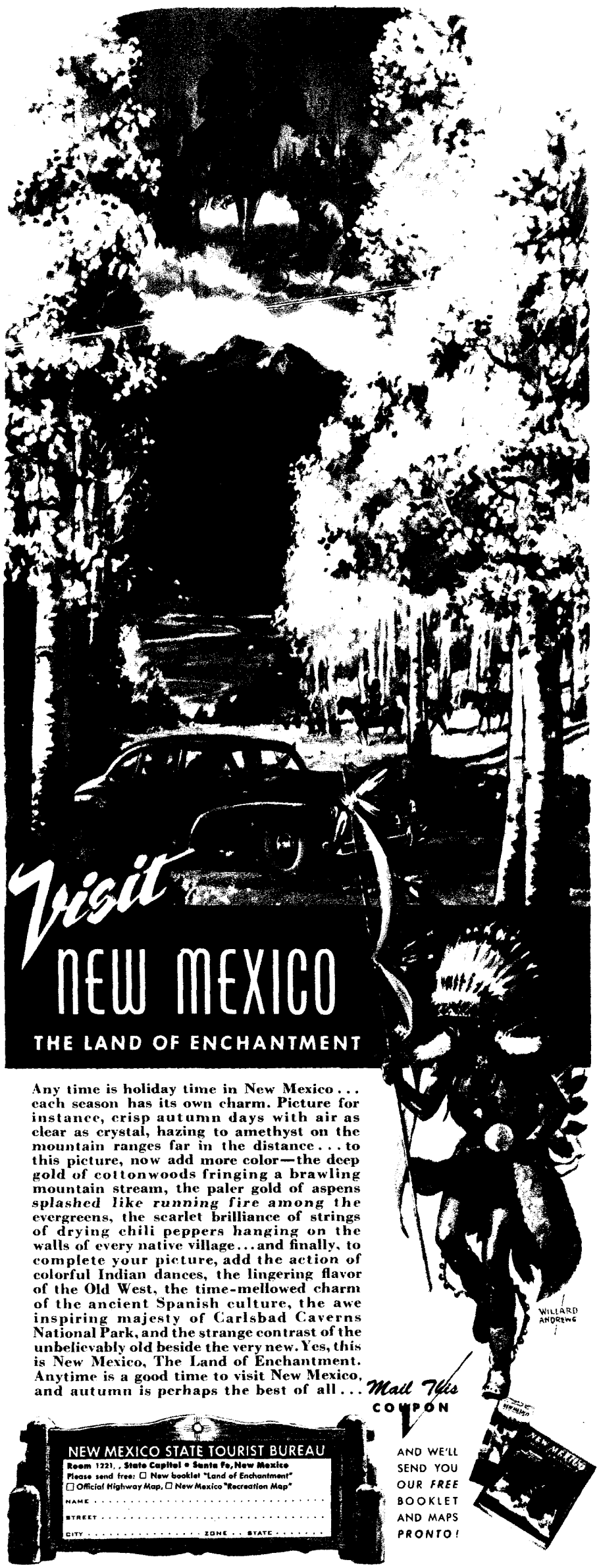

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in the neck of the bottle, started twisting the paper around and around, at the same time gently drawing it toward the narrow mouth of the bottle, until finally he had it twisted in a spiral so that he was able to work it out without tearing it.

It then became apparent that there were several sheets of paper, all bearing an identical embossed heading: ON BOARD YACHT THAYERBELLE. GEORGE S. ALDER, Owner.

MASON held the document pressed against his knee and the two of them read the firm, clear handwriting together:

Somewhere off Catalina Island. I, Minerva Danby, make this statement because if anything should happen to me I want justice done.

I am writing this on the yacht of George S. Alder, the Thayerbelle. Because I have information which will in all probability deprive George Alder of much of his fortune, he may do anything to seal my lips.

I'm afraid I have been careless, not to say stupid.

When George Alder's father died, he left all the stock of the huge corporation known as Alder Associates, Inc., in a trust, one part to his stepdaughter, Corinne Lansing, one part to his son, George S. Alder. The survivor was to take all the stock. A brother of the father, Dorley H. Alder, was to have the voting power of one third of the stock and a guaranteed income for life, but he was to have no interest in the trust unless both of the younger people died before he did. Dividends were to be paid on a basis of one third to each. There were, however, ten shares of stock which were not in the trust, stock held by Carmen Monterrey. I set these things down in writing to show that I appreciate the danger I am in and the reason for it.

Corinne Lansing went to South America. She had been suffering from a nervous condition which became steadily worse.

I met her on an airplane while I was flying over the Andes. She was terribly nervous and distraught and I tried to steady her down a bit. As a result she took a sudden liking to me and insisted that I should start traveling with her, sharing accommodations but entirely at her expense.

Because I was traveling on a very limited budget, and because I thought I could perhaps do her some good, and without knowing anything at all about her or her background, I accepted.

Corinne had her maid with her, Carmen Monterrey, who had been in the family for years and who, I gathered, had been a favorite of Corinne's stepfather.

Gradually I learned from her the family background, about her brother and the terms of her father's will. Carmen Monterrey, of course, knew all about it also. She was treated as one of the family, and Corinne Lansing never hesitated to discuss business matters in her presence.

Despite the fact that the arrangement was very advantageous to me from a financial standpoint, the time came when I simply couldn't put up with it any longer. Day by day, Corinne Lansing became progressively worse. I had reason to believe she was completely unbalanced about some things. Carmen told me Corinne had threatened to kill me if I should try to leave her.

Under the circumstances, I feared to have an open break lest she might become violent. In short, the woman had developed a fierce, passionate attachment for me and insisted that I be near her all the time. It was quite apparent that she was rapidly becoming a mental case. She wanted to monopolize me. There was a definite desire to dominate which not only annoyed but frightened me. It seems she had a well-developed persecution complex and had decided someone was trying to poison her and that having me constantly with her was her only protection.

I felt sorry for her, but I began to

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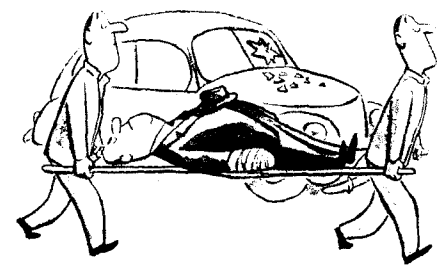
(To say the least)



WILLIAM STEIG

LOCALE	INCIDENT
TOCOPILLA, CHILE	A jilted suitor blew up his fiancée with dynamite.
CHICAGO	A mechanic who claimed patent infringement sued the United States for a billion dollars.
TORONTO	When his car wouldn't start, an angry motorist drove his fist through one of the windows and had to be taken to a hospital.
LONDON	Police investigating a neighbor's complaint discovered that a woman kept 62 live pets in her home.
GLASGOW	A shoplifter was found to have concealed on her person four dolls, four door handles, four brooches, four diaries, two pairs shoes, two pairs socks, two brushes, a hat, a purse, a spoon, a handbag and a soap dish.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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feel afraid for myself and I know Carmen Monterrey was equally afraid.

It happened that events made it necessary for George Alder to fly to South America, bringing some papers for Corinne to sign, and on the day he was due to arrive and while she was at the beauty parlor I packed my bags and left a note for her saying I had been unexpectedly called back home by a telegram informing me a close relative was very ill and not expected to live. Anticipating that she would go to the beauty parlor before meeting her half brother, I had previously reserved passage on an airplane flying north.

I fancied myself well free of an embarrassing entanglement and thought no more about it for weeks after my return. Then I read in the papers that Corinne was supposed to be dead, that she had disappeared on the afternoon of the day I had left and no one had ever been able to find so much as a trace of her.

For a while it had been assumed she had merely wandered off in a fit of despondency. She had, it seemed, been much upset by the departure of "a friend," and it was feared had gone to look for her. With the passage of time it was assumed she must have met with some fatal accident.

Detectives were employed and they searched without getting any tangible results. It was, however, definitely established that the woman was mentally unbalanced at the time of her disappearance.

Naturally, upon reading this, I went to see George S. Alder and told him what I knew and offered to help in any way I could. I felt conscience-stricken because I knew Corinne had gone to search for me when she disappeared.

Alder was at first very grateful, and then became friendly, and I am frank to admit that I was foolish enough to feel that perhaps there was something more to his friendship than just a desire to see that the evidence concerning his sister's death was properly established.

I had told George Alder I would take a cruise with him and had been looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. However, just before we embarked upon this cruise, I had occasion to go to the mental hospital at Los Merritos. I was leaving when in the yard I saw a woman whom I first thought to be a ghost.

It was Corinne Lansing!

I stood staring at her as though transfixed, and she looked at me with that peculiar gleam of an insane person in her eyes, but nevertheless she recognized me. She said, "Minerva! What are you doing here? Minerva, Minerva, Minerva!" She started screaming until an attendant rushed to her and told her she mustn't excite herself. By that time, Corinne was hysterical and violent, and she was rushed to a room where she could be treated.

By discreet inquiries I learned that this woman had been picked up on the streets of Los Angeles, wandering as in a dream. She seemed to know nothing about herself and had never been able to give a name, or the names of any relatives. At times she would claim to be one person, at times another, each time giving a different name. Then at times she could remember no name to give, but would sit helpless and distraught. Very much upset and completely unnerved, I hastened to find George Alder so I could tell him what I had found.

George Alder was not aboard the yacht when I arrived, and no one seemed to know where he was. I waited for him to return, but, when he had not come aboard by ten o'clock, I left word that he was to call me, and went to my cabin to wait.

I had a fatiguing day. I stretched out on the couch and was soon asleep. I was awakened from that sleep by the sound of the engines and, from the motion of the yacht, realized we were at sea and that there was a heavy sea running. Moreover, the wind was howling about the yacht so that I knew a sudden storm had descended upon us.

I rang for the steward and asked him, despite the lateness of the hour, to get in touch with George Alder, and tell him I must see him at once.

George sent back word that a sudden terrific windstorm had descended upon us and that he was busy with the yacht, but would come just as soon as he could. It was just an hour ago, at two o'clock in the morning, that George came to my cabin.

I told him what had happened. He asked me several shrewd questions, and then asked me several times whether I had repeated what had happened to anyone.

At the time I was too stupid to realize what he had in mind. I was rather proud of my reticence in keeping my own counsel until I could bring the news to George Alder, because I knew how much he disliked newspaper notoriety.

George Alder sat in my cabin after I had told him my story and looked at me with steady, appraising eyes.

I began to feel uneasy. It was as though a snake were trying to charm

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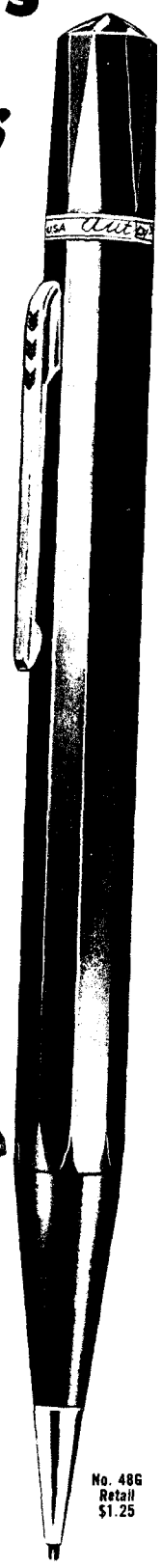

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a bird. "You're sure you haven't told anyone, Minerva?" he asked.

"Not a soul," I said. "You can trust my sense of discretion on that."

And then suddenly I saw in his eyes that same look I had seen in the eyes of his sister, the look of an insane person contemplating some cunning means of attaining an end. He arose without a word, turned toward the door, paused in the doorway, fumbled with the lock for a moment, gave me once more that queer look, and then went out and slammed the door behind him.

I suddenly felt myself filled with apprehension. I wanted to be put ashore. I wanted to communicate with someone. I ran to the door.

It was locked. George had locked it from the outside as he went out. I flung myself against the door and pounded with my fists. I kicked. I pulled at the knob and I screamed.

Nothing happened. The noise of the storm was howling about the yacht. The hull was creaking and groaning with the strains and stresses set up by the huge waves. Wind shrieked through the rigging. The crashing waves made my screams seem weak and puny.

I have repeatedly tried ringing for the steward. Nothing happens. I have tried telephoning. The line is dead. I realize now that George has cut the wires leading from my cabin.

I have looked around, trying to find some way of reaching someone, but the noise of the storm, the lateness of the hour, and the fact that I am isolated in a rear guest cabin have made this impossible.

I have one hope, and one hope alone. I will seal this letter in a bottle, and toss it out through the porthole. Then, if George should come back, I will tell him what I have done. I will tell him that the bottle will eventually drift ashore, and will most surely be found. At least I can hope that he will listen to reason, but I feel that the man, with the insane cunning which is apparently a family taint, intends to see to it that my lips will be forever sealed.

(Signed) Minerva Danby

PERRY MASON felt the girl's fingers pressing into his arm. "I've got him!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I've got him, I've got him, I've got him! Do you realize what this letter means? I've got him!"

"It's me you're getting," Mason pointed out. "I may want to use that arm again."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Just who is this Minerva Danby?" Mason asked.

"I don't know very much about her except what's in this letter. All I know is that she was drowned. She was washed overboard from Alder's yacht about six months ago. That was the story."

Mason said cautiously, "Since I now seem to have become an accessory after the fact to a full-scale burglary, you might tell me a little something about what happened."

She said excitedly, "Oh, I always knew that there was something fishy with this business about Corinne. I felt certain she wasn't dead, and now— Oh, you can see what a terrific difference it makes."

"Just what difference does it make?"

She said, "I'm related to Corinne, probably the only living blood relative she has. Oh, this is going to make a difference, a big difference."

Mason said, "Under the circumstances you'd better tell me a lot more."

"What more is there to tell? The letter speaks for itself."

"It doesn't speak for you."

"Why should *I* speak?" she demanded.

Mason said, "Let's try being practical for a change. I'm a responsible citizen. I find you committing burglary and circumstances conspire to put me in a position of helping you out."

"You said you were a lawyer."

"All right, I'm a lawyer. It just might be that George S. Alder would very much enjoy being in a position to accuse me of having conspired with you to steal this evidence from his house."

"Can't you see," she said, scornfully, "that Alder can't accuse anyone of anything? He doesn't dare to let this letter be made public."

"All right," Mason said patiently. "What are *you* going to do with the letter?"

"I'll make it public."

"And just how will you then account for the fact that this letter came into your possession?"

"Why, I'll go to the newspapers. I'll say that—"

"Yes, go on," Mason said.

"Couldn't I say that I found the letter?"

"Where?"

"On the beach somewhere."

"And then Alder would introduce witnesses showing that the letter had been in his possession, that it had been taken from his house, and you'd be facing a perjury charge as well as a burglary charge."

There was dismay in her voice. "I hadn't thought of that."

"I was satisfied you hadn't. Now suppose you tell me who you are, how you knew the letter was there, and a few other things."

"And suppose I don't?"

"There's always the police."

"*You* haven't told me anything about *you*," she flared.

"That's right," Mason said dryly, "I haven't."

She thought the situation over for several seconds, then said with sullen reluctance, "I'm Dorothy Fenner. I have a job as secretary to a broker. I like to swim, fish and sail. When my mother died she left me a little money. I came here from Colorado two years ago.

"My mother was a sister of Cora Lansing. Cora married Jack Lansing. They had one child, Corinne. The marriage didn't stick. Cora Lansing married Samuel Nathan Alder. They had one son, George S. Alder. Corinne is five years older than George.

"So you see that, despite the difference in ages, I'm Corinne's full cousin. We were very close. Aunt Cora died ten years ago; then George's father died and left the property in a sort of trust to Corinne, George and Dorley Alder, George's uncle."

"How do you get along with the Alders?" Mason asked. "Not very well, I take it."

"I get along fine with Uncle Dorley. He's a splendid man. I don't get along with George Alder at all. No one does, unless they let George dominate body and soul."

"And how did you know about this letter?" Mason asked.

"I—I can't tell."

"Better get your story ready," Mason warned.

She said, "I heard about it."

"How?"

"Well, if you want to know, Uncle Dorley gave me the hint."

"Indeed," Mason said, his voice showing interest.

THE girl explained further. "It was just a question he asked. He told me he understood Pete Cadiz had picked up a letter Minerva Danby had written before she was washed overboard. He asked me if I knew anything about it; if George had said anything to me."

"Do you know Pete Cadiz?"

"Sure. I guess all the yachtsmen know him. He's a sort of beachcomber. Everyone knows who he is."

"Then Dorley knows about the letter?"

"He knows something about it."

"And why didn't you go to George Alder and ask him about it point-blank?" Mason asked.

She said, "That shows how little you know George Alder. I think he was ready to destroy this letter. He'd have done it already, if perhaps he didn't think Pete Cadiz or someone else knew what was in it.

"All I wanted to do was just to read it. I knew George Alder was having a big party tonight and I know his house pretty well. I thought I could get in there while the guests were at dinner, go to George's study, get the bottle from his desk, read the letter and see what was in it.

"You probably wouldn't know it, but he has the place trapped with all sorts of burglar alarms. There's only one way to get into the house without being detected. That's the way I used. I walked up to the point above the sandspit, undressed, put my clothes on my back and swam down to the island. I wore a dinner dress because if any one of the servants had seen me, they'd have taken

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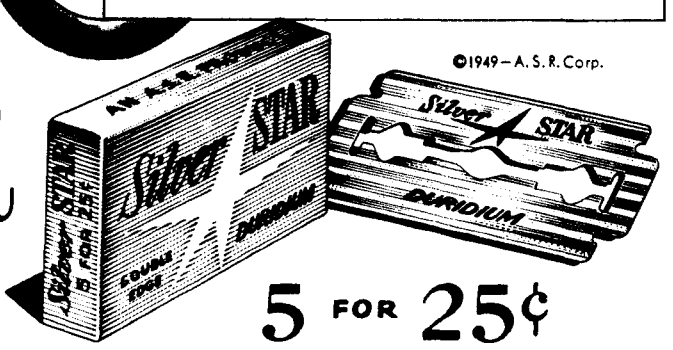

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it for granted George had invited me as one of the guests."

"You know the servants?"

"Of course."

"How about the dog? You didn't seem to know him."

"The dog double-crossed me," she said bitterly. "There must be some instinct that enabled him to know I was taking something that didn't belong to me. Prince was trained as a war dog and never got over it, and never will. Corinne picked him up after the Army finished with him. Carmen trained and fed him, and he loved her, but George took him over after Corinne's disappearance."

"Do you have a camera aboard?"

"No, why?"

"I want to photograph this document."

She said, "I have a portable typewriter. We could copy it—but why do you want a copy when we have the original?"

"*You* have the original," Mason said. "In case I should ever be called upon to tell my story, I want to be sure that I tell it right. Now then, you're going to get out your portable typewriter, copy that letter, keep one copy for yourself and give me one copy."

"What'll I do with the letter itself?"

"Return it to George Alder, together with your apologies."

"Are you crazy?"

Mason said, "Think it over. You make a copy of the letter. You and I compare the copy with the original. Then you take the letter back to Alder, smile very sweetly and tell him that you just wanted to read it, but in the excitement you carried it away with you. Then you ask him what he intends to do about it."

There was a long silence while she thought that over. "Say," she said at length, her voice suddenly enthusiastic, "I guess you're not so dumb, after all."

"Thank you," Mason said fervently. "I was beginning to have doubts." . . .

The canoe slid noiselessly down into the water. Dorothy Fenner said in a low voice, "Thanks for everything."

"Don't mention it," Mason told her.

"I wish I knew who you were."

"Why?"

"It would make me feel safer. You don't know George S. Alder?"

Mason said, "All you need to do is give him back that bottle and tell him a witness has seen the letter and has a copy."

She said dubiously, "It's easy for you to say. You don't know him."

"Are you going to do it?"

"I don't know. I'll think it over. I think perhaps if I keep the original letter I may have more of a hold over him."

"I'd advise you to read the law on blackmail," Mason said. "However, I haven't time to argue with you now. I'm hoping I can get to shore without being detected. Good night, Dorothy."

"Good night, Mr. Mysterious Whoever You Are. I like you—will you show up as a witness—in case I need you?"

"One never knows," Mason said, and shoved off.

Mason leaned to the paddle and started for the lights on the landing at the canoe club.

The sound of a heavy-duty motor transmitted by the layer of damp air immediately over the water sounded increasingly and ominously louder.

Mason gave the paddle everything he had. The light canoe, barely skimming the surface of the water, hissed swiftly toward the landing.

The canoe had been rented for the evening, the rental paid in advance, so Mason had only to tie it up at the float and walk away.

To his surprise there were no special officers on duty at the landing, and beyond the ominous sound of the heavy-duty motor, he had seemed to have the bay all to himself.

Now he hurried along the landing float, his hat pulled well down, the brim depressed, and walked rapidly to the place where he had left his car.

DELLA STREET, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, was sitting in his car listening to the radio. She looked up and smiled as Mason opened the car door. She switched off the radio and said, "You must have had quite a trip."

"You get the telephoning done?" Mason asked.

"Everything," she said. "Then I came back here to wait. I've been here for nearly two hours."

"I had an adventure," Mason confessed.

"Didn't hear anything about a burglary, did you?" Della asked.

"What burglary?"

"Our friend George S. Alder's house was robbed of fifty thousand dollars in jewelry."

"The devil!" Mason exclaimed.

She laughed. "I thought perhaps you might have been in on it."

Mason's voice was filled with chagrin: "I guess perhaps I was."

Della looked at him quizzically. "Come on, Perry," she said. "Give. Tell me all."

"You first," said Mason. He folded his arms over the steering wheel as Della began to speak.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S

"Let me thread that for you! Goodness, how would you get along without me?"

G. F. KAUFFMAN

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Ott in the Cherry Tree

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

room for about a half hour and then go upstairs. That was the way it usually happened. She sat at the table with them and read a newspaper or a magazine, or put her head on one hand and talked. She usually talked to Mrs. Cobalk. Ott noticed she never seemed to have much to say to the Crazy Belgian, either at night or when he had seen her during the day in the orchard.

Ott watched for half an hour and when she got up from the table and left, he waited until he saw the light go on in her bedroom. He would watch her come, each night, toward the window like a figure growing larger on a motion-picture screen; and that would be the climax, because then the shade would come down.

THE house was like a mysterious bud that never flowered; Ott was like a persistent bee that waited and waited, going away and returning. He had been going away and returning so much now for the past two years that the dreams he had in his room at night about Patsy had become reality; and the nights he came to the knoll, or knelt in the fields watching the house, were like a dream. His life had slowly divided into two distinct parts: one part his daytime life in the radio repair shop, while he waited for the second part to swing like the moon into his consciousness and become his dream of Ott and Patsy.

In a grudging way, he was glad the Belgian was crazy and strict. It was hard for him to recognize or admit, and he didn't want to think about it; but in a way, this had made, really made, Patsy his girl. He was sharing her with no one else in the neighborhood. He was in love with her as deeply and surely as he could ever be with any girl, and he knew he would never have another as beautiful as Patsy. And whether Patsy knew it or not, he was spending every night with her. Even when he left her farm and went home he was still with her in his imagination. . . .

Ott walked to the Crazy Belgian's the next morning with two other boys his own age who lived on a farm a quarter of a mile below his house. They walked up the pavement. The two boys, like Ott's brother and father, thought he was picking a hell of a way to spend his vacation; and they asked him, if he liked cherries that much, why didn't he coon them at night like everyone else.

When they got to the Crazy Belgian's a half-dozen other pickers were already there, some of them sitting with the crates and tin pails on the hayrack. Ott said hello to everyone, knowing them all because most of them were boys and girls his own age from the farms in the vicinity. He had gone with many of them to the same country school.

Ott leaned against a shed and waited with the others for the Crazy Belgian and Patsy to come out the back door of the house and drive them in the wagon to the orchard. Ott was nervous. He put his arms behind his back and leaned against his hands. All around him boys and girls were laughing; romances were beginning that would last only for the day, and would be carried into the heights of the cherry trees.

Ott stared at the ground. Ott was known as the quiet boy. He was a thinker, they said—learning himself about electricity and all that stuff. They could understand a guy tinkering with the engine of a car or a tractor; they couldn't understand Ott because he studied crazy diagrams and read books about mathematics. Yet they liked him.

But there were a lot of things out of the scope of Ott's dreams. Events were getting ready to turn his dreams into startling nightmares.

All that day in the orchard, the Crazy Belgian had his eyes on Ott and Patsy. Ott's night dream had begun to live during the day; and now instead of Ott, unseen, watching the Cobalk farm, Cobalk was watching Ott.

There was no wind in the orchard and the sun was hot. It blistered the leaves and the dusty ground. Bark and twigs fell on the sweating necks and arms of the pickers. The words and laughter of the workers filled the trees. They stood on their ladders and reached up and reached out, carefully and rapidly twisting the cherry stems from the branches, dropping the cherry clusters into the pails hung by stiff wires from their belts and from the ladders. On the ground, between the trees, were the thin, yellow crates into which the red, round cherries were packed.

Scarlet cherries rolled and rumbled out of the pails over the boxes in the crates, filling each level. Each picker filled his assigned crates, with the cherries collecting in the quart pails like the seconds and minutes of the day. Each picker was supposed to leave at the end of the day four red, mounded crates or more.

The pickers stood on their ladders, some of the boys barefooted, standing on the rungs, beginning the morning with one cherry in the mouth, then four or five in the pail, then one for the mouth. . . .

Ott worked rapidly and skillfully with his large hands. By noon he had filled three and a half crates—a crate and a half ahead of Patsy. Ott wanted to pick faster than anyone there. He didn't want to look at Patsy and he didn't want Patsy to know he was always moving his ladder to be as near to her as he could. Yet he wanted Patsy to notice him, to see that in his quietness there was a steadiness and strength. He wanted her to know that he could give that same steadiness and strength to her if she needed him.

Once his ladder slipped, and before he caught his balance he had dropped his pail of cherries to the ground. Patsy saw it and Ott's face reddened all the way around to the back of his neck. The Crazy Belgian saw that too, that and the way Ott kept moving his ladder to be near Patsy. And Ott was doing it all too quietly and persistently for Cobalk.

AT NOON they rode the wagon or walked behind it back to the farmhouse. Cobalk's wife had filled a ten-gallon crock with ice and lemonade, and it was waiting for them on the shaded barn floor with a long blue-handled dipper hung on the edge of the crock, slanting down through floating lemon halves.

Ott waited for his turn at the lemonade and talked with another boy about the Detroit Tigers' standing in the American League, and tried to keep his eyes off Patsy.

Patsy went into the house with the Crazy Belgian to eat, and Ott sat down with the others to unroll his lunch.

Ott thought: This afternoon I'll tell her. I'll get my ladder close to her so that she's near enough to hear me if I whisper, *Tonight*. Then Ott thought: I wish something would happen—a bull would get loose, or Cobalk would take after her with a whip. I could do something then. I could rescue her.

He ate his lunch in large savage mouthfuls. . . .

But there was no loose bull that afternoon, nor any whip in the hand of a running Crazy Belgian. The Crazy Belgian only watched. That morning, before the pickers had arrived, he had discovered the packed-down grass on the knoll and he had known the grass was too flat to have been matted down by a single body. He did not think of how one person might come again and again to this spot,

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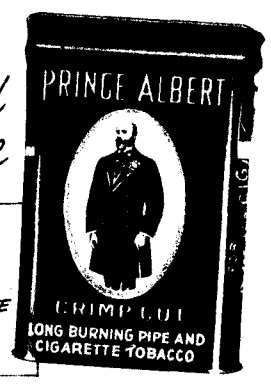

IT'S EASY TO ROLL A NEAT, GRAND-TASTING CIGARETTE WITH P.A.

night after night, because he had not seen it shape itself in the grass over a period of weeks.

He felt the grass. He tangled it in his fingers. Did they meet here and lie down together? And was Patsy just like her mother, no better than her mother had been, both of them making a fool of him with other men? Would it go on and on for him, all his life, never ending—and now would she, Patsy, have a daughter too? Yet he had no definite proof.

He knelt beside the trough in the grass a long time and then glanced back at the house. And in the angry red swirling of his mind he saw Ott who spent his vacations so strangely—picking cherries, always moving his ladder to be near Patsy and looking at her with lovesick eyes. He thought again of Patsy's mother who had left him no recourse but to marry her half sister in spite.

And that noon, while Ott was eating his lunch in the barn, Cobalk went up the stairs in his house and searched through Patsy's room for any evidence he could find. And he found something. It was a magazine in the bottom drawer of her dresser, under clothing—a high-school yearbook. When he opened it, a half-dozen sheets of writing-tablet paper fell out. The magazine fell open at a page of individual pictures of the graduating class. Ott's picture was on that page. And she had been making sketches of his face with a brown crayon.

Cobalk thought: They never talk in the orchard; they don't have to. He just keeps near her and they talk at night. He put the magazine and the sketches back in the drawer, closed the drawer again, and decided to say nothing just yet.

AFTER lunch that afternoon, when Ott began to speak to Patsy for the first time that Cobalk had ever noticed, his suspicions grew. The questions Ott put to Patsy were about things Ott obviously knew. It was an act. And yet there was no real evidence, no more evidence than he'd had seventeen years ago—except that Patsy was now the evidence for that other time, evidence enough.

All morning only words and glances had passed between Ott and Patsy: Hot; slow picking in this spot; sure is. . . . But after lunch that afternoon Ott forced himself boldly into conversation. He asked her how she liked this part of the countryside, and had she always lived on a farm. She told him she was an orphan, that her mother and father were dead. She was just living with the Cobalks, she said, because they were her only relatives. But she'd always lived on a farm.

Ott was telling her about his radio work when Cobalk told her to go up to the house and get him a pencil. Ott blushed, as though he'd been caught secretly with Patsy. The back of his neck reddened. He began to pick quickly, after Patsy had gone, his hands jabbing along the limber branches, stripping the cherries from their stems in his haste. He heard Cobalk say: "Get the stems while you're at it."

Ott leaned against the top of his ladder and tried to think of a quick comeback, but when he turned and looked down he saw only the Crazy Belgian's back, as he walked away. Ott's hands were wet with juice. He picked a large cherry, ate it, and spat the pit on the ground as though he were spitting out Cobalk.

Patsy's ladder still stood beside Ott's. He looked at it. It made him feel as though she were still near. Her half-filled pail of cherries was hooked over one of the rungs. He looked around. No one was watching. He reached over and took a cherry from her pail. He put it in his mouth and ate it slowly; then he began picking.

Ott moved his ladder again before Patsy returned. When she came back, he was working on the other side of the tree. He could see her through the green leaves that were streaked with white insect spray. But he was too far away now to whisper, *Tonight.*

Then another picker, the boy who had walked up to the house with him at noon, brought his ladder over to the tree beside Patsy's; and he began to talk to Patsy. It seemed to Ott that it was easy for anyone but him to talk to her.

When Ott moved his ladder again he went several trees away and picked alone, by himself, hoping Patsy would follow. If she follows, he thought, I'll know she likes me. But when Patsy moved, it was only to the next tree. It was an hour before he could move his ladder over beside her again, and then there were two other pickers on the same tree—so he didn't speak to her. But he tried to show his sure, steady strength in the way he moved his hands along the branches.

When they finished picking for the afternoon, they counted their crates and odd boxes and piled them on the hay wagon. Back at the house, Cobalk paid the pickers for the day's work, and they all left for home in pairs and groups.

When Ott reached home, his father was sitting on the front porch smoking his pipe. And as Ott came up the front steps his father said, his lips moving around the black pipestem, "Had a phone call come for you this afternoon."

Ott was thinking about Patsy. Her ladder was falling and he had caught her around the waist.

"A what?" he said.

"Max called. Said for you to come down to the shop tomorrow. He needs you for a couple of hours."

"I'll call him back," Ott said.

He'd been expecting a call like that. Things had been rushing along at the shop for the last week or so, and Ott had got his vacation at this time only by promising that he'd come back and help out if the work piled up too much.

That evening after supper, Ott's brother crossed the yard to his car and said he was going down the road past the Belgian's place, and he'd stop by and leave word that Ott wouldn't be able to work in the morning.

Ott came down off the front porch. "I'll tell him myself," Ott said.

"I'm going right by there."

"That's okay," Ott said. "I'm going to take a walk anyway."

A little later, as Ott left his house and went down the road, he thought: When I tell him I can't be down in the morning maybe I can get inside. Maybe he'll let me talk to Patsy a minute. Who does he think he is?

EVEN as Ott left the yard of his house, the Crazy Belgian was already in action. Cobalk had started in at the dinner table, casually at first, hoping to trick some kind of admission out of Patsy. When he didn't get anywhere, his temper had blown his emotions up like a grain sack in the wind. He let his rage rise up at her, hoping its force alone would drive the truth out into the open. He was actually pleased when, at the height of the tumult, who should come knocking at the door but the culprit, Ott himself.

Ott walked into the Crazy Belgian's yard at twilight; and from outside the farmhouse seemed dusky and silent. Ott walked up the driveway and around to the back door. He knocked and waited. He was looking off toward the fence and berry patch when the door hurled open.

Cobalk was shouting: "She's inside! She's inside waiting for you!"

Ott stared at him. "What?"

Cobalk stepped outside and waved him furiously toward the doorway. "Go on! She's waiting! Go on!"

Ott frowned—first at Cobalk and then at the doorway. "Go on!" Cobalk roared.

Ott stepped inside, still frowning, and heard Cobalk following behind him. The kitchen was empty. He went through the empty dining room into the living room. Patsy was sitting in an armchair with her head between her hands, crying.

Behind him Ott heard Cobalk shout, "There she is! There she sets!"

Ott stared at her. He was stunned, too stunned to think of anything to say or do. He stood by a table looking at Cobalk and Patsy and began to pick at the

COLLIER'S

"He's got everything a woman could ask for—and I intend to ask for it"

JARO FABRY

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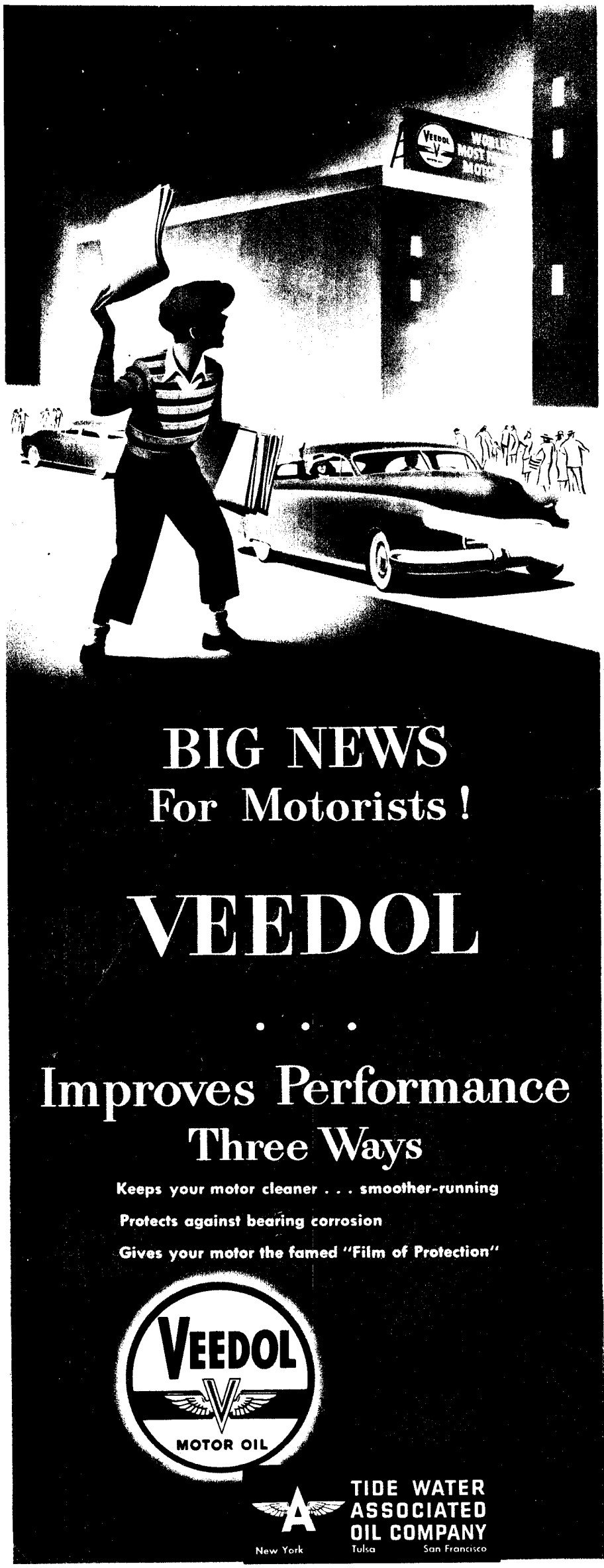

edge of the wood. From what Cobalk was shouting, all Ott could think of was that the Belgian in some way or other had found that he came to watch Patsy each night. Then he realized that the Belgian actually thought they were meeting at night back where the grass was packed down. And standing awkwardly by the table, Ott felt as much guilt as though they had been meeting.

The Crazy Belgian went on shouting at her, calling her a little cow and a sow, and Ott watched and listened, picking at the edge of the table. Then Patsy left her chair and rushed at Cobalk, striking him. Ott was aghast. He could never have imagined a calamity as shattering as this. Stupefied and helpless, he watched them struggle until they fell, Cobalk on top, straddling her on the rug.

Ott moved then, instantly, dropping lightly across Cobalk's back, pulling him away. He pulled at Cobalk apologetically, with only force enough to break the Belgian's grip on Patsy, just enough to pull him loose. Ott was still confused as to just what someone like himself should do. He felt half guilty and yet he was not guilty at all. He was a relative stranger to the girl and the man struggling on the floor.

"Aw, come on, you don't want to do that, Mr. Cobalk," Ott said earnestly.

Cobalk fell back. He sat back on the floor and, dazed and raging, looked up at Ott. When Cobalk's mouth opened, he said, "You dare lay a hand on me. Why, you—" His mouth snapped shut. He rolled to his knees and got up and ran back through the rooms toward the rear of the house.

Patsy sat up, hid her face against her knees, and sobbed.

"What happened?" Ott said.

Patsy shook her head. "Nothing."

"No. What did happen? Did I do something?" Ott asked.

Patsy put her hands down against the floor and got up, turning her face away from Ott. "You better go," she said. "Please go."

"No. I want to talk to him. He can't act like that. Who does he think he is?"

Cobalk came running back from the rear of the house. He had the shotgun in his hands.

And then Ott, recovering—as though he were the only one in the room who could turn the house rightside up again—said, "Hold it, Mr. Cobalk."

Cobalk pointed the gun at him. "Get out. Get out of this house."

IN THE first few seconds that the gun leveled down at Ott and he looked at it and at Cobalk, there was a pendant knowledge between the two men that Cobalk had bluffed and lost. Then Ott, looking from the gun barrel to the anguished and raging face of the Belgian, felt his own anger rising. Ott knew that he held in himself all that was left to be said and done.

"Listen here, Mr. Cobalk. I don't know if this means anything—but Patsy and me weren't meeting each other, if that's what you think. I matted that grass down back of the house myself, if that's what you're worried about. I been crazy about Patsy here a long time, and I don't mind saying so if it's going to help anything. But that knoll there back of your place was as close as I been able to get to her. Outside of picking your damn' cherries, it's all I been able to do."

"Get out."

"Now just a minute," Ott said. "If you didn't keep her penned up all the time like one of your livestock, you wouldn't have to be calling her by their names. How long you think you're going to keep her cooped up here? One of these days she's going to start slipping out on you, and you know it. You're forcing her to. But she ain't done it with me. And I just want to say that. Now, I'm sorry if I interfered."

"Get out of here, you dirty, damn' sneak—you hear me? I'm telling you for the last time."

Ott hadn't moved. "I'm sorry if I caused you trouble, Mr. Cobalk, but I want to tell you this: A man like you don't deserve to have a girl like Patsy in the same house."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so. And that gun you got there ain't even loaded."

"You think not?" Cobalk pumped a shell out on the floor. "You think it ain't?"

"All right, I'm going," Ott said. "I've said what I wanted to."

"Get out!" Cobalk yelled.

"I'm going, too!" Patsy screamed. "I won't stay here!" She left, going past Ott toward the door. Ott backed out through the door until he stood beside her on the porch.

THEY left the porch silently and started off across the lawn toward the road. Cobalk came down from the porch with the shotgun, following them.

"I'm following you," he shouted. "I'm watching you. I've got my eyes on the both of you. Don't think you're going to go off and lie down in the fields someplace—because I'm right behind you, every step." He followed them out to the road, and went down the pavement behind them.

Cobalk followed them, still far too furious to admit he had been wrong about everything, still too outraged by Ott's final words to repent. But he was not too furious to know that he *had* been wrong about everything.

Knowing he had been wrong, he still kept his finger on the trigger, praying that Ott would make a break and run, or do something so he could fire. But the first hundred yards of that walk cooled him off; his temper was as fierce and short as a summer storm. The storm was over now—but Cobalk couldn't stop. He had to go on and on behind them.

He was committed, though he wanted to throw the gun down and fall to his knees. Tomorrow he could apologize and make amends, but not now. He wondered just how many men had killed other men in just this helpless state of pride and commitment and deliberate error. He had forced Patsy and Ott together by his suspicion, and there could be no ending of what he had started unless he used the gun. He had lost twice. He had lost Patsy's mother; and now he was losing Patsy, in a defeat handmade by himself. Both times he had lost through his own stupidity.

Behind them, Cobalk shouted angrily, "Show him the pictures you made of him. Show him the pictures." And then it was too late for him to pull the trigger no matter what they did up ahead.

They walked on silently and slowly, Patsy sobbing. They came ceremoniously and strangely along the concrete, the boy and the girl in front, and the man with the shotgun behind. The pavement dipped and rolled ahead of them into the dark, distant hills.

Ott, knowing that a gun was pointed at his back, thought of everything that had happened. He thought of his trips in the night to watch for a glimpse of Patsy, of the cherries he had picked to be near her, of his maneuvering with the ladder. He thought of the Crazy Belgian standing on a hilltop and firing at the pond. He heard the pellets striking around him again in the water. He looked down the long road ahead of them; its whiteness waved into the darkness, between dark hills in a quiet countryside.

Their feet struck pavement. They walked down along the concrete by the cherry orchard where the ladders still leaned in among the branches of the small trees. Behind them now Ott no longer heard the sound. There was no longer any sound or sign of Cobalk's steps. THE END

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Summer's Ending

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

a horse, a dog, four or five cats, chickens all over the place. What do you call them?"

"They're not pets," Randy said.

He was not conscious of any inaccuracy or evasion. The horse was not a pet to him because Randy couldn't manage him very well, and he created a lot of unpleasant work with buckets and pitchfork and shovel. The dog was away in the woods more often than not. The mother cat avoided him, and the kittens had been taken over by his little sister. The chickens were simply a nuisance, although it was fun sometimes to band them and keep track of their production.

"What do you call a pet?" his grandfather said.

Randy knew exactly what pets were. Rabbits were pets. He had been thinking about rabbits a great deal lately and making some plans, and it surprised him that he had just happened to forget them this morning.

"Well, pets are something you keep in a coop and raise yourself," he said. "The main thing is they stay in one place and raise families, more like people."

"What do you think that cat's been doing?" his grandfather said. "If you don't call that raising families I don't know what you do call it. My Lord, she's got offspring all over this valley."

"Yes, but you don't have any control over her," Randy said. "You can't find them half the time. I mean regular pets —like rabbits."

"Oh, no," his grandfather said. "No you don't. Not any rabbits. In a week I'd be doing all the work and you'd be away fishing."

"I don't fish all the time," Randy said.

"No, not all the time. Just half the time. The other half you're gone somewhere working for some neighbor for a dollar a day—some days. No, sir. No rabbits."

Randy did not argue. There were rare times when he knew better than to keep talking. This was such a time. This was serious. This involved the plan, the gigantic rabbit plan that had been forming slowly but grandly, that was going to give him pleasure beyond anything he had ever known before and probably make him rich enough to declare his independence.

The tree pruning finally ended, and Randy went into the house to provide himself with some candy before proceeding with his plan.

On the way to his bedroom he passed his mother's room. She was lying on the bed talking to Grandma in the rocker. They stopped talking as Randy approached.

When Randy had got his candy and they heard the front door slam behind him they started talking again.

"Do you think he knows?" the grandmother said.

"I think he knows something. He's been acting funny."

"It's such a pity," the grandmother said. "I've never seen a boy so happy as Randy's been here. It's been so nice for him, the making of him, really."

The mother laughed a little.

"Well, I wouldn't say that," she said. "He's hardly perfect. But he's improving. It could have been the making of him." She put a cigarette out angrily. "Damn it!" she said. "Damn it to hell!"

She began to cry again, the sounds soft, but the cry down inside hard and deep.

THE grandmother rocked faster and picked up her sewing. She could not bear to look at her daughter and she could not think of anything to say. They had both said everything on the subject many times.

Randy's sister came into the room.

"Why is Mother crying?" she said.

"Never mind, dear," the grandmother said. "Go see about your kittens. I think they're mewing."

"They're not mewing," Margie said. "I just left them and they're absolutely happy."

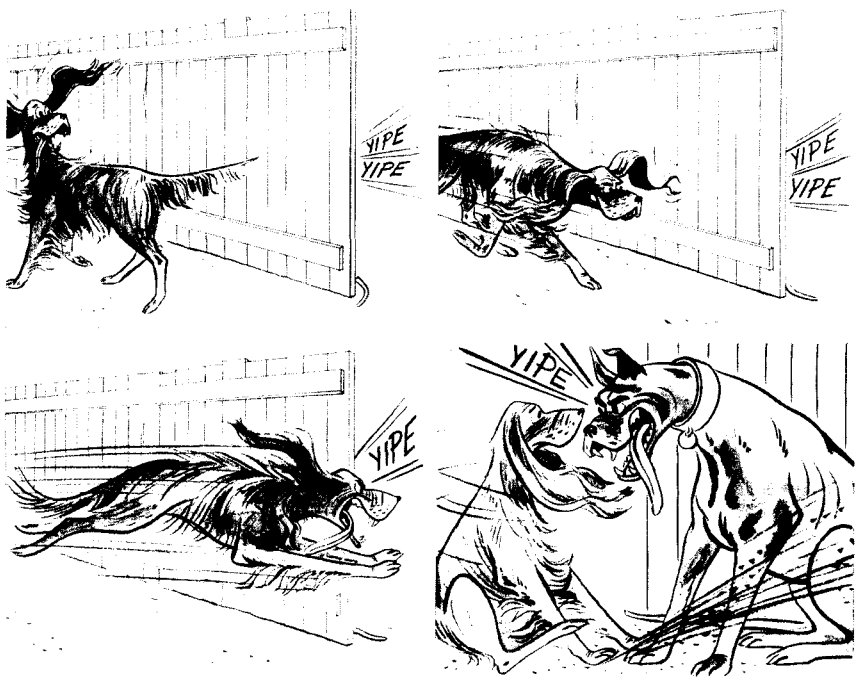
"Well, then," the grandmother said, getting up from the rocker and putting the sewing down carefully, "let's go look for eggs."

"It's not time," Margie said.

"It's almost time. We can look, anyway." . . .

Randy walked down the lane moving as fast as he ever did, sucking the hard candy between his teeth and slashing at the weeds with a stick. If I get the rabbits today, he was thinking, it will be too late for Mother to make me take

CLANCY



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them back this evening. Then if they stay overnight they will be sort of established and I can probably hang on to them until Daddy comes home and he will make them let me keep the rabbits. His father could be very stern about many things, but on something like keeping an animal or conducting an experiment or camping overnight on the stream he was generally dependable.

He's always good about animals, Randy thought. He remembered the time he tried to raise a snake in his dresser drawer and how his mother had been going to not let him go to the Saturday movie on account of it, but his father had just laughed and said oh, the hell with it, the snake didn't devour any livestock and you had to admit it didn't make much noise around the house. Yes, his father would definitely approve of the rabbits.

HE TURNED into the road and went toward the Blakes' house, traveling more slowly as he thought about the fortune to be made in rabbits. He was not sure of the statistics but he felt confident that beginning with two rabbits he could look forward to about a thousand at the end of the year. Figuring feed and everything, he thought that a profit of a dollar apiece for just the meat would be reasonable. At first he could let the hide go with the meat but later he would kill and dress them himself and tan the hides. There was not much to tanning hides, when you got down to it, and there ought to be a market for rabbit skins. Probably his father would know of a place in New York where they bought rabbit skins.

He began to envision long rows of rabbit hutches, freshly painted and neatly kept; he pictured the rabbits breeding rapidly and efficiently, growing up and being killed later in a kind of bloodless conveyer-line process, then hung along the beams of the barn and being skinned neatly and quickly with a method that he had not quite figured out yet but which would be faster and easier than the way old man Novak had showed him, hanging the rabbit by one leg from the back of a kitchen chair and peeling the skin off a little at a time.

He skipped over the tanning process, which always seemed to take so long when you did it with a squirrel, and moved ahead to the picture of his father and himself hauling the carcasses to the quick freeze plant at Hilltop, and after that going into New York with the pelts. He thought they would probably have a truck for that and paint it black and gray and gold in honor of the Army team; and they would roll together over the Jersey hills in the cool, dewy mornings, talking a lot and planning what to do with the money.

He figured his father would let him drive a big part of the way, practically to the Pulaski Skyway or maybe as far as the Lincoln Tunnel even. Then they would pull up at some place which Randy decided would be in Wall Street and unload the rabbit skins. When they had put the money in the bank they would have lunch at Slattery's saloon and spend the rest of the day at the Museum of Natural History. In a couple of years they could probably retire.

Thinking about the exhibit of prehistoric animals at the museum got him comfortably the rest of the way to Blakes'. He found Fred Blake working in his studio in the barn.

"Hi," Randy said.

Blake put down his work promptly and leaned back from the drawing board.

"Hi, Randy," he said. "Long time no see. Must be a week, anyway."

"Yeah," Randy said. "Fred, you still got some rabbits to sell?"

Blake looked at him for a moment, but Randy's steady stare was too much for him. He looked down at his lap. He knew something about the situation at the Millers' house and he was dubious about adding rabbits to their troubles.

"Well, I don't know, Randy," he said. "I've got some rabbits, all right, but do you really think you can handle them?"

"Handle them?" Randy shouted. "I've handled harder things than rabbits."

Blake looked at him again, seeing the pride, the assurance, the hope, and the fear of adults that ran through a boy all at the same time.

"Well, let's take a look at them, anyway," Blake said.

He let Randy into a room in the barn where there were half a dozen hutches.

"How much did you figure on paying?" Blake said.

"Gee, I don't know," Randy said.

Blake walked slowly back and forth in front of the wire netting, looking at the foolish animals that he kept for no reason except that they amused him.

"Tell you what," he said. "You don't want a pair to start with. I've got a doe here and she's just about ready to litter. Any day now. I'll let you have her for a dollar and you give me two of the babies when they're born. How's that?"

"Gee, Fred," Randy said. "Gee, that's swell. Which one is she?"

Blake pointed at a doe lying on her side, her nose twitching, her breath coming fast in the heat of the barn. Randy dropped on his knees and looked at her. He suddenly felt sad and tender, the way he did sometimes when he looked at his sister Margie sleeping or saw his mother's face as she worked in the kitchen. He swallowed a lump in his throat.

"Gee, Fred," he said. "That's really swell."

"You got a hutch?" Blake said.

Randy looked solemn and a little pale.

"Well, not exactly."

"I'll give you this one," he said, "but I'll have to charge you."

"Oh, sure," Randy said.

"Half a dollar," Blake said.

"That's okay. Here."

He dug into the pockets of his dungarees, feeling very proud that he had the money, that he had more than enough, in fact. He had two dollars.

"Look, Fred," he said. "Suppose I give you two dollars and you can let me have some feed for her to get started right."

"It's a deal," Blake said. "How you going to get her back to your house?"

"I forgot about that," Randy said.

"We'll use my car," Blake said. "I'll throw in the haulage for nothing."

WHEN he got back to his own house, Blake mixed himself a stiff drink and took it out to the garden where his wife was working, and squatted beside her. "Now don't tell me I did wrong," he said.

"Well," his wife said, "you know the trouble they're having."

"The heck with Miller and his troubles!" Blake said. "The kid deserves the rabbits even if the setup doesn't last a week."

"You mean you couldn't resist him. How did his mother take it?"

"She has a weakness for small creatures. She just sighed and gave in."

"Fred, do you think there's anything we can do for them?" Blake's wife asked. "I don't mean giving them rabbits. I mean something constructive."

Blake patted her head.

"There's nothing we can do for them," he said. "Nothing but mind our own business." He took a long swallow of his drink . . .

Randy's father arrived home from the city that night, and the next afternoon the Blakes came over for the customary Saturday session on the terrace. Drinks, hors d'oeuvres and croquet helped pass the afternoon. Nobody discussed anything of importance, and everybody pretended that things were perfectly normal.

In the midst of it Randy appeared sud-

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denly behind his father's chair. He had been running and had to gulp some air before he could speak.

"Daddy!" he said. "They've come!"

"Who's come?" said his father.

"The rabbits!" Randy said. He had forgotten that he had carefully avoided mentioning anything about rabbits when he had seen his father's mood the evening before.

"Fred, you sure were right!" Randy shouted. "You remember you said she would litter any day now? Well, it wasn't just any day! It was today!"

Randy began laughing at his own joke and at the delicious success of Fred's prophecy. He was also a little hysterical over the miracle of a birth taking place under his own exclusive auspices. He felt completely responsible for the baby rabbits.

"Hurry up!" he said. "Hurry up and look at them!"

He turned and ran for the barn. Then he stopped and whirled back to his sister. He caught her hand and dragged her with him. The rest of the party followed solemnly.

THE next day, Randy's father awoke shuddering from his hang-over. He found no one in the kitchen, so he heated his own coffee and cut half a breakfast roll. He took the coffee out on the terrace and sat quietly in the breeze under the elm tree, looking across the fields to the mystery of the woods, letting his mind go back to a time when there was none of this grown-up trouble at all, just himself and a summer day, the way it was now with Randy. His wife came out the door and walked toward him looking at him without any expression.

"When are you going to tell him?" she said.

"My God!" he said. "I haven't even finished my breakfast."

"And after that," she said, "you'll need your Martinis and then you won't feel like it, or I won't feel like letting you do it in that condition. You'd better do it pretty soon."

"The Martinis are a splendid suggestion," he said. "I'll have two and then I'll tell him, never fear."

It was impossible for them to talk privately any more without sarcasm, if not hot anger. She went back into the house. He sat still, fingering the handle of the coffee cup, wanting the Martinis and the time they would give him, and ashamed to go after them with her still in the house. He knew that he could no longer dodge. The best he could do was go through with it and try to resemble a man in the performance. His wife came out of the house with a large, frosty glass in her hand.

"Here," she said. "It's not two. It's a double. The same thing, only quicker and more efficient."

She sat down opposite him and waited with apparently unlimited patience while he drank.

When he set aside the glass she called up to one of the windows, "Randy! Come down here a minute."

"Where is he?" Miller said.

"In his room. Comic books," his wife explained.

It took Randy only five minutes to arrive from the third floor, and Miller was grateful for every second. When the boy finally stood before him Miller knew that the last chance had gone.

"Sit down," the mother said. "Your father has something to tell you."

Randy glanced at her in a way that made it clear he realized something of importance was going to happen. He sat down, took a firm hold of the chair arms and faced his father with a blank expression.

Old poker face, Miller thought. It's a good quality. He'll need it often. Miller summoned his resolution with an effort that went all through his body and began to talk.

"Do you know what a divorce is?" he said.

Randy nodded.

"I think so," he said. "It's when two people don't live together any more."

"That's right," Miller said. "Well, your mother and I are going to get one."

THERE was no change on Randy's face, and Miller couldn't take that any more. He looked away, glanced at the empty glass, turned from that to the woods, finally came back to the boy.

"It's not your mother's fault," he said. "Not in any way."

He wanted to say it wasn't his fault either, it wasn't anybody's fault, but that was a gray shade and he didn't know whether the boy's mind could handle it. Miller had been raised on black and white himself. He had been an honorable boy, a kind of Boy Scout out of uniform, and when he had first learned about the grays of behavior he hadn't made the adjustment very well and he hadn't made very good adjustments since. Still, he felt it would be risky and unfair to his son to try to go beyond the black and white just now.

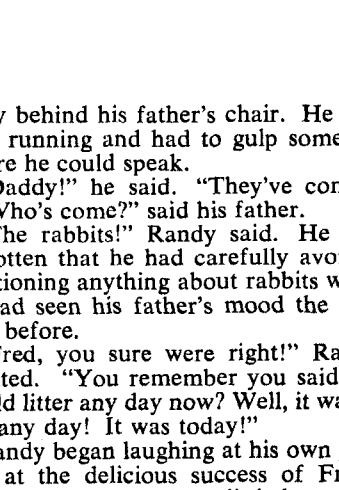
"It's my fault," he said.

Randy made no response. His face did not change around the mouth, but the eyes seemed a little wetter.

"It will be happening rather soon, now," his father said. "I just wanted you to know."

He put out his cigarette and lighted another one, hardly able to hold the

Picture Postmarks



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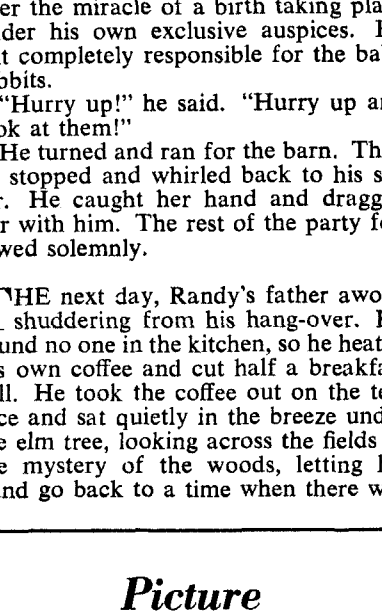

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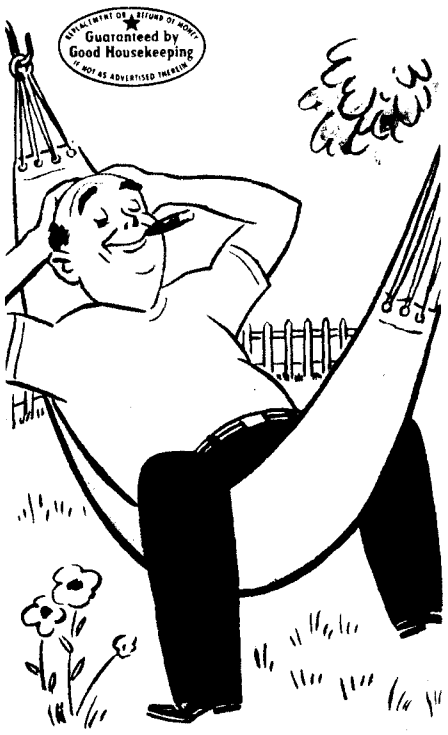

match still enough. When he got the first drag down he said:

"Do you want to say anything?"

Randy waited a long while. He seemed to have shrunk into the chair and now there was a change in his face. It was older. Quite a bit older. The realization of that tore into Miller like a bullet. It did not seem to be in his brain at all. It was like something that had exploded in his belly.

"I don't know what to say," Randy said finally. "I'm disappointed. I guess that's it."

"I am too," Miller said. "I'm very sorry about it, but that's the way it is."

"I guess that means we'll be leaving the farm," Randy said.

"Yes, I guess it does," Miller said. "I'll be living in New York all the time now and it would be impossible to keep everything going the way we do now."

Randy nodded.

"Well, I guess that's all," his father said.

"Okay," Randy said. He got up, not quite like an old man but more slowly than a boy, and walked back into the house.

Miller looked over at his wife. She was looking at him with honest pity. He turned away from her and stared at the fields.

"I'll get you a drink," she said.

RANDY climbed the stairs to his room and sat on the bed. He was still young enough to cry rather easily, but now he could not cry. He felt as though nothing could get past the ache in his throat. He looked around the room which he would have to leave soon and wondered what would become of his belongings. On one wall he had hung a bloodstained *banderilla* that a man had given him in Mexico, a German paratrooper's helmet that his father had brought from the ETO, and the tailfeathers of a pheasant he had shot himself. They were high in his collection of valued articles and he made up his mind that he would not part with them.

But he realized that there were many other things they would have to leave behind. The horse for one. Maybe there would be time to eat all the chickens. He was glad they had already slaughtered the pigs and had got some good out of them. The rabbits! He jumped off the bed as he recalled the doe he had just bought from Fred, and the babies born only yesterday, blind, hairless and feeble. He recalled the vast project of Miller & Son and the trips to New York in the truck, and the bank account adding up and up, making him the richest man in the world.

He sat down again on the bed and this time he could cry. He cried until his throat was too dry to bear any longer, and then he went down to the kitchen and got a bottle of pop.

He uncapped it and walked out to the barn. He pulled a bale of straw up to the rabbit hutch, sat down on it, drank slowly from the pop bottle and stared at the rabbits. The doe lay on her side, nursing the tiny, ugly babies. You could almost see the milk through their skins. When he saw them this way it did not seem so likely that a fortune in rabbits could be made rapidly; but he had read the Department of Agriculture circular which gave the average rate of reproduction and he was fair in arithmetic. There could be no mistake about it.

The doe's eyes were almost shut. She seemed to be sleeping, but Randy knew that she was watching him. He wondered about her and spoke aloud without any embarrassment, as he talked to all animals, even frogs and eels.

"How does it feel?" he said. "Do they bite?"

The doe's ears twitched.

"Did it hurt much when they were born?"

He wondered if they had been even smaller when they were born and if they were actually growing at this moment.

"I wish I could see them grow up," he said. "They'll be hopping in a little while."

He began to speculate on how much time was actually left at the farm and how long it would take the baby rabbits to get big enough to hop around the yard. Then he remembered his parents' faces and knew there was no use.

"Oh, heck!" he said, pressing the word through his teeth as a man would a stronger word.

He went to the toolroom and got the wheelbarrow. He didn't want to go near his father or mother now and it wouldn't be right to bother Fred. Wheeling them all the way to Fred's would be hard going, but what else could he do? He moved the hutch onto the wheelbarrow with some difficulty, trying not to tumble the mother and babies. He staggered a little going down the barn ramp, but after he got on the level it was not so bad for a while. By the time he reached the head of the lane, though, he was beginning to doubt that he would ever make it. His arms seemed to be coming out of the sockets, the sweat stung his eyes, and his throat was dry.

He wished his father would see him and come after him in the car, but nobody was paying any attention to him. He kept on, stumbling in the rough, gravel road, sometimes tipping the wheelbarrow dangerously, worrying all the time about the rabbits, thinking maybe the milk would curdle or something like that and they'd get sick and even die, and Fred would think he wasn't big enough to raise rabbits after all and would tell everybody about it after he had moved away from the valley.

It seemed as though he was taking all afternoon but he got there at last, his shirt black with sweat and plastered to his bony back, his face red and smeared, his crew cut looking as though he had been standing under a shower.

Fred saw him from the studio and hurried out to meet him.

"What you got there, chum?" he said as Randy set the wheelbarrow down by the barn.

Randy wiped his face on his sleeve.

"The rabbits," he said.

BLAKE glanced toward the house, wishing his wife would come out and help in this. He didn't think he could keep up the conversation alone.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Aren't they satisfactory?" He hoped Randy would understand it was a joke.

"Oh, they're satisfactory, all right," Randy said. He looked into the hutch. "They're fine rabbits."

He squatted on his heels, studying the doe and her children to see if they had been harmed on the wheelbarrow trip. He decided they weren't, but he kept squatting and looking at them anyway while he tried to think of how he could explain it to Fred. He couldn't think of a good way and he knew he had to get it over with; he couldn't just squat there like a jerky frog or Fred would begin asking questions. He stood up.

"Well, you ought to get your money back," Fred said. He began to feel in his pockets.

"Oh, no," Randy said. "Never mind that."

He looked down at the rabbits again.

"I think we're going to have to give up the farm," he said. "I didn't want to leave them there for the next people. I want them to have a home with somebody I know."

He turned away and began walking. He thought he might be going to cry again and he didn't want Fred to see him. THE END

"I'll say he's jealous . . . he won't even let her leave a note for the milkman"

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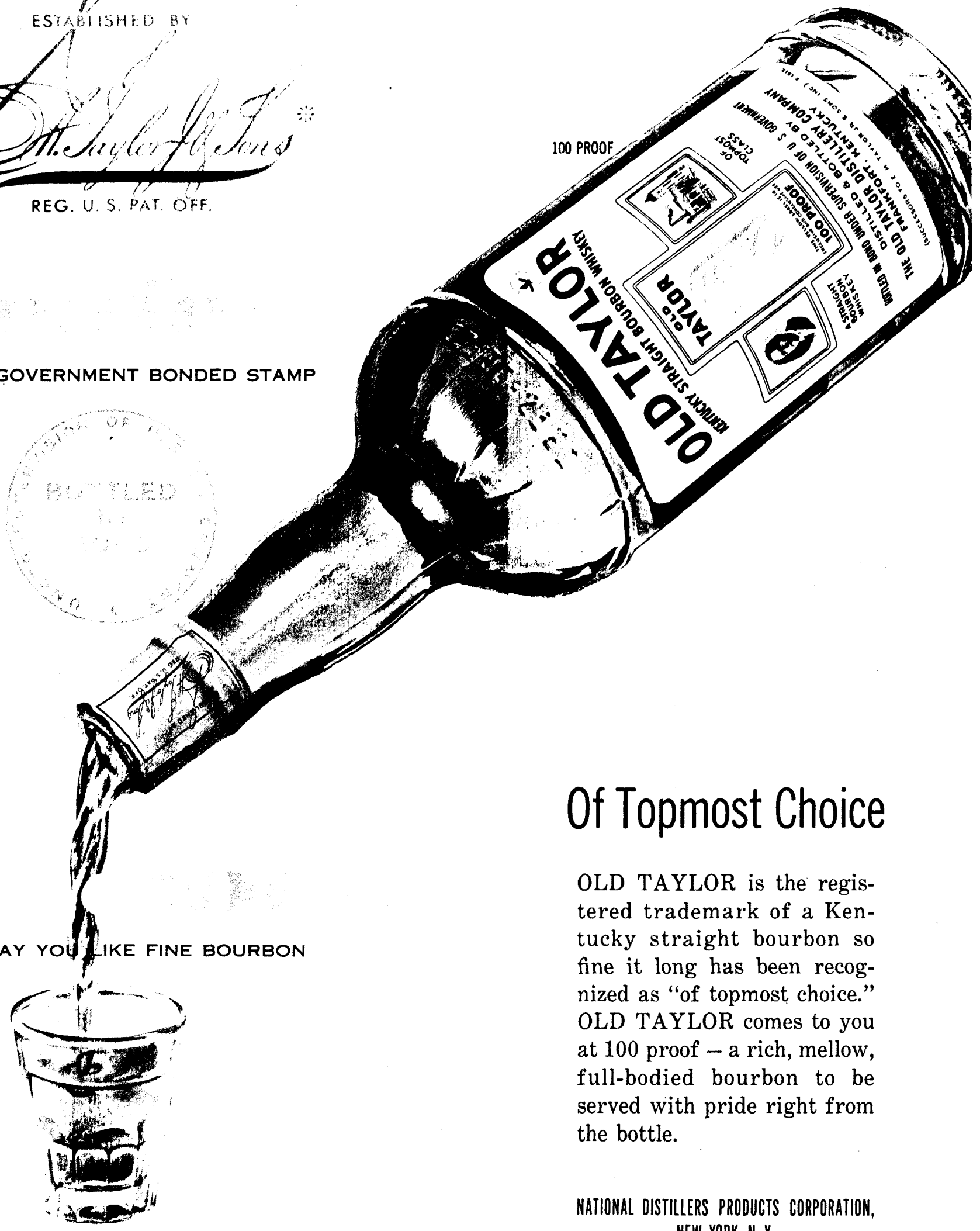

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Kazak Spelled Backwards Is Kazak

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

From the lowly seventh position in the batting order, Eddie moved rapidly up to fourth position against left-handed pitching and to fifth against right-handers. By mid-May, his average soared to .368 and on May 27th Fred M. Saigh, the Cardinal president, raised the twenty-nine-year-old infielder's salary by 50 per cent. Shortly thereafter his average tailed off to a less spectacular but nonetheless impressive level.

The fans doted on Kazak as much as the Cards did. They showed it by piling up 1,298,573 votes for him in the All-Star game nominations, snowing under the third-base favorites of the sports columnists—Bob Elliott of the Braves, Sid Gordon of the Giants and Billy Cox of the Dodgers. Kazak's astounding total made him the only rookie to *start* in the All-Star line-ups of either big-league team. He ranked seventh in total votes among all the National League stars.

Proudest Moment of His Life

By batting 1.000 in the All-Star game—two hits in two trips to the plate—the rookie of distinction did himself proud. But he wasn't really as proud of that as he was of the day his mother and two of his brothers, Bill and Steve, went up to Pittsburgh from their home in Muse, Pennsylvania, to see him play.

"*Dobry!*" Mother Kazak exclaimed in her native Polish—"Good!"—when she saw the wide expanse of green grass behind the diamond.

"Better than the mines for Eddie, eh, Mom?" grinned Bill.

"*Tak!*" Mother Kazak nodded, a Polish "Yes!"

Kazak banged a homer into the left-field bull pen by way of celebration, and his mother rode back to Muse that night clutching the ball in her hand. Eddie was happy because it was the very first baseball game she had ever seen.

The day's only disappointment was that Eddie's father didn't see the home-run clout. Papa Kazak had to stay home and work in the mines.

Muse, a tiny coal-mining town of 600 people built on the side of a hill about 20 miles southwest of Pittsburgh, is the site of the beginning of "The Kazak Story." In those days, Eddie's last name was spelled Tkaczuk. He, his parents and five other children lived in a company-owned two-story frame house on Maple Street.

Eddie was graduated from Cecil Township High School in 1938. Football was the big sport there, but he didn't play because his parents disapproved of the game. He could and did play sand-lot baseball, however, along with another son of a Muse miner, Andy Seminick, who now catches for the Phillies.

Eddie and Andy played ball on Sundays. Monday mornings they rode the shaft elevators 300 feet down into the mines to start the week-long, backaching chore of digging and loading coal. Eddie loaded alongside his father and earned $50 every two weeks. Once a heavy coal car jumped a rail, pinning him to the wall and cracking several ribs. That added to his preference for baseball.

No diamond scout ever had a more eager prospect than Eddie. Jack Reider, now a Boston Brave ivory hunter who then was scouting for Knoxville, nearly had his hat blown off by the resounding "yes" the young miner gave him when Jack casually asked one day after a game in the summer of 1939:

"Hey, kid, how would you like to play baseball and get paid for it?"

The salary was $75 a month for a six-month season to play with Valdosta, a whistle stop in the Class D Georgia-Florida League. When Eddie took the contract home, he began to think about the money the family would miss from his mine earnings and expressed some

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doubts about signing. His father silenced him.

"Take anything, son," he said, "to get out of the mines."

When Eddie reported in, the Valdosta manager, Bill Morrell, took one look at the card bearing his name and exclaimed good-naturedly: "T-K-A-C-Z-U-K? How in the world do you pronounce that?"

"Just sneeze and you've said it," answered the young hopeful, smiling.

"If you ever make the majors, the telegraphers are going to love you with a name like that," Morrell joked.

Eddie wasn't joking. He dropped the "T" and the name became "Kaczuk." Later he simplified the name further to "Kazak" which, as Cardinal catcher Joe Garagiola now likes to point out loudly, "spelled backwards is KAZAK!"

Batting Attracts Notice

Eddie was placed at second base and batted .292 in 130 games at Valdosta during the 1940 season. The man most distressed by this heavy hitting was George Sisler, Jr., who then was serving as business manager of the Albany, Georgia, club—a Cardinal farm in the same league.

"Ed wasn't sensational as a fielder," Sisler recalls, "but he had terrific wrist action at the plate. It was just beautiful to watch him hit."

Sisler spoke to Branch Rickey, head of the Cardinals at that time. Rickey spoke to himself.

"H'mmmmmmmm," he said, in the six-decibel rumble he reserves for occasions when he has to spend money.

Shortly after that, Valdosta parted with Kazak for $1,000 and one player.

One week later that Georgia club was purchased by Brooklyn and became part of the Flatbush chain gang. That's how close the current Card rookie came to wearing a Dodger uniform.

Early in 1941, Sisler went over to Muse to get Kazak's signature on a Cardinal contract. He was accompanied by Morrell, the Valdosta manager who agreed to go along to make the necessary introductions, and Marty Purtell, then a Redbird scout.

"We drove into Muse about four o'clock one winter afternoon," Sisler remembers, "and had no idea how to find Kazak's house. We spotted a short, heavy-set miner trudging along the street and asked him if he knew where we could find Kazak. Since his command of English wasn't too good, the question seemed to stump him. To elaborate, I added, 'You know, Kazak, ballplayer,' and swung an imaginary bat. The old gent's face brightened. He pointed out one of the gray houses up on the hill and went on his way.

"Kazak met us at the door and invited us in. We asked him to sign up for the 1941 season and while Eddie was going over the contract, in walked the miner who had given us the directions. It was Kazak's father!"

With the Albany club in the Georgia-Florida League the next summer, Eddie hit .378 and the team copped the pennant. Moved to Houston in 1942, he averaged .257 in 118 Class A Texas League games. At the end of that season he joined the khaki squad that slugged it out with the Nazis.

There was a time after the war when Kazak thought his shrapnel-shattered arm would send him back to the coal mines. Shooting pains knifed through his muscles whenever he pegged the ball. He slipped from the training camp of the Rochester club at Biloxi, Mississippi, in the spring of 1946, to a lesser farm team at Columbus, Georgia. There the injured arm recovered, Eddie found his batting eye again, hitting .298, and a girl named Thelma Bee Gregg signed Kazak to a life contract.

"I asked Kemp Wicker, the Columbus manager, for a day off for a honeymoon," Eddie says with a smile, "and that old buzzard turned me down. 'Hell,' Wicker told me, 'the day I got married I went a full nine innings and the next day I had to play a double-header. You're a ballplayer now, son. No days off when the club's scheduled."

Kazak played for Omaha in the Class A Western League in 1947 and put a .326 batting average in the books for 93 games.

At Rochester the following year, new Manager Cedric Durst switched Kazak to third base. Word had come from St. Louis that sore-armed Whitey Kurowski could not hold down his old job with the Cards much longer.

Today Kurowski is battling it out in the minor leagues. But the beat of his big heart can still be heard around third base. Kazak can hear it plainly as he waits for the pitch on Rookie of the Year. It will be a long time before he forgets the lessons Kurowski taught him.

In a sense, you might say Kurowski put him up there. But just don't say it within the hearing of Bebop Smallmon, the Card bat boy. Bebop has his own version of Kazak's astonishing record.

"When Eddie was hitting like mad earlier in the season," Bebop confides to anyone who will listen, "I kept his average up by putting his bat in my locker every night instead of on the rack." THE END

How a Movie Gets Made

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

assigned to the Stratton project had been making "breakdowns" of what the picture would call for in their specialized phases. These departments came together in the first of a series of meetings. Called a "set meeting," it took place in the office of Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M's art director.

Gibbons assigned Paul Groesse as art associate. Since Monty was an earthy, homely and normal character, the sets had to be equally natural, with no touch of the pretentious. And Paul Groesse, like everybody else, would "get into the act"; his sets would help to tell the story. The Texas farm, for example—neat as a pin and everything kept up, but with a paint job a couple of years overdue—would tell the audience without a word of dialogue that Monty and his ma were poor in money, but rich in self-respect.

If you look closely when you see sets like these on the screen, you will realize that every single thing you see is in its place only because somebody thought of it individually. The kitchen in your own home, for example, has grown by a process of natural accretion over the years, but on the M-G-M lot a set director had to start with four words in the script—"INT. STRATTON KITCHEN, DAY." He had to know that there would be a circle of soot on the ceiling over the kerosene-lamp chimney, and some burnt matches on the shelf next to it; to remember that years of pushing hands would have rubbed a worn strip on the side of the screen door, and that the screen itself would have been broken at some time and neatly patched.

For make-up chief Jack Dawn, the Stratton assignment was a breeze but the wardrobe problem was more demanding.

That wonderfully droopy fresh-off-the-farm suit which Jimmy wore for his blind date with June was pure story-telling, and Sam Wood leaned on changes of costume to notify the audi-

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ence that time had passed, to underline the state of mind of his characters, to help set the scenes. Stewart had 45 changes, due mostly to the wide assortment of baseball uniforms.

The 24 changes for June Allyson were designed by Helen Rose. At first thought it would seem that store-bought clothes would be more authentic for Ethel Stratton, but the camera is the darnedest lie detector in the world. That tiny frame of film is magnified 40,000 times when it appears on the screen. Since the finest ready-made clothes are never perfectly fitted nor absolutely suitable, June would have looked messy in them. So the clothes were specially made.

One costuming problem was brought up by the fact that the story began in 1938. Women's clothes of that year would look tacky today, yet the use of the New Look skirt length would have invited "boner" letters. So Helen compromised on basic shirtwaist and skirt combinations, which are timeless themselves and of dateless length, and she "doubled back" the costumes as Ethel would have done in life, pairing her things in various combinations.

The stars had their first working contact with the picture when they came to Wardrobe for final fittings and approvals, and for camera tests to make sure that a couple of crucial costumes would "come off" on film with the desired effect. June had to report only for the final fittings, thanks to the pleasantly faithful facsimile of her current torso, which is kept on hand for preliminary modeling.

Over in the two-story, white, wooden barracks which houses the production department, unit manager Dave Friedman was trying to put together the jigsaw puzzle of the shooting schedule, the order, or continuity, in which—he hoped—the 409 scenes would be shot. Such physical items as sets and costumes are expensive, but they're not major. The principal cost of a movie boils down to *time*—time in actual production. Geared directly to the *number of days in production* are the really heavy costs such as actors' salaries, wages and salaries for the large technical and stage crew, and a whopping per diem charge for overhead.

Production Costs Itemized

This overhead does not rise entirely, as some cynics imply, from lavishness and nepotism. It includes such direct picture costs as stage use (rental lots may charge $1,000 a day or more for a stage, and The Stratton Story tied up an average of three stages), and electric current (no minor item when a single production may use more current than a city the size of Bar Harbor).

Overhead also pays for such service departments as censorship, casting, library and legal research; it provides the use of back-lot facilities such as the leather shop and plaster shop; general studio services such as messengers and hospital personnel; and it recognizes the indirect overhead of taxes, interest, inventory write-offs and salaries for general executives. Often one third of the final cost is overhead. Sometimes it's more.

In planning his shooting schedule, unit manager Friedman knew that, once the cameras began to turn, it would be his responsibility to see that nothing stopped production or slowed it down.

Since moving from one setup to another takes time, hence money, the happy ideal is to shoot all the sequences occurring on any given set in one continuous session. The ideal is seldom realized, however, because directors know that actors cannot get into the spirit of scenes which are being shot ridiculously far "out of continuity." But actors draw their pay from the first day their presence is required to the last, even though they are idle in between, and so Dave shuffled his 44 sequences back and forth to compress the appearances of expensive supporting actors into the shortest practical compass of days.

An additional complication was that all of the opening scenes, through the spring-training sequence, had to be disposed of before anything else was shot simply because the plot required Jimmy to get a haircut at that point. Dave finally came up with a tentative schedule of 44 working days.

Jimmy Stewart checked onto the lot earlier than his contract required and worked out every day in a baseball suit. Monty himself came to Hollywood as technical adviser and in thirty hard lessons taught Jimmy to look, act, feel, and even think like a big-league pitcher. And Stewart really suffered for his art. As he said, "I'll either be dead or in the best shape of my life." He already had Monty's character pretty well in mind, and was working nights at home memorizing the script.

The deadline was coming close now, and the hub of the preparatory activity shifted to Sam Wood's office across the grass alley from the production building. Sam checked sets, approved costumes and castings, looked at location sites, and made personal revisions in the script.

The writers had told the story on paper. Sam would have to tell it with visual images on the screen. He examined every single action, reaction, motivation, dialogue line and bit of business to fuse the script into a final form where everything would "play." For instance, the scene in which Monty came to tell Ethel about his recall to the big leagues, and incidentally to propose, was originally placed in Ethel's kitchen.

Sam said, "So what?" to the kitchen locale, and changed it so that when Monty came to the house he found that Ethel had gone to the movies. The scene where Jimmy Stewart tries to find June Allyson in the darkened, crowded theater is a high spot in the picture. Paul Groesse figured that the new theater set would cost about $2,500; Dave Friedman calculated another $1,500 for extras and bit parts in the "movie audience," and added half a day to the schedule to allow for tougher rehearsal.

Then the actual filming begins.

Monday, October 25th. The Stratton Story will start shooting tomorrow. It has been almost two years in preparation. One hundred twenty specialists in 57 trades, professions and crafts have already applied their talents. The investment up to this point is about $400,000.

Tonight, in twoscore homes from Palms to Bel-Air, men and women whose faces will never be seen on the screen try to get to sleep against the insistent question, "Have I forgotten anything?"

Tuesday morning starts foggy and raw. Many of those twoscore worriers are up at five o'clock, shaved, breakfasted and backing out of their driveways by daylight.

Deep in the heart of Stage 28 a sizable chunk of Texas real estate has been re-created. The two-story Stratton farmhouse stands in the rear center of the 200- by 120-foot stage plot. At front left is the dusty lane and the stock gate, with a big cottonwood tree shading a flourishing kitchen garden whose cornstalks toss gently in the breeze of an idling wind machine. Over at the right is the farmyard of beaten earth, rimmed by the blacksmith shed, barn, chicken coops, stock pens, watering trough and windmill.

Around three sides of the huge stage hang George Gibson's painted canvas scenic backing, 40 feet high and 450 feet in length. It blends with the physical setting in the foreground and carries it back over cotton fields and rolling hills to a horizon line.

New Tricks of Scenic Art

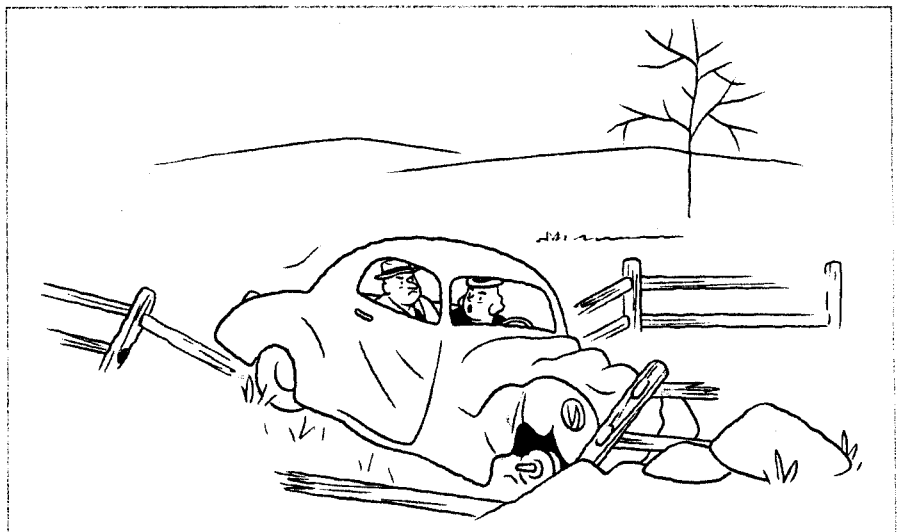
Gibson's job of painting the bark on all the trees of a forest, and the business of brushing in each individual blade of grass, used to be very slow and expensive. But now a piece of carved felt wrapped around a coffee can is dipped in paint and rolled down the tree trunk to create the bark, and a brush handle, studded with a dozen ordinary pipe cleaners, paints twelve realistically irregular blades of grass at one swoop.

Though it seems odd to go to such bother building this elaborate outdoor set inside a stage, the script requires that the farm be shot in surroundings suggesting all four seasons and it must be done within the actual time of five weeks. Stages are always favored over locations because they allow synthetic control of weather, outside noise and—particularly—lighting.

A sudden crackle of tension ripples through the knots of men gathered about the stage. Through the black opening of the big stage door comes Sam Wood, greeting the crew as his eyes rove around the layout. With him is Stewart, long and lank in a Wagner Wildcats baseball uniform. Expert studio tailors have lavished a couple hundred dollars' worth of time on this outfit to make it look homemade.

Frank Morgan snorts in from the cold street, shivering in a sleazy $12 suit and minus his mustache for the first time in 20 years. Sam greets him with the reminder that neither of them would have to get up in the dark like this if they'd saved their money when they were young.

The big 3½-ton soundproof doors rumble shut as top cinematographer Hal Rosson bustles over from the camera crane to line up the first shot with Sam Wood. Plotwise, it is simple enough—



COLLIER'S "Stop blaming me! I didn't plan this trip" CHON DAY

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"Gosh, Dad, I've got a wonderful wife, two swell kids and a home. What more *could* I want?"

"Maybe I'm speaking out of turn, John—but there's an important thing called security."

"Well, I've got a good job, too."

"That's true, but is your family's financial future provided for?"

"Well, frankly, I can't help worrying about how Sue would manage if I just happened to cross a street at the wrong time . . . Of course we try to save every dollar we can, but this is once I think I'll come right out and *ask* for advice. Any suggestions, Dad?"

"Sure . . . I suggest you look into The Mutual Life's *Insured Income* service which is a method of planned life insurance purchases. With *Insured Income*, you can be sure Sue will be well taken care of, no matter what. At the same time, you can be building toward a comfortable retirement for both of you later on."

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Jimmy will just walk up the lane and vault over the gate to indicate that his vitality is unimpaired after a hard day; his hound will jump on him to show he's the kind of a guy dogs like; and we'll get an over-all look at the house and farmyard to establish its atmosphere and geography.

Stand-in Bill McKinnon, who is of the same general build and coloring as Stewart, walks through the movements of the scene over and over again as the various crews check on the lighting, camera moves and microphones. The trunk of the big cottonwood is in the way, so the greensmen move the tree back a couple of feet. A grip, a sort of stagehand-handy man, dulls a shiny hinge on the cotton wagon which has been bouncing a hot spot of light into the lens.

Out in the farmyard, where assistant director Sid Sidman is dressing the background, the chickens are huddling together in one spot instead of pecking around naturally. "Try spreading their food around, Sid," says Wood.

Monty Stratton, on set to pick up any technical inaccuracy, wonders why a farmer would keep a steer in the pen next to the barn: It is agreed to watch the camera angles on the steer today and substitute a cow tomorrow for the closer shots. The sow and pigs are fine.

"Hollywood," says Monty, "is beginning to smell more like home ever' day."

The scene isn't quite ready, but Sam decides to try for a take. Camera and Sound check their film loads, prop man Harry Edwards hands Jimmy his ball glove, make-up man Lou Lacava sprays glycerine sweat on his face, and Sid calls, "Settle down, boys, let's have it quiet."

Shug Keeler signals up to his electricians on the chain-hung scaffolds above the set, and one by one the high arcs sizzle and blaze. Buddy McNeil at the dimmer bank is ready to brighten the camera headlight when Jimmy walks close by the lens. Bob Martin drops his hand to the crank which will swing the camera in its pan. On the back of the rubber-tired camera dolly, Ray Clark, like the end man on a hook and ladder, is ready to lift the long boom at the finish so the camera can look down for the over-all view of the farm.

"Quiet down," Sam calls. "Let's hold the visiting till after the shot." The conversation fades.

"You're walking at an easy pace, Jim," Wood explains, "not expecting the dog or anything. We'll send him in to hit you at about the second post . . . Break up those chickens, Sid. Damnedest chickens I ever saw. Stick together like a bunch of visitors."

The Sound Man Starts a Take

Bill Edmundson, handling the mike boom, takes Sam's go-ahead nod and throws a "Turn 'em!" over his shoulder to sound man Jimmy Brock, who calls back, "Turning!" as he shoves down the fateful button on his panel.

This button fires the shot heard round the studio. It starts the sound-film recorder and the camera motor, stops the noisy stage ventilators, cuts off the stage door and, when the strips of sound and picture film have come up to identical operating speed, it fogs synchronizing marks into both strips. Finally it sends its "ready" report back to Brock on the stage in the form of a modest buzz.

On Take One, Jimmy walks through an overlooked glare near the porch. On Take Two, the dog comes in a little early. On Take Three, the dog stops too soon and peers off stage toward her trainer. On Take Four, the dog comes in late and Sam voices his suspicion that Jimmy has eaten the food he was supposed to conceal in his right hand for bait.

Take Five looks fine.

Sam says, "Print Five and hold Two."

It was eleven o'clock. The scene would last eight seconds on the screen.

After the second scene of the day at twelve thirty, the company breaks up for lunch.

The executives and the top producers have their own dining room on the fourth floor of the Iron Lung. But in the commissary you see the same economic democracy which prevails on the sets, where a grip sees no lese majesty in singing out, "Watch it, Jimmy!" as he swings a ladder past the star's head.

Lunches Aren't Expensive

Lunch costs from 50 cents for a salad to $1.05 for a complete lunch of soup, entree and dessert. The middle-aged waitresses call everybody "dear," discuss the items on the day's menu with helpful frankness, and are generous with extra butter and coffee.

When Sam Wood and Hal Rosson come back from the commissary, they begin laying out a scene involving Agnes Moorehead (Ma) and Frank Morgan (Barney). In the mimeographed script, it looks and reads like this:

SCENE 18x2

EXT. FARM. BARNEY'S ANGLE—TOWARD WOODPILE

Ma has come out of the back door and starts to gather wood in her arms as Barney moves into the shot, approaching Ma, who, bent over, does not notice him. He removes his hat and coughs politely.

BARNEY

How do you do, madam? I guess you're Monty's ma?

MA *(goes on working)*

Yep.

BARNEY

I'm Barney Wile. Monty around?

MA *(nods toward the field)*

Out pickin' cotton.

BARNEY *(his eyebrows go up in wonder)*

You mean after sprinting ten miles and pitching nine innings, he's picking cotton?

Ma sniffs disapproval as she picks up a piece of wood. Barney, getting into the spirit of things, starts to fill his arms with wood also.

BARNEY

He must want to play baseball awful bad.

MA

All he thinks about is throwin' a ball.

BARNEY *(purses his lips thoughtfully)*

I don't wonder, madam. He can transform a baseball into a streak of gray lightning, or curve it in like it was weaving through traffic. I'd say he's got quite a future in baseball.

Ma, her arms filled, turns, takes a step or two to the back door, opens it, and then turns again and examines Barney very carefully.

MA

You a baseball man?

BARNEY

Yes, madam.

MA *(curtly)*

Then I'd say he's got a better future on the farm.

She turns into the house and the screen door slams behind her. Barney winces and his eyes wrinkle wryly. He bends over and starts to drop the wood back on the pile, and o.s. we hear happy barking. Barney drops the wood, straightens up, turns, and looks toward the end of cotton field and shed.

The lines of dialogue are only the surface shell of a scene, and a competent actor immediately digs under them to find his "attitude" and his objective. Frank Morgan's attitude here, he figures, should be a nervous overaffability, against which Miss Moorehead would

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play taciturn and dubious. Barney's objective is to dig himself in here on the farm and develop Monty's pitching to the point where the boy could try out for the big leagues—and maybe get Barney, who had drunk himself out of baseball, back into the big time too.

Ma's objective, providing the conflict which sparks the scene into life, is to keep Monty on the farm.

Many directors direct their heads off, but Sam has hardly a word to say, just standing by the camera, looking on with his hands in his pockets. Much of his "direction" has been done in advance of shooting, during script revision. On this scene at the woodpile, Sam's only comment in a half hour is, "Aggie, what would you think of a little shorter wait before you hit Frank with that last line?"

The master shot—the whole scene from beginning to end, straight through—gets in the can on the third take. The crew shifts into second gear for that tedious phase of the movie maker's job, getting the "pickups." These are the close shots, the overshoulder angles and so on, which cutter Benny Lewis will later insert here and there in the master shot to satisfy the audience's curiosity as to the characters' reactions and emotions, and to put over important plot points. Here, in fact, is where much of the money goes.

B Pictures Skimp on Detail

(The next time you see a B budget picture on a double bill, note the paucity of close shots, changes of angle, bit scenes and flashes, establishment shots of exteriors, and "geography" long shots. Note also the bits of awkwardness and unnatural action which one or two more takes might have smoothed out. All these details use up time—and money.)

Most of the problems in making pickups deal with "matching." Obviously, if Ma is waving flies away from the screen door in the master shot, as she starts to ask, "You a baseball man?" she must be performing exactly the same action when she completes the sentence in the close-up, even though the two segments may have been photographed an hour or two apart. Script supervisor Les Martinson checks his move-by-move records of the master scene, and everybody gets into the act again.

The prop man must see that the firewood is piled exactly the same way; the make-up man must reproduce the smudge that Ma had over her left eye (or was it the right?); hairdresser Ethel Neefus must make sure of that lock of hair straggling down the forehead; wardrobe girl Myrtle Gallagher must freshen the wet stain in the apron; Shug Keeler must light up to create the same shadows across the face—to say nothing of Miss Moorehead's obligation to re-create exactly her own facial expression, posture, intonation, timing and inner emotion.

Sam calls, "Cut!" on the last pickup a few minutes before six. The acting contingent goes to its dressing rooms to take off its make-up and unglue its hair pieces. Grips and electricians gather their scattered equipment. Wardrobe people pick up their changes for overnight freshening. Sound and camera crews go over their equipment and check back to their respective departments with the day's exposed film. Sam shoves his hat on the back of his head and prowls around the emptying set with Rosson, Groesse and Les Martinson, laying out the setup for the next morning's start.

The first day's work has netted four scenes, 14 camera setups, disposed of 4⅛ pages of script, and will run three minutes and 45 seconds on the screen in the finished picture. For a quality picture, this is fast. The Stratton Story is off to a good start.

The night crews, consisting of three or four men each, come up from Prop Shop and Greens and Paint, and begin to "snow in" the farm with gypsum, paint frost on the windows, pick the leaves off the trees, wither the summer vegetation, and generally carry their share of the storytelling task by showing the audience that time has passed.

The studio glass blower has made the glass icicles which now drip from the eaves of the wintry Stratton farmhouse. With water dripping through a pinhole at the pointed end, they will last forever under the hot lights. About nine o'clock the crews pack up, cut off the overhead floodlights. The busy, bustly stage is still. The single bare bulb on the portable gooseneck lamppost makes the interior vast and shadowy and cavernous. Texas is wrapped up.

Be sure to follow the cast of The Stratton Story on location, in the concluding installment of this two-part article on Hollywood hard at work—in next week's Collier's

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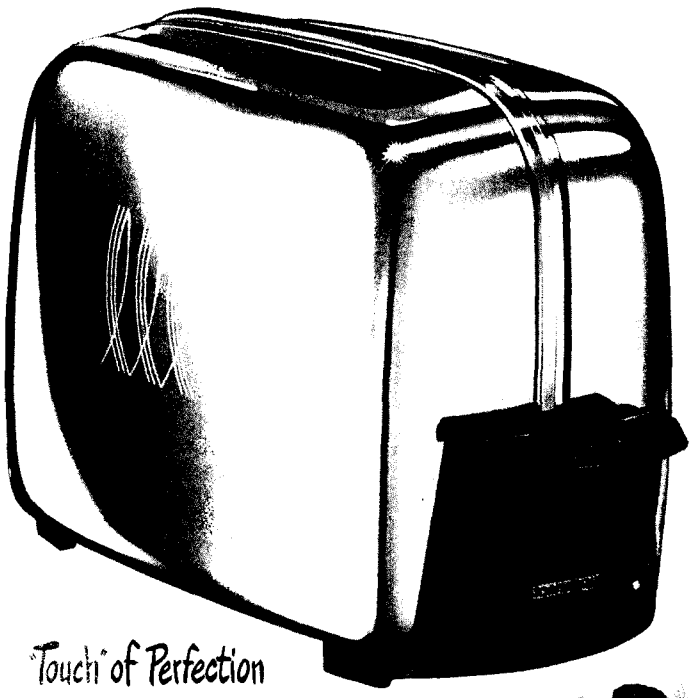

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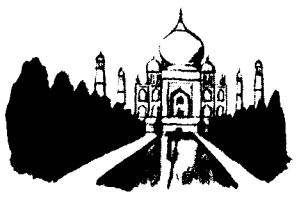

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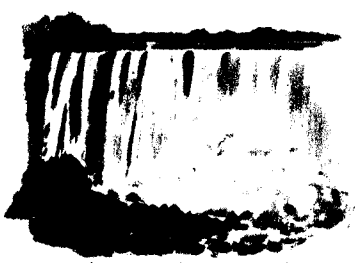

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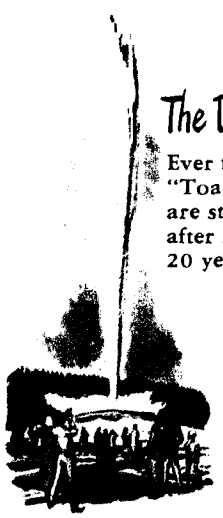

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YES, in just 7 days . . . in one short week . . . a group of people who changed from their old dentifrices to Calox Tooth Powder averaged *38% brighter teeth* by scientific test. Why not change to Calox yourself? Buy Calox today . . . so your teeth can start looking *brighter* tomorrow!

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McKesson & Robbins Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

The Wide-Awake Business of Sleep

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

window. Or if you prefer to save money, just shut the window.

A worse vandal than noise, bedroom glare attacks both premidnight and postdawn sleep. Once an eye is cocked open, light rays race through your system like Paul Revere through Lexington.

Take a tip and use a down-padded sleep shade. The de luxe embroidered model is priced at $2.50, but you can slink off with one made of black sateen for only a buck.

Now rip down that old black window shade with the cracks and pinholes. Did you really depend on that sieve to help you catch a daytime nap? For the pittance of $25 a folding Venetian blind screen, placed between bed and window, acts as your fortress against foot-loose sunbeams or moonbeams.

Three bucks more will discourage raw daylight and Peeping Toms by fitting your open window with an Air-Light Shield.

Bald heads are especially sensitive to chilly night air. For $2 you can get the Carnan Headwarmer, which not only keeps the pate warm but can also be used to prevent hairs from shedding on the pillow.

After you climb into your sleep shade and headwarmer, your face may still feel too nude. This can be remedied by covering your nose with a respirator nose bag, enemy of dust and bugs. Then fasten on a chin strap, so that you don't breathe through your mouth while asleep.

Crowning touch of any scientific bedroom is the thermostat-controlled blanket with the electric brain—price, $39.95. This gets colder when the room gets warmer, and warmer when the room gets colder. But if you're suffering from alternating chills and fever, perhaps you'd better wear your overcoat to bed.

Your pillow, according to the sleep doctor, "is an intimate possession. The depth, resiliency and shape must vary with each individual. Essentially, the purpose of the pillow is to support the head restfully at a variable angle. But, note this, it must not bunch and irritate the shoulder. Pillows have, for ages, been designed as simple bags of filling, without much consideration for anatomical requirements."

In his Pillow Clinic, Dine will fuss with your anatomical requirements until he has found the ideal solution for what he terms "your restless, badgered, martyred head."

In the case of Greer Garson, this was a tuck-in pillow. Greta Garbo preferred one of Dine's cutaway pillows.

Relief for Pillow Punchers

You may be unable to sleep because you are a pillow puncher. If this is your dilemma you would require the Koylon Pillow ("fashioned of cream-puff latex") at $11.95 per. If your head has been shrunk by New Guinea pygmies, you can get by with the $2.95 model, a much smaller version filled with shredded latex.

Your trouble might be a pillow that bunches under your shoulders. The Cutaway Pillow curves to fit comfortably around your neck, guaranteeing pleasant dreams. This model lets you off for only $7.95.

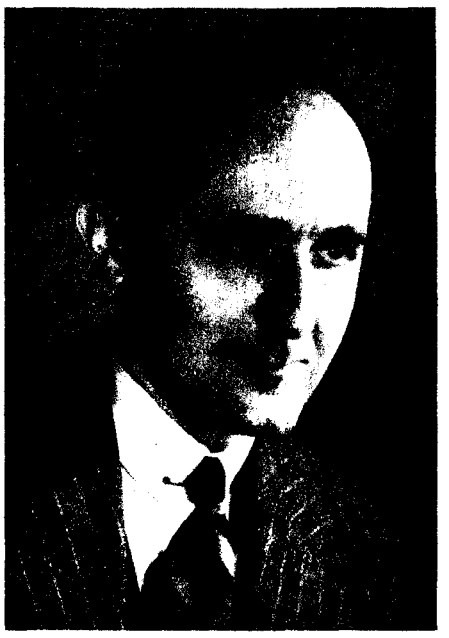
Are pent-up tears robbing you of slumber? Afraid to cry in bed because you hate damp pillows? The Heartbreak Pillow, shaped like a heart, is moistureproof. It's also handy if you like to be comfortable while writing under water with ball-point pens. At only $4.95, which includes a heart-shaped box, you can cry yourself happily to sleep.

Sleepers who can't relax unless they elevate some portion of their anatomy will welcome the $3.50 Tuck-In Pillow. Shaped like a dumbbell, it oozes with goose down and feathers. You tuck it under head, neck, back, side or arm—wherever you require tucking.

Finally, your pillowsophical outlook will be brighter with an $11.95 nonskid Prop-Pillo. This is for sitting up in bed to read, drink absinthe or practice yogi. Set it at any angle you like; a concealed metal frame prevents it from caving in. Can also be used as a doorstop.

If you're still a pillow martyr after testing these advantages, Norman Dine suggests that your only recourse is to remove your head before getting into bed.

That brings us to the bed itself. Is yours a bed of roses, thorns or unswept peanut shells? Is it too hard? Too soft? Too narrow? Does it sag? Has it hills and valleys? Would you trade it for a nice comfortable Army cot?



Norman Dine, the man who put a price-tag on slumber and raised it to a fine art, is the operator of the Sleep Shop

Norman Dine insists that your mattress should be at least seven inches longer than you are, and eight inches wider. He points out that you toss around in your sleep at least 20 times a night. If you fuel up on high-octane pie before bedtime, you are guaranteed 50 revolutions per night.

To emphasize the need for an adequate-size bed, Dine likes to recall the mythical playboy, Procrustes, who invited travelers to spend the night in his tavern. There he would arbitrarily fit his guests to his beds. He cut the guests down if the beds were too short, extended the guests if the beds were too long.

Dine contends that this is oversimplifying the problem.

Fred Allen once came into the Sleep Shop to order a round bed. Dine, whose masterpiece is a seven-foot square bed designed for a Mormon in Salt Lake City, wanted to know why it had to be round. Allen replied earnestly, "So I never get up in the morning on the wrong side of the bed."

Dine presented him with an estimate of $500. Allen settled for a goose-hair lamp shade.

Marriage complicates the mattress problem. Most wives prefer the mushy mattress with dimples. Husbands like the Spartan mattress with a bit of the "who-ya-pushin'-bud" spirit. So couples sleep on mushy mattresses. And husbands the world over toss fretfully, jerk blankets off their wives, and force these shortsighted women into the small, icy corners of their beds.

Science has rushed breathlessly forward with a solution—the Jack Spratt Mattress. Soft on the sybarite's side, unyielding on the ascetic's side, this split-personality mattress pampers both husband and wife for a nominal $59.50.

If your trouble is a bedmate who wrestles with dream tigers, or gradually hogs the bed until you wake up on the floor, the same price will get you a Bundling Mattress. A heavy row of coils in the center of the mattress effectively discourages crossing the line.

Try This Defensive Barrier

A $6.95 Bundling Bolster fitted to your own mattress will also protect you from your restless sleeping partner. This is a firm, upholstered roll, three inches in diameter and six feet long. Strings anchor it at either end of the bed. If this fails, try barbed wire.

Nothing beats the Gyratory Mattress for pure, muscle-melting relaxation. Helen Hayes shelled out $90 to put one under her husband Charles MacArthur. This model vibrates with ohms and volts, and massages as you drowse.

Should this wide range of exotic mattresses arouse no fierce possessive desire in your breast, there is also the mattress which zips into two halves. This accompanies the $275 Ambivalent Bed, also defined as the Sometimes-I-Love-You-Sometimes-I-Hate-You Bed. A duplex swinging unit, it splits into twin beds at the drop of a hat or a particularly nasty remark.

Your inability to relax may stem not from the bed alone. High up on the list of reasons why men hate women, women detest men, and both lie awake nights with clenched fists is the snore. No laughing matter, there are cases on record of snorers being smothered to death under pillows by their temporarily insane spouses.

The Sleep Shop provides a Whistling Snore Ball for $1. You pin this to the back of the sleeper's pajamas or nightgown. The pressure of the ball and the plaintive whistle it emits when squeezed keep the sleeper off his back. Since this is the position which inspires most snorers, quiet should prevail except for intermittent peeps from the Snore Ball.

If you own the kind of bedmate who could snore comfortably on a picket fence, a better bet is the $2 Snore Handcuff. This snaps over one wrist, and fastens to a chair or night table. Chained fast on one side, the snorer is prevented from rolling over into his favorite serenading position. Of course, you might possibly wake up to find your bedmate snoring happily on his back, and a table or radiator snuggled cozily in bed between you.

While the Sleep Shop is a national institution, only New Yorkers enjoy its emergency sleep service. If a Manhattanite wakes up screaming in the middle of the night, a phone call to Western Union promptly brings a first-aid Sleep Kit from Dine's headquarters. This contains Hush-a-Bye Tea; pine bath salts; thermometer; lotion for Highland-fling nerves; ear corks; sleep shade; and a copy of facts every young insomniac ought to know.

After spending $843.65 for the 45-odd purchases of sleep paraphernalia so essential to the professional sleeper, you may find yourself still wide-awake. Don't be discouraged.

Every well-equipped household already has a 98-cent hammer. Hand this to your sleeping partner and close your eyes. Used first, this technique can save you $843.65. THE END

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"I'm from Milwaukee, I ought to know...

Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer!"

SAYS Pat O'Brien

co-starring in "The Bail-bond Story," an RKO Production

"My home town of Milwaukee," says Pat O'Brien, "is also the home town of America's finest premium beers.

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Pat O'Brien's trophy room is filled with priceless mementos from the world of sports. "And," says Pat, "the refrigerator is always amply stocked with Blatz, Milwaukee's *finest* beer."

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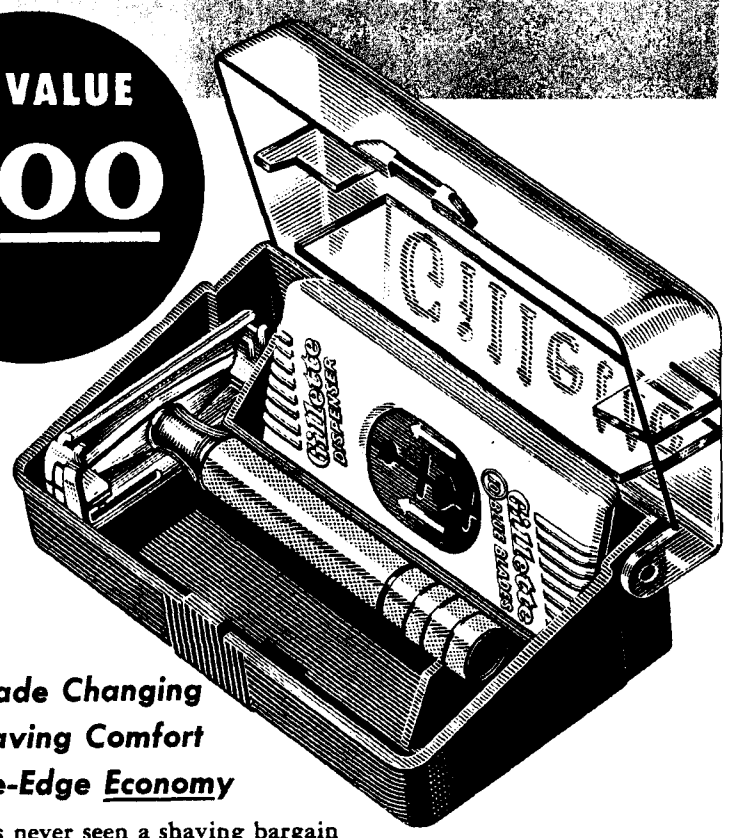

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look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades

WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

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Send Me Home in a Barrel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

case of the "slows," regards the training gate as a steel trap and all exercise boys as edible. The picnic is over when Hodgins decides that he will start him at the Downs, our home track.

The reports I have been getting from the boys around the stable about his dazzling lack of speed are frightening. I am convinced that Oscar should make his maiden effort at Tijuana or some equally distant horse spa. Hodgins just reminds me that institutions are filled with people who've tried to expert two-year-olds.

OF COURSE, Oscar Rumpert, the man, has to sit in the press box with me. When Oscar, the horse, comes skittering out on the track trying to make a meal of the outrider, I get the horrors. I put my glasses on the jock and he looks like he'd rather be aboard a mountain lion. Rumpert is too busy admiring his name in the Form and the program to notice these fine points.

Well, they finally get Oscar in the gate without having to call for a derrick. When they come out he's on top and Rumpert sounds like a Comanche with colic. On the far turn the caller says it's Oscar Rumpert, Idlewild and Tiptoes. Rumpert grabs my glasses and nearly chokes me to death. At that point I could have died happy.

When they hit the top of the stretch, though, there's a lot of congestion. I figure it's just one of the two-year-olds deciding on a steeplechasing career. I'm wrong. It's Oscar Rumpert running out of gas and the rest of the horses trying to keep from trampling him. He straggles home all alone by eighteen lengths, about as lonesome as you can get in a six-furlong affair.

Rumpert is about ready to jump out of the press box, and I'm wishing he would. "Posey," he screams, "get that jockey's name! That young scoundrel! Posey, did you see him pulling our horse? Just plain standing up pulling. Nearly sawed the horse in half. Posey, you go down there right now and tell those stewards."

I see the jockey standing up all right but he ain't pulling. He's just thinking about getting off and walking. I don't say anything, because I am overjoyed at the way Rumpert is digesting his disgrace. After five minutes I convince him that the stewards are headless horsemen and he settles for a talk with Hodgins.

Hodgins is in the paddock and you can hear Rumpert all over the place telling him that his poky little namesake has met with foul play.

"Hodgins," he bellows, "don't you ever let that bandy-legged little outlaw ride our horse again!"

Hodgins gives a little laugh I don't care for and says, "I'm afraid I won't have any say-so in the matter, Mr. Rumpert. Somebody claimed the horse."

Well, that suits me fine. I hope it's some Brazilian horseman who will take Oscar back home with him right away. Rumpert wants to know all about the claimer and does Hodgins think whoever it is will change Oscar's name. People very seldom change horses' names, but in the case of Oscar Rumpert the odds drop.

"I don't see why he should change it," Hodgins says. "The man says he's a good friend of yours."

That brings Rumpert up short. He doesn't know he has any good friends.

"What's his name?" he asks real suspiciously.

"Fellow name of Tom Short," Hodgins says.

Brother, with that I fade. Tom Short

COLLIER'S

"Golly, that sure wasn't much of a lecture; I didn't finish half what I had to tell you"

KATE OSANN

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"I tell you it's a certain way to get back on our feet. We touch off a war with them, offer token resistance, sign an unconditional surrender and then sit back and wait for the flood of rehabilitation goods"

COLLIER'S — ROBERT DAY

is the opposition publisher. He and Rumpert make Field and McCormick seem like the Bobbsey Twins. Their feuding has been the talk of the town for years. I hit every bar on every level back to the press box and I still get there with the shakes just thinking what Short can do with a long-tail turtle named Oscar Rumpert. . . .

Next morning there's a banner on the Times sports page: OSCAR RUMPERT IN TOM SHORT'S STABLE. Short is quoted as saying: "I couldn't resist that name. If the horse is anything like the man, here's nothing he won't do for a dollar. I expect to surpass Citation's winnings sometime this summer." It's a very funny story. I couldn't have laughed any harder over my own death notice.

RUMPERT calls me down to his office but I beat him to the draw. "I resigned at nine twenty," I say. "Or did the Times hit the street earlier than that?"

"Oh, no you don't!" he roars. "You got me in this—now you get me out of it. Go buy a horse and name him Tom Short."

"You know you can't do that," I tell him. "You got to have permission."

"Get permission!" he roars again.

"You got to have Tom Short's permission," I say.

The veins are standing out so far on his big bald head he looks like a spaghetti ad. "Posey," he says, grinding his two good teeth together, "there'll be a month of racing at the Downs. If at the end of that time, Tom Short still has that horse, I—"

"You're going to fire me," I say hopefully.

"Oh, no!" he bellows. "There must be something worse I can do than just fire you. I'll have my lawyers look it up and notify you."

As I back out bowing, he resumes his autopsy of the Times sports pages.

Well, while I am laying plans for a horsenaping, things go from bad to horrible right quick. Short puts Oscar in an allowance race, and the wretch flounders home last again. This time by fifteen lengths.

The Times runs itself another sassy headline: SHORT SAYS OSCAR RUMPERT BIGGEST DOG IN HISTORY.

Rumpert retaliates with a front-page open letter to the Racing Commission accusing Short of ruining a great horse and betraying thousands of racing fans in a cowardly attempt to embarrass a more successful competition.

That busts things wide open. The Times runs a front-page interview with Oscar's most recent jockey. This nasty little urchin says it's vice versa—riding Oscar ruins a jockey. He adds that the only way sportsman Short will ever break even on Oscar is to sell mining stock in him, as he has large deposits of lead in each foot and a mother lode of the stuff in his rear.

Over my anguished protests, Rumpert then proceeds to really mess himself up. He challenges Short to let Jockey Jesse Turner, an honest, heavy-handed boy, ride Oscar his next out. Short snaps that up and, so that Rumpert can't say he puts Oscar in over his head, he drops him in a maiden affair with a bunch of young goats also noted for their belated arrivals. He insists also that Rumpert give Turner his instructions.

I am right there and the instructions are short and sweet. "Turner," he says, "there's five thousand in this for you if you win. I will cover any expenses you might incur disabling any other horses and jockeys who might try to keep you from collecting." Rumpert isn't taking any chances on Short having tampered with Turner's loyalty.

THE race goes down as the roughest thing since the Charge of the Light Brigade. Turner breaks Oscar on top and keeps him there till they hit the turn. Stevens makes a run at him and gets a noseful of whip for his trouble. Stevens drifts back and Phinney tries it and gets a dose of the same. Then Banghart tries edging in on the rail. He nearly winds up in the infield. Hancock tries the outside, but Turner takes Oscar wide and Hancock just about goes up in the stands.

This is too much for Oscar. He folds like a ruptured accordion. Every horse in the race goes around him. All except

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"It's the machine which multiplies production"
"More than machines it's our philosophy of more goods of better quality at lower costs plus higher wages"
"Free markets and competition made America"
"It's know-how and our ability to invent things"
"It's labor's right to organize and bargain with its employers"
"It's our willingness to invest money in new undertakings"

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Yes, each one is right about the U.S. Way...

but only partly right at best!

Did you ever stop to think that there never has been—and probably never will be—another country just like America, or as strong as America? And have you ever noticed that—even here—there is seldom agreement as to *why* America is strong? What is the answer?

The answer seems to be that *no one quality* ever completely describes or defines America. We're strong because we enjoy the most unique *combination* of qualities that keep a nation strong and productive of any country on earth.

But we have only just begun. We can go on to greater heights—if we all pull together to produce more and more for every hour we work. Teamwork to produce better has usually brought us higher wages, shorter hours, better quality and more happiness for everyone.

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one, that is. His jock can't join the passing parade, because Turner locks legs with him. The jock finally beats Turner off and Oscar comes home in his usual isolated state. Some seventeen lengths off.

Rumpert is so mad he's green. He gives me a check for Turner and takes off. The check is for a grand which I figure is about right because, for his one-man imitation of Attila and his Huns, Master Turner is disqualified for the rest of the meet.

The Times dedicates an eight-column line to the debacle: SHORT GRIEVES AS OSCAR RUMPERT MAKES ASS OF HIMSELF BEFORE 35,000.

Naturally, I get another summons to appear before my lord and master next morning. He looks like a bilious Buddha sitting there smoking and fuming. He gets an evil grin on his face and says that he's got Short licked. That news makes me the happiest of men. But not for long. Rumpert's plan is plain lousy. He just wants me to find some other Tom Short who will consent to have a horse named after him. The idea is that there is only one Tom Short as far as our town is concerned.

As I am telling him that the idea is not worthy of such a great mind as his, my idea strikes me. "Mr. Rumpert," I say, "give me a month's leave and an unlimited expense account and I guarantee Short will come to you on his knees."

He jumps like his appendix has burst. "Holy loving Peter!" he screams. "You think I've gone completely mad, Posey?"

I act like I got some feelings. "All right, Mr. Rumpert," I say, "if that's the way you feel about it there's nothing I can do but mention your poor, tortured soul in my prayers. Or go to Mr. Short and ask him to please quit making such a damn' fool of a helpless old man."

That throws all of his organs into an uproar. "Posey," he grunts, "why can't you tell me what this mental miscarriage of yours is?"

I'm not positive that the thing will work so I tell him that he will play his role better if it comes as a complete surprise. He says he has loathed surprises since his first jack-in-the-box. We keep wrangling until I tell him a lie about how a big magazine is planning on maybe doing a piece on Oscar. That brings him around. The way he's fretting when I leave, you would think I am taking one of his lungs along with me.

IN ONLY seventeen days I'm back. Is he glad to see me? No. "Posey!" he screams. "Where is my $6,000?" Just like that. No "Hello, how are you, Posey? Have a nice trip, Posey?" Just where is his money. All right, six grand does kind of make an expense account sag in the middle but it goes for a good cause—mostly.

I finally persuade him to wait a week for developments before burning me at the stake.

He doesn't like waiting. Oscar has disgraced the name twice more while I am gone and Short is working up a climax gag with a psychiatrist. He says there is something on the horse's mind that keeps him from running. They run a picture of Oscar stretched out on a couch they've rigged up in his stall, and Short's psychiatrist friend is shown taking notes. The case is running in serial form and we figure the blowoff will be that the name has given the horse a terrific inferiority complex.

To keep Rumpert from going nuts, I persuade him to go to the wrestling matches with me. Nothing like low comedy to get your mind off your troubles. Well, just before the main act comes on, some ape in the crowd spots Rumpert and starts hollering for somebody to throw a saddle on him. These sentiments are highly contagious, and Rumpert calls me a lot of dirty names and starts to leave.

Right then the crowd in back hollers for him to sit down, the hocus-pocus is about to continue. Acey Williams, the promoter, is in the middle of the ring announcing in his best broken English that Tiger Thomas, one of the headliners, won't be able to show. However, there is a most talented, most courageous substitute taking his place.

The crowd hollers its low opinion of Acey's ancestry, but nothing really spectacular until the substitute pops into the ring. Then there is a thunderous demand for Acey's head. His new boy has the chest and shoulders of an eel, the stomach of a kangaroo and the legs of an Indian holy man. He forfeits any pity by alternately beating on his concave chest and shaking his fists at some dear old lady around the ringside who is telling Acey she is going to call in the S.P.C.A.

Acey finally quiets the wolves down long enough to make the introductions. In one corner he's got Ali Baba, the Persian Plague. Ali is really a Greek boy who used to play tackle for Fordham. He's all muscle. "And in this corner," bellows Acey, pointing at the skinny character, who is still trying to intimidate the old lady, "we have the newest sensation of the mat world, TOM SHORT, THE WRESTLING PUBLISHER."

There is a bewildered silence—and then the house nearly comes down. When Acey adds that he is wrestling under the guidance of another publisher, Oscar Rumpert, the ushers are having to pick customers up out of the aisles. Oscar, the horse, is about to be avenged. I allow Rumpert to kiss my hand and bless my soul before I go over to the ringside to direct our photographer in the shooting of Tom Short, wrestler.

Baba is one of the world's great Thespians and he makes the proceedings look like an autopsy on the hoof. The next morning we've got three shots on the sports page and one on the front page. This last one shows our Short in the throes of something Baba calls a Zoroaster Slip Knot. There's about a yard of Short's tongue showing and his eyes are big enough to be on somebody's fenders. PUBLISHER TOM SHORT CAUGHT IN NEW POSE, says the cut line. HEAD INSTEAD OF TAIL BETWEEN LEGS.

Well, old man Short tries throwing everything in the book at us. He don't get past the flyleaf. Our boy's name really *is* Tom Short. I had to hunt up Shorts in seven towns before I found him in Cincinnati. For five grand he would have crawled into a crematorium, much less a ring.

As to that added touch of him being a publisher, I had him put out a mimeographed pamphlet of French bedtime stories before leaving Cincy. That qualified him. As for Acey, the promoter, he was delighted to fall in with the plot, having been peeved at Short ever since the publisher started running wrestling news on the drama page.

ANYHOW, we return Short's favors—with interest. He is crucified editorially, pictorially and any other way that comes to mind. He turns out to be pretty thin-skinned. After a story headlined: SHORT THRASHED BY ELDERLY MIDGET HE THREATENED, and a picture of said midget standing on our Short's chest, the other Short calls it quits. Rumpert summons me, almost politely.

"My boy," he says, "I can almost gaze upon you now without retching. Mr. Short is running a front-page apology tomorrow for disgracing my little namesake. Not only that but he is making me a present of the gallant steed. I'm going to continue racing him. I'm changing his name, of course. Naming him after a very dear friend of mine."

"Who?" I ask him, "Tom Short?"

"No," he says, "Jim Posey."

See what I mean? THE END

COLLIER'S

"Please don't stay out too late. I have to get my baby sitter home before midnight!"

JARO FABRY

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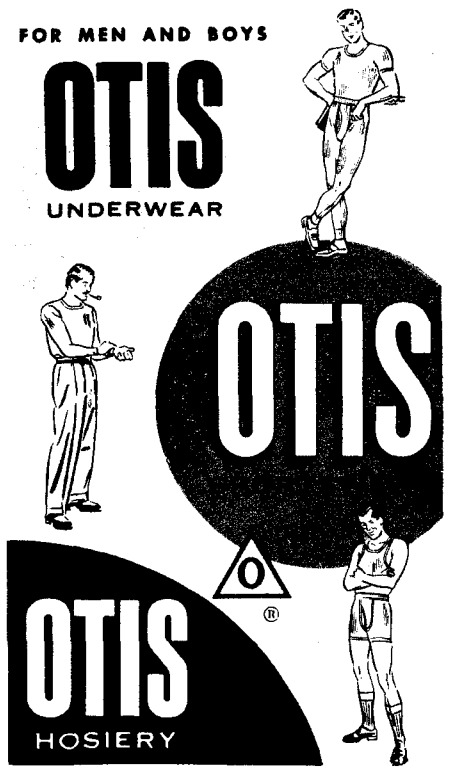

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Tanker Run North

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

In the days between, the ship had been plowing along at 13 knots, fighting a nor'easter and taking them green over her bow. The seas swept her decks, which were only a few feet above water because she was carrying nearly 3,500,000 gallons of oil. Her forecastle, midships house and afterhouse, standing out like three islands, were connected by narrow catwalks ten feet above the main deck. Getting from midships, where the deck crew lived, to the afterhouse, where they ate, made a nice, wet 75-yard dash through white, wind-swept wave crests.

The 17,500 tons of ship and cargo rode steadily, like a semisubmarine, and the wind shotgunned spray against the bridge ports. Over on one side of the bridge, the third mate was brewing midwatch coffee; on the other side, the wheelsman stood, hands in pockets, thinking about the farm he was going to buy sometime. The engine-room telegraph showed Full Ahead and the gyro kept her stem pointed 322 degrees—a little north of northwest.

Skipper Crochets a Spread

In his dayroom just aft the chartroom, Captain Gus Johnson, "the Old Man," crocheted a wildly colored bedspread, and below, the pilot worked on his seven-hued rug. Nobody seemed to be running the ship except Iron Mike, who grumbled occasionally in his steel housing and told the steering engine to swing the rudder to port or starboard whenever the long, high swells smashed at the starboard bow and threw the Bryant off her course.

As we had boarded the Bryant in San Francisco Bay, the long dark hull of another oiler lay directly ahead of her. Her nameboard read California Standard, and crude oil from far beneath the hot Saudi-Arabian desert was coming ashore through her pulsing hoses. She had brought it from the Persian Gulf, some of the first Asian oil ever to come into California.

It was an experimental shipment to find out about costs, transportation and how the oil would work in American refineries. But, roughly, it marked the end of an era—America's turning point. From here on we would be buying more oil from other countries than we would sell them. The gay days when Uncle Sam had oil running out of his ears were over.

While the California Standard pumped Arabian oil ashore, the Bryant's hoses were filling her tanks with everything from aviation gasoline to heavy lubricants for Alaska, where our new Army, Navy and Air installations form a chill bastion against any attack across the top of the world. With the fiasco of the Canol pipe-line project as an example of how not to ship oil in subzero temperatures, the tankers were operating as they would in a new war.

In peacetime, most of the world depends on tankers like the California Standard and the Bryant; in wartime, they would be the vital link that would keep our Army, Navy and Air Forces working. Without them we'd lose the war.

At the head of Resurrection Bay, a long, winding fiord between steep-sided mountains, is Seward, the tiny settlement that is the seaward end of the government's wavering Alaska Railroad. The Bryant eases into the pier. The crew gets the hoses overside and coupled onto the pier pipes. The pumps start their monotonous *thump-rump-thump-rump*, and everyone who can be spared hustles back to the galley for bacon and eggs, hot cakes and mugs of hot coffee.

Out in the channel lie the lean, gray shapes of Navy ships. Back in the old, comfortable days, the Navy seldom came here. The admirals held that maneuvers were best conducted somewhere off San Diego, though Puget Sound was possible in summertime. But those days are over. The Navy is learning how to operate in subzero weather.

But the old feud between the Navy and the Merchant Marine goes on. Around midnight a destroyer comes sliding up the channel and drops her hook. A man tending valves on the tanker looks over at her, grins and says, "Must be letting the Navy run nights, now!"

In town Navy boys and tanker men are drinking beer together and chumming generally. The Navy needs the oil and the oilers need the Navy and deep down each respects the other.

A few hours later the pumps are silent again, the hoses come aboard, the lines are cast off and the ship is running down the channel.

Across the bleak, wind-swept Gulf of Alaska, the Bryant, half her oil ashore now, heads for Cape Decision, a wave-battered rock at the south end of Baranof Island.

As we head into Sumner Strait, the darkness closes down and Captain Williams, for exercise, maybe, calls the courses into Ketchikan. Captain Johnson, after a look around and a seven-bells mug of coffee, says good night and turns in. The wheelhouse is black except for the yellow glow over the compass and the clock, the red shine over the rudder and engine-room indicators and the greenish-yellow glint of the radar screen where the thin, pencil-line of light circles endlessly, painting the picture of everything around the ship.

Captain Williams lights a new cigar and checks up. We are going through Snow Pass, where there are hidden rocks, shoal patches and a few hundred yards of fairway that are beset by tide rips. A two-second mistake there and that's all. Iron Mike is cut out and a good man stationed at the wheel. The engine-room telegraph is set to Stand By. As the land closes in, the radar's scope is cut down, first to six miles and then, as we go boiling into the pass, to a mile and a half. Tiny blobs of light show up—fairway buoys. We head for them, passing them closely.

Rough Going in Snow Pass

The mist swirls down, but the radar ignores it. The buoy lights are invisible now and the ship is speeding along at 20 knots, hurried by the flow of the tide. Captain Williams, chewing on his cigar, calls the courses quietly, the wheelsman repeats them, the mate on watch notes them in the log. Ten minutes later the ship is through the narrow, fog-filled gut and the coffee is boiling away on the electric stove beside the log table.

As the ship pitched through the watermountains built up by a Force 9 nor'easter, the talk turned to the danger angle. How about wartime?

"Of course tankers are vulnerable," said the mate, "but I'd rather go through a war on one than on an ammunition ship. Lots of tankers got torpedoed in the war, but a lot of them got home afterward, just the same. According to the statistics, about 26 per cent of all the tankers operating at the time of Pearl Harbor had been sunk when the war ended. But I'll still take tankers."

During the war a great many sea-run mariners were drafted into the specialized tanker service, and why half the oilers didn't explode and burn at sea, today's tanker men can't figure out.

"Some of them," continued the mate,

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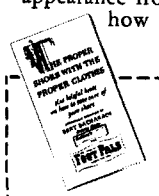

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peering through the scud ahead, "didn't know that gasoline expands in hot weather. They just filled the tanks and went ahead. After a while they had gasoline practically coming out of the tops of the masts and spilling in deck. You could always tell their ships—the masts would be streaked with green or whatever color there was in the gas."

Even in peacetime, floating around on several million gallons of high-test gasoline may sound like a dangerous life, but statistically, tankers are the safest ships at sea. Every company has a safety department, which works with the unions and crews. And the crews are the first to punish any member's carelessness.

The Old Man chatted about the days 50 years ago, when he was a boy in the windships: $15.00 a month for an able-bodied seaman's rating, salt horse and hardtack, a hammock in the reeking forecastle and a bucket over the side if you wanted a bath—which mostly you didn't. And no automatic washing machines, as they have on the Bryant.

"And no cigarettes at 90 cents a carton from the slop chest," said the third.

The wheelsman, an A.B., still stood thinking about his farm, as well he might. He was making $400 a month, plus a limitless amount of food, a good cabin, hot fresh-water baths, a circulating library, free medical service and a pension at the end. The only thing he suffered from was the occupational disease of the oilers—tankeritis.

Wives See Little of Them

Once a seaman gets tankeritis it stays with him, and he stays with the oilers. The pay is high, the food good and the quarters comfortable. The main drawback is that tankers seldom stay in port for more than a few hours, and married tanker men usually have time only to rush home, kiss the wife hello and good-by and get back to the ship.

Some tanker men get cash for their heavy overtime, while others, by their contracts, have to lay off when they have accumulated so much. It is not unusual, under this system, for an officer to take a three-month vacation at full pay.

Hauling oil has come a long way since the first of it went to sea in barrels which leaked into the holds of the old windships. Some of them blew up far from land, ignited by a spark from the galley. Later, oil was canned and stowed solidly. This was safer but still too expensive to load and unload.

In 1885, a German shipowner named Wilhelm Riedemann bought an old ship, the Andromeda, that had been built as a warship for the North in the Civil War. He fitted her with 72 steel tanks, connected by pipes, and she carried nearly 700,000 gallons. In several years' service the Andromeda proved profitable, and Riedemann went on to have the Gluckauf built in 1886; it was the first steam tanker.

Americans had been watching this development, and in the same year, the first Yankee tanker, the Standard, was built at Chester, Pennsylvania, for Standard Oil. She was a small ship, hauling only 250,000 gallons, but her descendants grew rapidly. After the first World War, they became 10,000-tonners making ten knots. Now, the average tanker holds around 17,000 tons and makes better than 14 knots. New ones will soon be hauling 8,500,000 gallons at 16 and 17 knots. They'll be bigger than many passenger liners.

The Bryant is 460 feet long and weighs less than 5,000 tons. But she can carry much more than twice her weight in oil.

Despite the high wages and good living she provides her crew, the Bryant still hauls oil for about one-eighth the cost of sending it through a pipe line. It is actually cheaper to produce oil in Saudi Arabia and other Middle East fields and bring it in by sea than it is to buy domestic oil and pipe it to markets in other parts of the United States.

An oiler isn't just a tank. She's a honeycomb of from 20 to 30 separate tanks and can carry a score of different oil products. As each of these is pumped in at the dock, the amount is recorded on a tape. At the unloading port, hoses are coupled to the tanks, the pumps are started and the oil flows ashore. Again the tape tells how much.

On the return trip, some of the tanks are filled with sea water for ballast. Others are scoured with hot sea water from high-pressure jets. A few hours before reaching port, all the tanks are emptied so the ship can take on more oil within a few minutes of tying up.

Many tanker men start as ordinary seamen and work up to the rank of master. There are six master's licenses on the Bryant: the captain, pilot, three mates and one seaman all carry them. With diligence, a man can start at the bottom and become a master within ten years. But there are always more captains than ships, and a master in his twenties may have to wait until he's in his forties or more for his own ship.

People who live in cities may yearn for romantic, faraway places but they get only yawns from tanker men. Most oil docks are several miles from the bright lights. The ship is seldom in port long enough for any celebration. Home port is the most romantic to the tanker man: the wife waiting on the pier with the car, the meal or two at home, and then good-by for a week or two months.

Fourteen days out on her Alaska trip, her bow high out of water, the Bryant slipped under Golden Gate Bridge, slid through Raccoon Strait with the tide and rounded to against the oil dock. Almost before the docking master had told the mate to ring down Finished With Engines, the hoses were aboard and the pumps started their steady pulsing. It was ten o'clock at night.

Far up the pier, half a dozen wives waited for their men. Husbands kissed them and the girls asked, "How long this time, honey?"

"Three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Gee, seventeen hours this time. What's the delay?"

Tanker men's wives get tankeritis, too! THE END

COLLIER'S COVER CONTEST WINNERS

Here are the winners of Collier's Cover Contest, a competition which started August 23, 1948, and closed April 18, 1949. First, second and third prizes were awarded in each of five sections of the continental United States, in the group of territories and dependencies of the United States, and in Canada.

First award in each area was $1,000, second $750, third $500.

North Central States Winners

First: CARL MANSFIELD, Bloomingdale, Ohio
Second: HOWARD CLANIN, Anderson, Indiana
Third: E. D. RANEY, Columbus, Ohio

Northeastern States Winners

First: JOHN FORD & RICHARD PATTERSON, New York, N. Y.
Second: MRS. HARRIETTE ARCHER, Geneseo, N. Y.
Third: JACK WATERS, Binghamton, N. Y.

South Central States Winners

First: GRACE DE LA CROIX DAIGRE, Plaquemine, Louisiana
Second: JACK ZEHRT, St. Louis, Missouri
Third: TOWNSEND GODSEY, Columbia, Missouri

Southeastern States Winners

First: ARDEAN R. MILLER III, Coconut Grove, Florida
Second: JIMMY WILSON, Birmingham, Alabama
Third: ROBERT R. LEAHY, St. Petersburg, Florida

Western States Winners

First: MCLAUGHLIN & COMPANY, Phoenix, Arizona
Second: SYLVIA HOFFMAN, Los Angeles, California
Third: TOUCH GOLDEN, Denver, Colorado

United States Territories and Dependencies Winners

First: EDWARD D. ADAMS, Honolulu, Hawaii
Second: FRITZ HENLE, New York, N. Y.
Third: ARTHUR GRIFFIN, Winchester, Mass.

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First: ALFRED BLYTH, Edmonton, Alberta
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Third: GEORGE ELAND, Brockville, Ontario

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The Vague Specific

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

You have to be quick on the uptake, but there may be times when you can actually understand what your wife is talking about

A thing is a thing, isn't it?

THE other day my wife woke me from a nap and said, "Say, what about all those things out in the front room?"

"What *things*?"

"Why, you know," she said, "those things. All that stuff."

She sounded as though she supposed I knew exactly what she meant. I didn't. For all I knew, "those things" could have been the furniture, books, rugs, magazines, lamps, or the remnants of a sandwich I'd been eating. I never did find out what she meant, because just then the telephone rang and she went to answer it.

I tell this rather pointless story because it actually has a point: It refers to an American conversational peculiarity — the habit, common mainly among women, of referring vaguely to specific persons or things. I have named this the Vague Specific.

Women working together around the house are particularly addicted to this form of communication. Not long ago I copied down a conversation my wife and the maid had in the next room. It went this way:

"Here," my wife said, "you can take these."

"Where do you want them?"

"Oh, put them out there somewhere."

"With the others?"

"No," said my wife, decisively, "put them with those things behind the others."

The terrifying thing about this is that each knew exactly what the other meant. I can't explain this gift that women have, but I've analyzed it thoroughly and divided the Vague Specific into three general categories.

The first is the *Surrealist Vague Specific*. Once, from a distant room, my wife called to me:

"Say, come and do something about this box—it's rotten!"

Her words conjured up a picture reminiscent of a Salvador Dali painting: a headless torso, a melting watch, a rotten box.

"What do you mean?" I called.

"This box," she insisted, "is rotten!"

I went to investigate. The rotten box turned out to be an old window box, one that I'd been promising to fix. It was falling apart—but so far as my wife was concerned, it was rotten, so we threw it away.

This was similar to an experience suffered by a friend of mine, Arnold Uffelman, who appeared at my door one day looking haggard. "How about coming over and having a look at our washing machine?" he asked. "My wife says the thing on its side is acting funny." He sighed, and asked if I had anything to drink in the house.

After we'd fixed the washing machine—just a matter of readjusting the thing on its side—Uffelman and I fell to discussing this habit our wives have of being specifically vague. He thought of the second category: the *Vaguely Specific Individual.*

Uffelman's wife often turns to him and says something like, "What's the name of that fellow who drives the truck?"

Poor Uffelman knows of at least ten fellows who drive trucks, but he's never been able to think of the specific one his wife vaguely means.

I can sympathize with Uffelman, because all this is not unlike an announcement my wife sometimes makes to me when I get home from a tough cocktail hour at Pete's.

"The men came today," she says.

I never can tell which men she means, but I can never get up enough courage to ask. For a while, I had a system figured out to beat her at this game, but it backfired. The conversation went like this:

My wife: "The men came today."

Me: *(Craftily)* "What did you tell them?"

My wife: "I told them to go ahead."

The only satisfaction I got from this was the knowledge that, whatever the men had gone ahead and done, it was going to cost me money.

The third major category is the *Vaguely Specific Time*. I will list a few of these, with comments:

"Do you remember that time we were at the shore, and it rained?" (We've been to the shore 14 or 15 times; it's rained almost every time.)

"When was it that we had the Coes over?" (We've had the Coes over 12 times in the past two years.)

"What was the name of that couple we met the time we went to the Zeamers'?" (No comment here, except to point out the neat juxta-

"Remember the girl from the place with the stuff? Well, she's here"

position of the *Vaguely Specific Individual* and the *Vaguely Specific Time*. No mean feat.)

As I was saying, I can't explain all this. I thought I was on the trail of it the other day when I was reading a book on the psychology of American women, but just as I'd got to the second chapter my wife interrupted. "The woman's here for the money," she said. I gave the woman, whoever she was, her money, and then I went back to continue my reading—but somehow I couldn't find the book.

"Say," I asked my wife, "what happened to that book I had?"

For some reason, she didn't know what I was talking about. THE END

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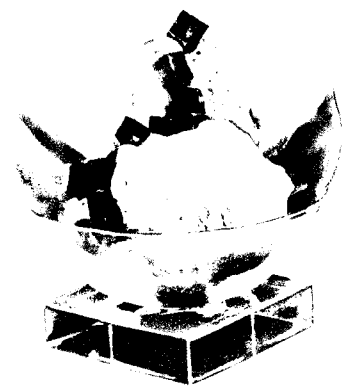
Favorite dinner dessert... **CANTALOUPE IMPERIAL**



1 pt. vanilla ice cream
½ cup honey
1 tbsp. lemon juice
¼ cup chopped candied ginger
1 large ripe cantaloupe

Purchase your favorite brand of ice cream. Combine honey, lemon juice and ginger. Chill overnight. Cut 3 slices from center of cantaloupe. Peel and remove seeds. Place on serving plates. Spoon ice cream into center of each slice. Top with liberal portion of chilled sauce. Makes 3 servings.

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The A-Bomb Won't Do What You Think!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the performance and achievements of bombardment aviation during World War II have been fully and accurately measured by the Bombing Survey, a neutral and highly competent technical group. We have the means, therefore, of making an honest, impartial evaluation of this instrument of warfare.

In the European theater, Anglo-American forces dropped 2,690,000 tons of bombs, of which 1,350,000 tons—50.3 per cent—were dropped on Germany. At the peak in 1944, 1,300,000 uniformed personnel were engaged in this strategic air offensive. Roughly half of the civilian war effort of Great Britain was devoted to the support of this single phase of the war. And what did 1,350,000 tons of bombs do to Germany? They killed approximately 500,000 people. The damage to property was stupendous. But *German production of war equipment increased steadily through all this aerial fury, until late in 1944,* when American forces already were in Paris and the Russians had recovered Poland.

The uses of the atom bomb and the limits of its usefulness emerge from the data on its performance. It is a very efficient means of killing people by surprise in urban concentrations—if there is any point in doing that.

But we have seen that there are clear disadvantages in destroying urban areas other than actual installations of direct military value to the enemy. The object of war is to persuade the enemy to abandon military resistance, not to kill his people and destroy the structures in which those people live and work.

By this criterion, the atom bomb should be of great utility—given the sort of war we have envisioned—against a few great industrial centers, against some oil-field developments and refineries, against some of the very largest of railway centers, and of course against seaport areas and harbor installations.

The last of these is a singularly tempting target. The second test at Bikini proved that a fission bomb detonated under water in a relatively small enclosed harbor will toss up tons of radioactive water and steam, spreading a fog of radioactive materials over the vicinity. This plagues all the ships and dock installations in a radius of perhaps a half mile. The radioactivity persists in the water and some structures for many weeks, even months. But this probably would not happen in shallow water—15 or 20 feet—because the surge of water and steam would be slight.

And this of course is of much greater interest to the United States, with its great fleet and its reliance on sea-borne trade than it is to the Soviet Union which has little of either. The United States Navy, quite properly, has taken pains to show that a task force steaming at sea is not a good target for the atom bomb. It is virtually proof against atom bombs. But the Navy should be equally concerned by the fact, which is indisputable, that a fleet at anchor in a harbor is an extraordinarily attractive and vulnerable target for atomic attack.

The atom bomb will not serve us as well as it will the Russians, once they have it and the means of delivering it to North America. Only about 14,000,000 people of the Soviet Union live in cities of a half million or more population. Our cities of that size or larger total nearly twice as many inhabitants all together. In percentage terms, 18 per cent of our mainland population live in cities of 500,000 or more, while in the Soviet Union only 7 per cent of its populace live in equivalent urban areas. As a matter of fact, half the people of the United States now live in 140 densely populated metropolitan areas surrounding cities of 50,000 or more population. We are an urban people; and we are just that much more vulnerable to the very technique of mass-destruction attacks which we have had the dubious honor of lifting to its greatest development!

The ratio is changing, to be sure. The Soviet Union is going through an industrial revolution which the Western democracies completed long ago. The urbanization of the Russian people is proceeding swiftly. Perhaps in 10 or 20 years the pattern may not be greatly different from our own, in respect to the concentration of people in compact cities.

One thing of great importance, however, is likely to remain much as it is. American urban centers are largely in the northeastern section of the country, in the area most open to Soviet air attack—however remote such attacks may be. The main population centers of the Soviet Union are much more dispersed, in contrast, because the development of heavy industry has been far to the south and east of Moscow and Leningrad.

One careful scientist, Dr. Philip Morrison, estimates that at least 1,000 atom bombs would be needed to do the same damage to Russia as was inflicted by the Germans in the Stalingrad campaign alone. Dr. Stefan T. Possony, drawing upon a wealth of experience in bombing-target selection and bombing evaluation, concludes that it would take something like 6,500 atom bombs to bring about the total destruction of the cities of a major enemy. So an atomic blitz, a quick war for total victory, is not something to count on.

It must be added that freedom of information makes a difference—and in our case a handicap. The United States is thoroughly mapped, and its strategic centers are known to all. The precise locations of almost all important targets are available to anyone who is interested. That goes for industrial and transport bottlenecks, for outright military installations, for atomic energy installations, for steam and hydroelectric power facilities. But this is not all true of the Soviet Union, whose industries have been on the march eastward and whose newer developments, such as those for atomic energy experiments have been cloaked in a secrecy far surpassing anything that is possible in a democracy.

We face another handicap in the fact that the atom bomb is peculiarly a weapon adapted to surprise, as we proved to a stunned world in 1945. The maximum utility of atomic weapons will lie in their use without warning, as the opening phase of a war. Such an enterprise would be a difficult one for a peacefully inclined democracy to undertake. It is among the innate handicaps of democracy that the people must be *persuaded* to make war. For a dictatorship, that is a hurdle much more easily surmounted. So the atom bomb, in the long run, is a weapon much more likely to be used by surprise *against us* than the other way around.

To be realistic, we must appraise the atom bomb as a weapon which can be used in two directions. And on this reckoning our advantage shrivels away rapidly.

Yet it is only the United States, and no other power in today's world, which is advancing the principle of mass destruction from the air as the key to future victory. The United States alone is building a strategic air force planned to lay waste cities as such.

In other words, it is the American concept of strategic air power which is guiding future war into the pattern of blind devastation. And in the long run, that is the sort of war from which the United States, with its urban concentration and high technology, will suffer most disastrously.

Atom bombs and long-range aircraft will never win a war for us. The rightful place of the atom bomb in American military policy, therefore, is very restricted.

We must keep it, and develop it, and have it ready—simply in order to retaliate if it is used against us. In our lawless world, that is our best hope of dissuading an enemy from launching an atomic attack on us.

But in the conditions of war that seem probable in the decade to come, the atom bomb should not be thought the instrument of *victory*. It is only an instrument of *destruction*. And while some destruction is incident to any military victory, they are not synonymous.

THE END

Ode for a Faded Freckle

Hail to Autumn, time of breezes,
Harbinger of sinus sneezes.
Time to free the fattened moth
From closets full of well-chewed cloth;
Time to woefully discover
Grime beneath the bright slip cover;
The curtain rods aglow with rust,
The overshoes collapsed in dust.

Greetings, Autumn, time of grief
For him who rakes the fallen leaf;
For her whose children, as all do,
Require a wardrobe, large and new;
For small fry back to school a-trooping;
For doctors diagnosing whooping.
Unwelcome Autumn, yearly curse,
Just stick around—for Winter's worse!

—PHYLLIS WRIGHT

Next Week

Francis Wallace's 10th Football Preview

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Your Opportunity to Win a Fortune While You Help the Orphans of America's War Heroes!

$55,000.00 in CASH PRIZES

YOU PERSONALLY MAY WIN AS MUCH AS $35,000.00!

$55,000.00 Cash will be awarded in this new contest sponsored by America's War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., the organization that helps the sons and daughters of *America's* fallen war heroes secure the educational advantages their fathers would have wanted them to enjoy. You personally may win as much as $35,000.00 of the 240 prizes which must be won!

BIG MONEY WAITING TO BE WON

While offering you the opportunity to win a fortune, we ask you to help restore to American war orphans the advantages they would have enjoyed had their fathers remained alive. These children are denied many things--even, sometimes, the care and attention of their mother who must work to support them. Trade schools, colleges and universities are allocating scholarships to educate war orphans yet many need funds for transportation, books, supplies, living expenses, medical care. And, of course, there are not nearly enough free scholarships to go around.

To help the orphans of America's war dead take advantage of educational opportunities offered us, we enlist your support by means of this contest.

240 CASH PRIZES!

Every penny of the net proceeds of this campaign (after paying for the prizes, advertising, and other necessary expenses) will be used by War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., to continue its good work. Your contribution will be not only an "act of charity", but a repayment of a debt all of us owe to the widows and orphans of our valiant war dead.

ENTER TODAY! YOU MAY WIN A FORTUNE!

Please help by entering the contest today. Remember—some skill and time spent now in solving the puzzle on this page may put your foot firmly on the road to fortune - may win you as much as $35,000.00!

How Well Can You Do With This Puzzle?

You will notice a list of animals' names under the puzzle. How many of these animals' names can you find in the puzzle?

FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS:

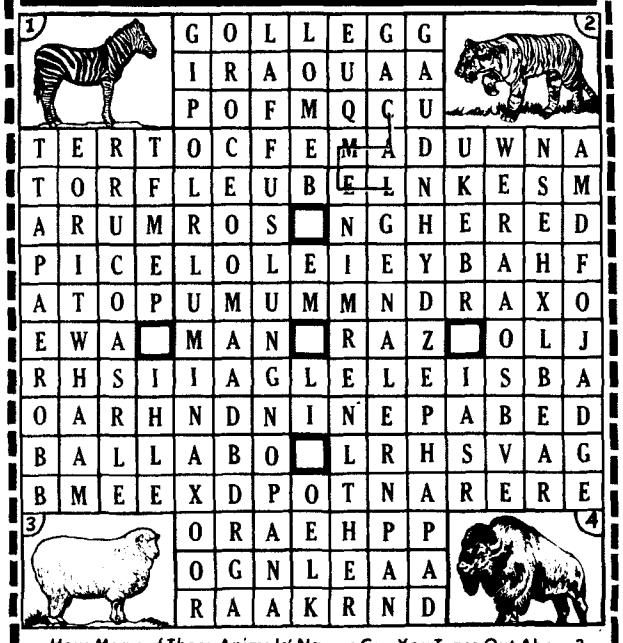
1. Find in the puzzle the first letter of any one of the listed names. Now try to find the second letter of that name in any adjoining square, either left or right or up or down but not diagonally. If you can, then proceed to find the third letter (remember it must adjoin the second letter either to the left or right or above or below). In that way, trace out the entire name. If you cannot, then although you have started with the right letter you may have started with the wrong square or maybe that particular name cannot be spelled out at all-for not all the names in the list are in the puzzle. (To illustrate how you find a name in the puzzle, we have traced out the name CAMEL for you. You will find it clearly marked out in the top part of the puzzle. We have also checked it in the list of animals' names below the puzzle. Be sure to take credit for it in adding up the number of names you have located.)

2. Once you have traced out a name you can then go to any other square in the puzzle and start tracing out another name from the list below the puzzle. However, you cannot use any letter square more than once. After you have located the name and traced it out in the diagram, place a check mark in the box to the left of that name in the list below the puzzle. Be sure also to fill in the number of names checked in the space provided below the puzzle. Be accurate for errors may cause you to lose out.

3. Now notice that there are five blank squares in the puzzle, and also four animals illustrated (see the four corners). You can obviously spell out more names if you fill in those five blank squares. Therefore fill in those blank squares with the five letters in the name of any one of the four animals illustrated. Those five letters can be placed into the five squares in any order you please. By experimenting you will find that certain letters are more helpful in certain squares than others. It is up to you to decide, after identifying the pictured animals, which of the four names is best to use.

4. You won't be able to use all of the letters in the diagram, nor will you be able to trace out all the names in the list. *But how many names can you find?* You earn 1 point for each listed name you trace out and check—plus 5 points for each animal's picture you identify. So be sure to fill in the five blank squares, and be sure to fill in clearly (in the spaces provided under the puzzle) the names of the four animals illustrated. The names of the animals illustrated in the puzzle need NOT appear in the list under the puzzle. If you identify the four pictured animals correctly and if you assume that the letter A is equal to 1, B to 2, C to 3, and so on, in the order of the alphabet to Z being 26, the combined value of the 20 letters that spell out the correct four names must be 223.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE AND ENTRY FORM


1
2
3
4
G O L L E G G
I R A O U A A
P O F M Q C U
T E R T O C F E M A D U W N A
T O R F L E U B E L N K E S M
A R U M R O S N G H E R E D
P I C E L O L E I E Y B A H F
A T O P U M U M M N D R A X O
E W A M A N R A Z O L J
R H S I I A G L E L E I S B A
O A R H N D N I N E P A B E D
B A L L A B O L R H S V A G
B M E E X D P O T N A R E R E
O R A E H P P
O G N L E A A
R A A K R N D

How Many of These Animals' Names Can You Trace Out Above?

☑ CAMEL	☐ GNU	☐ KANGAROO	☐ SHREW
☐ GIRAFFE	☐ COYOTE	☐ YAK	☐ OTTER
☐ MOOSE	☐ TAPIR	☐ LEOPARD	☐ COATI
☐ ELEPHANT	☐ BEAVER	☐ HYENA	☐ KUDU
☐ MOLE	☐ BAT	☐ PIG	☐ CARIBOU
☐ LION	☐ QUAGGA	☐ LEMUR	☐ NILGAI
☐ BEAR	☐ LAMB	☐ AGOUTI	☐ APE
☐ PORCUPINE	☐ PANTHER	☐ BABOON	☐ BADGER
☐ PANDA	☐ LORIS	☐ ELAND	☐ PUMA
☐ DESMAN	☐ FOX	☐ HARE	☐ BUFFALO
☐ HYRAX	☐ OCELOT	☐ WOLF	☐ BOAR
☐ IBEX			☐ LEMMING

Puzzle copyright 1949, War Orphans Scholarships, Inc.

To AMERICAN WAR ORPHANS CONTEST, Dept. 148 Washington 13, D. C.

I enclose herewith $..... contribution to the War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. Enter me in your contest. I have found ..... names including CAMEL in the puzzle diagram, as shown by the names traced out on diagram above and checked in the boxes provided. I have also identified the four pictured animals as follows: (must be filled in)

(1)_____(2)_____

(3)_____(4)_____

and have used the letters in ..... (fill in name used) to fill in the empty squares in the puzzle. (Please check below prize group or groups you are entering.)

( ) Enter me in Prize Group Number 1. First Prize $4,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $2.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group Number 2. First Prize $11,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $5.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group Number 3. First Prize $20,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $10.

ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED BEFORE MIDNIGHT SEPT. 30, 1949

NOTE: *You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups:*

Group No. 1 ($4,000.00 First Prize) $2 contributed.
Group No. 2 ($11,000.00 First Prize) $5 contributed.
Groups No. 1 and 2 ($15,000.00 combined first prizes) $7 contributed.
Group No. 3 ($20,000.00 First Prize) $10 contributed.
Groups No. 1 and 3 ($24,000.00 combined first prizes) $12 contributed.
Groups No. 2 and 3 ($31,000.00 combined first prizes) $15 contributed.
Groups No. 1, 2 and 3 ($35,000.00 combined first prizes) $17 contributed.

NOTE: Donations should be made payable to War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

SIGNED .....

Name .....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(ZONE NO. IF YOU KNOW IT)

Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry form will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Officers and Contest Committee of WAR ORPHANS SCHOLARSHIPS, Inc.

Maj. Gen. P. C. HARRIS, Chm.
Adjutant General World War I
U. S. Army, retd., Wash., D. C.

WM. E. McKENNEY, President
New York, N. Y.

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Former Veterans Administrator
U. S. Army, retd., Wash., D. C.

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World War II, U. S. Army, retd.

OFFICIAL LIST OF PRIZES—3 PRIZE GROUPS—WIN A PRIZE IN EACH GROUP!

GROUP 1		GROUP 2		GROUP 3	
$2.00 Donation Required to Enter		$5.00 Donation Required to Enter		$10.00 Donation Required to Enter	
1st Prize	$4,000.00	1st Prize	$11,000.00	1st Prize	$20,000.00
2nd Prize	$500.00	2nd Prize	$1,500.00	2nd Prize	$3,000.00
3rd Prize	$300.00	3rd Prize	$1,000.00	3rd Prize	$2,000.00
4th Prize	$150.00	4th Prize	$500.00	4th Prize	$1,000.00
5th Prize	$100.00	5th Prize	$250.00	5th Prize	$500.00
6th prize $100, 7th and 8th prizes, each $50, 9th prize $30, 10th prize $20, 70 prizes, each $10.		6th prize $250, 7th prize $125, 8th and 9th prizes, each $100, 10th prize $75, 70 prizes, each $30.		6th prize $500, 7th prize $250, 8th and 9th prizes, each $200, 10th prize $150, 70 prizes, each $60.	
Total	$6,000.00	Total	$17,000.00	Total	$32,000.00

HURRY! ACT NOW! Don't Let This Opportunity Pass You By!

There's a fortune to be won—and there's still time to win it. But that time will be up soon, and then this opportunity will be gone. So don't put it off. Start solving the puzzle at once, and get your entry in the mail promptly. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, September 30, 1949. Act—and act *fast*—to win your share of the $55,000.00 in Cash Prizes!

NEATNESS DOESN'T COUNT! NO LETTERS OR SLOGANS TO WRITE!

OFFICIAL RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. $55,000 will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules to the contestants who achieve the highest scores in solving the Official Contest Puzzle. This sum will be awarded in three prize groups: Group No. 1 with a first prize of $4,000.00; Group No. 2 with a first prize of $11,000.00; Group No. 3 with a first prize of $20,000.00. Each group has an additional list of 79 prizes each, making a total of 240 prizes in all. (See official list of prizes.)

2. To enter Group 1 a contestant must send in with his answer to the puzzle a donation of $2.00 to War Orphans Scholarships, Inc.; to enter Group 2 a donation of $5.00 is required and to enter Group 3 a donation of $10.00 must be sent in. A contestant may compete in any one, two or all three prize groups and once having entered may transfer his entry from any group or groups to any other group or groups by submitting the necessary additional donation any time within the limits set forth in Rule 7.

3. Each prize group will be judged separately. The contestant who submits the highest valid score in Group 1 will be entitled to first prize in Group 1. Second prize in Group 1 will be awarded to the contestant with the second highest score submitted in that list and so on until the 80 prizes in Group 1 have been awarded. Prizes in Groups 2 and 3 will be awarded similarly.

4. In the event of ties in any group (which seem likely, since this is a large national contest), as many prizes will be reserved in that group as there are tied contestants, before any prizes are awarded for lower scores. To break such ties these tied contestants will be required to send in solutions to a set of five tie-breaking puzzles. The solutions to puzzle No. 1 in this tie-breaking set will be judged first and then the tied-for prizes will be awarded in the order of the valid scores submitted. If this is not sufficient to break all ties and permit awarding of all the tied-for prizes, then the solutions to puzzle No. 2 submitted by the remaining tied contestants will be judged. If ties still remain, the solutions of the still tied contestants to puzzle No. 3 will then be judged and so on, if necessary, to puzzle No. 5. This may mean that puzzles Nos. 2 to 5 may not have to be judged. However, if further needed to break ties a second, third or even a fourth set (each of 5 such tie-breaking puzzles to be judged similarly) may be used (a possible total of twenty puzzles). All tie-breaking puzzles will be similar to the original puzzle, *though the letter maze may be larger and the picture* identification required embracing objects as well as animals may be more difficult and numerous. As in the original puzzle, word lists will be supplied with each puzzle. Tie-breaker puzzles will be judged on the same basis as the original puzzle. A limited time (never less than three days and possibly as much as two weeks), the same for each contestant, will be given for solving tie-breaking puzzles and they will be judged on the same basis as the original puzzle. Tied contestants will not be required to make any further contributions. Should final ties remain after the fourth series of tie-breaking puzzles, each tied contestant will receive the full amount of the prize for which he or she is tied.

5. The contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States except employees of War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., and its subsidiary units, its advertising agencies, its service organization, or members of their families. Also excluded is anyone who has won $500.00 or more in cash or kind awarded in any other puzzle contest prior to entering this contest, or any member of his or her family. Every possible precaution will be taken to enforce this provision. Only one member of an immediate family living at the same address may compete. All entries must bear a permanent home address in the Continental United States to which all contest mail will be sent. Where a contestant changes such permanent home address, War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., should be notified immediately, but War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., can, in no case, assume responsibility for delivery of mail. *In view of the uncertain address of members of the Armed Forces on active duty, and the consequent delay in mail delivery, this contest of necessity is not open to them.*

6. Each contestant will receive an acknowledgment and an entry number upon receipt of his or her solution to the Official Puzzle, which solution must be submitted on an Official Entry Form and must be accompanied by a contribution of $2.00 or more. In working out and submitting puzzle solutions, contestants must follow the instructions accompanying the puzzle. A contestant will not receive a higher score than that claimed nor than that earned. Neatness does not count, but unsigned or illegible entries, or entries so unclear as to be confusing, will not be considered, and donations accompanying disqualified entries will be returned after judging is completed. Where more than one entry is submitted by an individual, his or her highest valid score will be considered only in that group or groups in which that score is entered. That score will serve to compete in any one, two or all three prize groups, depending on the amount donated with that particular entry. An individual may win only one prize in each prize group.

7. All entries must be sent by mail to:
AMERICAN WAR ORPHANS CONTEST
Washington 13, D. C.
and must be postmarked before midnight, September 30, 1949, and received before 5 P. M., October 15, 1949, to be eligible for consideration. However, an extra sixty days from these dates is allowed for the mailing and receipt of additional donations to transfer from one group or groups to another group or groups. War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., will not be responsible for lost or delayed communications or for clerical or mechanical errors and each contestant by the act of sending in an entry agrees to be bound by the rules and instructions and, in any event, by the decision of the War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., and/or its Committee on Awards on any and all matters affecting the contest. In the case of the names of objects, the final authority is the Merriam-Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridged, Second Edition, 1949 printing.

8. Any contestant who accepts help of any kind from anyone (same family or household excepted) will be disqualified. Sworn statements to this effect will be required from all winners and every reasonable effort will be made to enforce this rule.

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This barbershop trio of young stars (left to right), Richard Stapley, Scott Brady and Lloyd Bridges, is in perfect harmony with the current shift to pastel shirts

Lloyd Nolan, one of Hollywood's better-dressed men, suavely combines his helio shirt with a gray and purple knitted tie

William Bishop, a young star all dressed up to go places, champions the popular tan nylon. His shirt effectively unites practical color with smart, distinctive appearance

Richard Basehart gives high priority to the blue Oxford with button-down collar. A top favorite, this shirt is a "must" for the complete wardrobe

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The Right Shirt On Your Back

By BERT BACHARACH

Solid colors predominate in a lively trend toward economy and distinction

I'D like to state, right at the outset that I'm all for the current trend to colored shirts; to stripes, figures and all the wide variety of plain colors. It makes sense from a lot of angles. And it's one of those all-too-rare trends that's good for Mr. Consumer.

Let's first take a look at the practical and economical side. In this day and age of soft coal and soot, especially in the large cities, a fresh white shirt won't stay presentable even for a half day. By the time you're ready for lunch, the cuffs and collar are badly soiled.

The same thing doesn't happen to a colored shirt; at least the soil does not show as badly and you can get through an entire day looking clean and neat.

By the same token, colored shirts do not have to be laundered as often as whites, and that means they'll give you much greater mileage before starting to wear out.

Of even greater importance to many men is the individuality that a colored shirt imparts to the wearer. It wasn't so long ago that a lot of men were thoroughly unhappy about the regimentation of our U.S. uniforms. They were wearing the same outfits as millions of others, and they longed only for the day when they could step out in color, color and more color! Yet the minute they got into civvies, millions started wearing white shirts—and they became as much of a uniform as the ones they'd been wearing.

Today, however, a lot of men are realizing that a blue, gray or tan shirt—to say nothing of the newly popular pink and other pastels—goes a long way toward making a smarter and more distinctive outfit. And as was the case with many other fashion trends, Hollywood was in the van. Motion-picture stars, whose livelihood depends in no small part on their good grooming, are wearing colored shirts and liking them. It's an odds-on bet that the public will follow Hollywood's lead.

Pink Isn't as Bad as It Sounds

There's no end to the colors and shades available this season. Blue is favored over most because of its adaptability to almost every clothing color, and because it is flattering to all complexions. Pink has been surprisingly popular, perhaps because it somehow doesn't look the way it sounds; it isn't the least bit garish or spectacular.

Canary yellow has also been good and adapts itself nicely to most clothing shades. Tans, browns, grays, greens, heliotropes—in both light and dark shades—offer an unparalleled spectrum of shirt colors for your selection.

All the foregoing doesn't mean that I'm anti-white shirts. They're okay in their place and, in many places, a white shirt is almost a "must" for proper dressing.

For business, street and sport wear and for all of the informal occasions, however, a colored shirt is smarter, more practical and far more economical. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Alan [illegible], smooth and cool in a green shirt that complements his handsome ensemble, gets a kiss from daughter Alana and a nod from the fashion experts

Frank Lovejoy breaks out a colorful canary-yellow shirt. This is a brisk change of pace from the drab Army uniform Frank wore in Home of the Brave

Reference Chart
Color Combinations

SUIT	SHIRT* *Predominant color*	NECKWEAR *Plain colors or combinations of*
Blue	Blue	Blue, Red, Gold
	Gray	Blue, Red, Gray
	Canary	Blue, Gray, Black
	Pink	Gray, Black, Red
Gray	Blue	Blue, Red, Gold
	Gray	Blue, Red, Gray
	Canary	Gray, Gold, Black
	Pink	Blue, Gray, Black
	Helio	Gray, Purple
	Green	Gray, Dark Green
Brown	Canary	Brown
	Pink	Red
	Green	Brown, Green
	Tan	Brown, Red, Gold
Green	Gray	Green, Brown, Gray
	Green	Green, Brown
	Tan	Green, Brown

**Note: Shirts of white or any of the off-white shades (oyster, cream, ivory) are proper with all of the above-mentioned suits*

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Cincinnati 2, Ohio
EST. 1923

Big Pickens Sister

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

for her to waste all that training on the kind of crooning and harmonizing that had made the trio famous.

She didn't want to be known as a laugh maker. Her sisters had been the comediennes of the act; Jane was the "big sister," the most dignified of the three. Audiences had never warmed to her as they had to the drollsters, Helen and Patti.

When, without her sisters, she approached the booking agents for a job, she found them strangely cool. She was sensitive and intelligent enough to understand. They didn't know how to classify her. Comediennes were in good demand but solo singers were a dime a dozen.

"What I'd really like to do," she told her sisters, "is concert work. Five years ago, before we started crooning, I would have said opera. And I still like to think I could get my voice in shape for the Metropolitan. But for the time being I'll be satisfied with a well-arranged and comprehensive concert program."

Concert managers didn't share her enthusiasm. They pointed out that she'd have to start at the bottom of the ladder. One of them said frankly, "It can't be done. You've got two strikes against you. How could we possibly present you as a serious concert performer? You're known far and wide as one of a rose-throwing trio—three kids who twang their noses imitating Uncle Ned's banjo."

Jane wasn't convinced. She still believed enthusiastically in herself. But she saw it would take a long, hard effort to get others to accept her at her own evaluation.

For the time being, in order to earn a living and keep up her musical training, she had to be satisfied with occasional jobs in night clubs, which she invariably called "saloons" no matter how exalted their status.

It wasn't easy for her to sing in "saloons." She tried hard to give the customers what they wanted, but no matter how hard she tried she hated what she was doing. Sometimes her contempt for it came through to her audience.

She fought a continual battle with her inner ideals and aspirations, but she kept hoping that whatever came along, it would somehow lead to wider horizons.

Many and Varied Engagements

She appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1936, which starred Fanny Brice and Gypsy Rose Lee, and then spent a year as Ed Wynn's beautiful stooge in Boys and Girls Together, participating in a lot of miscellaneous horseplay. After that she toured the country for a year as soloist with Eddy Duchin's orchestra. Next she did a season of night-club singing in Florida. Then she came back on the radio in the American Melody Hour, followed by a few guest appearances on the networks, and some more of the old routine of hotels and night clubs.

She found these "occasional" jobs weren't enough for her needs. She had to figure out a way to close the gaps between paydays and fatten the checks.

Jane drove herself harder, worked out her program more carefully and developed a bit of friendly patter to go in front of each number. It was no effort to deliver the patter in her lovely, liquid-pure Dixie dialect.

She spent a lot of time and thought on her personal appearance. She had always been an attractive woman, and well groomed. Now she has become one of the loveliest and best-dressed ladies in the land. That, according to the experts, takes brains.

One evening an impresario, who had known her father when the Pickens Sisters were children, sat through her act twice. Later he called her to his table and bluntly told her the facts of life.

"You're an intellectual snob," he said gravely, "and there's nothing worse. You've got a splendid voice. But it's cold because you're cold. Your sisters covered up for you when you were singing in the trio, but in solo work it shows through. Either get out of this work, or learn to like it and to like the people around you. They're not really such bad folks—just ordinary human beings."

Scars of a Broken Marriage

She was very angry, and hurt, but for many days afterward she couldn't help thinking over what he had said. She was sure he was wrong. It wasn't that she didn't like people; she retreated from them only because she was shy and tense. Her unhappy experience in marriage had left scars, made her afraid of being hurt.

Eventually she began to admit that her father's friend was probably more than half right. Then she had the frightening thought: Would this tenseness become a habit and a permanent part of her, so that she couldn't shake it off? Would it cling to her even if she achieved the career she wanted in concert or opera?

Jane took a few weeks off and went out to Hollywood. She put herself in the hands of Bob Alton, who stages dances and special numbers for some of Hollywood's biggest names. Alton is a very wise man and almost as good a psychologist as he is a coach.

"I want a new act for my work in the saloons," she told him.

"Don't ever use that word around here!" he said sharply. "Any act that I help you develop will be good enough for the Starlight Roof or the Persian Room—and those distinguished spots won't stand for such a name!"

He continued to be quite rough with the elegant Miss Pickens. After a week of trial and error on all sorts of experimental programs, he exploded.

"You've got to give!" he said. "You say you like people but you certainly don't show it. You're all locked up inside. You act superior, because that way you figure you won't get hurt. Well, you're wrong. For Heaven's sake, relax. Anybody might think you were slumming among the common folk. Get out of your shell and see if you can't enjoy yourself."

Even with that sort of talk he didn't get very far until he discovered that Jane was a devout Christian Scientist. There he found the key to unlock her pent-up personality. He interpreted her religion to her. He showed her how she must "hold the good thought," and how this would help her release her tensions, give her more serenity, make her more at home with her audiences.

The new "act" which she developed under this skillful guidance actually

Never Satisfied

Eighty per cent of America's pelf
Is spent by our wives—that's plenty.
But anyone married can see for himself
That they're after the other twenty.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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brought her, after some long detours, to three of New York's most exclusive engagements: the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria, the Cotillion Room of the Hotel Pierre and the prized stage of the Versailles Restaurant.

But better than those, it won her a regular spot on the NBC network, where the Jane Pickens show became a Sunday-afternoon feature, while another show was being readied for television.

Best of all, it led her to what she had been seeking all through those 12 plodding, laborious years—the star part in a Broadway operetta. The show will open late in October. It is a $140,000 production of Marc Blitzstein's musical version of Lillian Hellman's hit play The Little Foxes. Jane Pickens will have the part of Regina, the role made famous in the dramatic version by Tallulah Bankhead. It demands not only beauty, but a superb mezzo-soprano voice, intensity and fire. Those Jane has, thanks to the hard schooling she's had since the Pickens Sisters bowed out.

This year, too, she has at last fulfilled her ambitions to try out her talents on the concert stage. She has had a satisfying success with a few small recitals for which she chose programs including an operatic aria, a difficult number by Handel and a rousing Italian street song.

All the Clan Will Be There

At the opening of The Little Foxes there will be quite a gathering of the Pickens clan. All the sisters will be on hand. Patti, the youngest, is now Mrs. Robert Simmons; she will bring her husband and three children from their farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Helen, who used to play the drums, will fly from Hollywood, where she works in an advertising agency. She is happily married to Thomas Acheson, a distant kinsman of the Secretary of State. Grace will bring her husband, John Cahill, a lawyer who is now on the board of directors of the Radio Corporation of America.

Finally there will be Marcella, now in her teens and a talented art student in the Ringling Brothers Art School at Sarasota, Florida.

Pickens family gatherings have had a musical overtone for three generations. The tradition started with Grandfather Monte Pickens, who was a music professor at Bessie Tift College, a Baptist institution for girls, 70 miles from Atlanta. It continued with Father Monte Pickens, who was an Atlanta cotton broker and a fine pianist, and Mother Pickens, who was christened Adelina Patti after the most famous opera singer of the day.

Father and Mother were the ones who taught the girls the art of harmonizing and who insisted on Jane developing her teen-age talents. Thanks to their persistence, she won a four-year scholarship at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, where her voice teacher was the famous Madame Marcella Sembrich.

There are still a few people who think Jane has not fully submerged her snobbery. One New York critic predicts she will make an inadequate Regina in The Little Foxes. "She continues to be a bundle of nerves," he insists. "She will be a questionable substitute for Tallulah. And her voice isn't really great. She has just worked hard at it."

A rival singer, who was an unsuccessful contender for the part of Regina, commented, "What has Jane Pickens got that I couldn't have too, if I'd been raised in Jawja?"

She was answered, in a way, when Columnist Walter Winchell noted recently, "Jane Pickens gave up $1,500 per week at NBC to get ready for her role in the musical version of The Little Foxes. That's what they mean when they say 'Stage Struck.'" He might have added "and determined." THE END

Harriet Van Horne, author of this article, is radio editor of the New York World-Telegram

BUTCH

"But all his peanut butter and jelly sandwiches'll only go stale anyways if I don't eat them"

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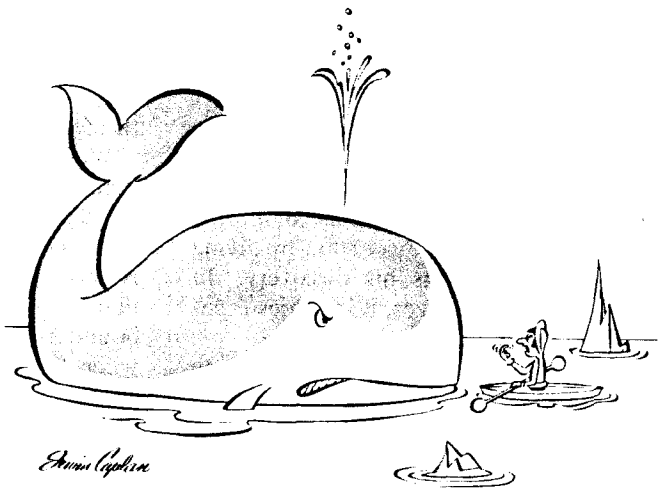

"You might as well come along quietly. I've had my Wheaties breakfast, you know."

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MAC SHEPARD

CURSE YOU, SINISTER SAM!

THE SOUTH PACIFIC of Moscow's current theatrical season, we understand, is something called Alien Shadow. And from what we've read about it, Alien Shadow is just one more reason why we're glad we don't live in Russia.

The plot of the play sounds like a sort of proletarian offshoot of The Black Crook, with the blood and thunder removed and a "message" substituted. It's all about the big bad Americans and the goody-goody Russian biologist who discovers a way to immunize people against the plague.

The biologist is obviously one of those fuzzy-brained humanitarians, for he lets the villainous Yankees in on the first part of his secret. But wiser heads show him the error of his ways. Several friends convince him that he has committed a grave crime against the Soviet state by giving the blackhearted capitalists his discovery. In their hands, he finally realizes, it becomes a potentially terrible weapon.

One of the friends sets him right with a snappy curtain speech calculated to put our decadent democracy in its place:

"Now you see how the good and the evil clash —two worlds, theirs and ours—over this discovery. . . . You imagined that humanitarianism meant to stand aside and love everybody. No. For a scientist, humanitarianism is to fight as a soldier of our army in the struggle for the future of all people, all science and all culture against all the dark forces that are moving on us from the other half of the world."

If that bit of windy preachment is typical of the best in Communist drama—and it was written by Konstantin Simonov, one of Russia's big-league authors—our pity for Ivan, the Average Soviet Citizen, goes up a couple of degrees.

Even one of Uncle Joe's born-and-bred political chillun, indoctrinated to the eyeballs with Marxism, must have a capacity for being bored. He must also have the power to recognize the implausible. And if he does, we doubt that his theatergoing adds much cheer to his drab life.

We would guess that he sometimes finds it hard to believe that everybody of any consequence in the capitalistic world is evil, and that everybody of any consequence in his own world is good. There must be times when he doubts that the world is neatly divided by political boundaries into the sheep and the goats. And, when he goes to a play, he must certainly get tired of seeing the stage populated by political symbols which are rather badly made up to look like human beings.

Here in America when we go to one of those black-and-white melodramas, we go for the laughs. We cheer the hero and hiss the villain. We can howl at their operatic posturings, both vocal and physical. We confidently expect that the villain will tie the hero to the railroad track and threaten the heroine with a fate worse than death. And we can holler for our money back if it doesn't happen.

But things don't work that way in the Soviet Union. Both life and art under the party line are unrelieved melodrama. Marxism is the hero of spotless character. Capitalism is the unmitigated villain of deepest dye. There are no extenuations and no shadows. And anyone in the audience with a sense of humor had better not laugh at the deadly serious dialogue. If he does he may find himself doing a spell of hard labor without pay in some Siberian outpost of the workers' paradise.

Juvenile Journalism

THE FOLLOWING ITEM appeared in a Broadway column not long ago, tucked in among some other little pieces of semi-news:

". . . F.B.I. men maintaining a vigil on a mid-town block. . . ."

Well, who cares? Not the average reader, certainly. But if the semi-news item happened to be true, the F.B.I. men and the object of their vigilance would be most definitely interested. For it's quite possible that the columnist undid a lot of careful work, opened a trap that was about to be sprung, and let a dangerous law-breaker escape. Maybe that isn't what happened, but it could have. And that would certainly be bad enough. But it is worse to reflect that the columnist may have opened the trap by means of a single sentence that had no business being in a newspaper. Few cub reporters would turn in a "story" like that at the end of their first day on the job. If one of them did he should be fired out of kindness.

Who were the G-men after? Why did they want him? What block were they watching? Get the facts and check them. If it would gum up the operations of justice to print them, sit on them until it's safe to break the story. That's rudimentary journalism.

This columnist is an old hand at the newspaper business. His bosses publish one of New York's biggest and richest papers. They aren't in league with the underworld. So why did they take this chance of letting a criminal escape?

We would guess it was more a lack of journalistic maturity and responsibility than a conscious breach of journalistic ethics. Both the columnist and his publisher were behaving like those annoying children who taunt their playmates with, "I know something you don't know."

Maybe the columnist did bump into a story that will be big when it can be told. Obviously it couldn't be told then, and obviously the columnist couldn't wait. He knew a secret and he was just busting a gusset because his readers didn't know that he knew it. So he had to tell them, just so they'd know how important he was.

Ordinarily such show-off journalism can be dismissed as kid stuff. In this case it could have been and may have been a serious obstruction to law enforcement. Too much of this sort of stuff can hurt the entire press.

Reportorial gun-jumping in the past has brought threats of a virtual censorship of police news from big-city enforcement officials. We should hate to see those threats carried out. But when the enforcement officials run into the kind of irresponsible reporting cited above, they can scarcely be blamed for making them.

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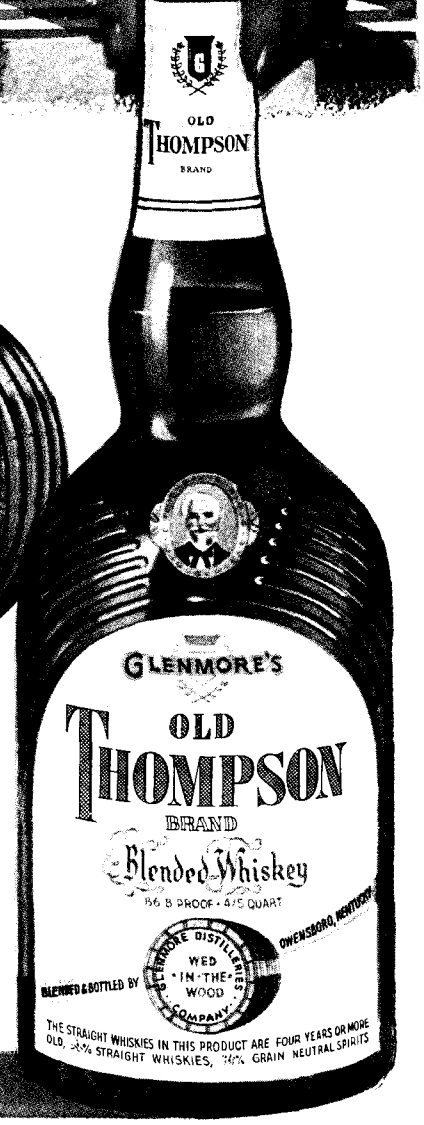

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